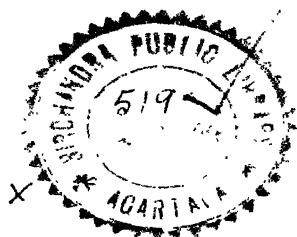


THE
BEDSIDE 'GUARDIAN' 2

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A Selection by
IVOR BROWN
from the
MANCHESTER GUARDIAN



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Foreword

THE SECOND *Manchester Guardian Bedside Book* appears for the sufficient and satisfactory reason that the first one pleased the public and was, although reprinted, sold out. That a similar welcome should attend the sequel is our modest hope.

The task of building a selection of this kind has its own peculiar pleasures and difficulties. Both derive from the consistently good quality of the material before one. But, in addition to his pains in deciding what to omit, the anthologist has the anxiety of assessing what will be most acceptable in the months to come. The volume covers a year from summer to summer and many of the pieces included were written and printed a year or more before this renewal of their life will be read. There may be nothing so dead as old news, however well that news was recorded. Consequently the choice may seem to bear hardly on those *M.G.* men and women who were reporting immediately on events of the day. As a journalist I know that to do this with speed, accuracy, and style is a far more exacting piece of work than to review the arts at comparative leisure, to compose an essay or to describe scenes and places, people and things, without persecution by the ticking of one's watch or the necessity to put words to paper and (worse still) to telephone in harassing surroundings.

But the anthologist, while trying to balance the claims of readers and writers, must think in terms of the future. Therefore the interests that abide begin to outweigh the crises and calamities of dead yesterdays. And will not the reader, whether

cosily supine below the blankets as the title suggests or more upright in his chair or railway carriage, prefer the serene to the macabre? Here again, a just balance has to be sought. The news of a whole year is unhappily bound to include, as the world moves to-day, wars, riots, persecutions and disasters. There are scandals to be exposed; there is social ugliness to be recorded. But will these, I have had to ask myself, be agreeable to read about in a volume with a comfortable title? Surely not, but the title of the book must not be allowed a tyrannical sway. The whole scope of a great newspaper's functions must be considered. So the reader will be faced with some of the cruelties and follies of mankind as well as with the grimness of accidental blows.

Because, however, human thoughts and feelings so often 'out-live' the actions which have evoked them, the expression of the former, in all the arts, makes a greater appeal to the unpunctual reader than does the factual reporting of the thing done, unless the event is of such size and pressure that a true record of it is a necessity. With these considerations in mind, and with the claim of life's humours, oddities, and graces always present, I have tried to plan my choice as fairly and prudently as may be. (The humours have recently been strengthened by the lively presence of Low's cartoons.) This explanation is due to the writers whose work I have regretfully omitted and to the readers who may think that there is too much of this, too little of that.

During the year the *Manchester Guardian* made a drastic change of format. This does not directly concern the present volume, but the response to it was so large and varied that it deserves mention here. At the end of September, 1952, the paper adopted its "new look." The most important news was transferred to the front page and the title was changed from black-letter type to Roman. This brought the *Manchester Guardian* into line with the vast majority of daily papers. There is an obvious utility in having the big events of the day immediately confronting the reader in a hurry and, after all, numbers of people are in a hurry in the morning. The foreign visitor, faced with a series of papers in his hotel or on the bookstall, may naturally be drawn to one

with its news to the fore. There was no obvious advantage in retaining at the head of the new front page what a leading article described as "a black letter that no medieval monk or printer of Tyburn ballads ever saw, and that, indeed, was a poor example of its own peculiar kind."

The alteration of type and of page-structure was a shock to many. It even prompted a leading article in the *New York Times*, which observed: "One views these changes with a certain sadness. They may be regarded as beneficial, just as is the change from Empire to Commonwealth, but there are those who like to keep some of the symbols after the reality has changed. We hope our British friends will not decide to modernise Big Ben or give up tea and cricket or pronounce all the syllables of such words as Cholmondeley."

The British readers were sharply divided in like and dislike of the innovation. Curiously, the protest and support were separated on a basis of geography rather than of seniority. On the evidence of a huge correspondence "the older readers were as much divided in opinion as the younger. On the whole, however, the ayes, those who like the new form, have it. Readers in the North of England who wrote to us disapproved of the change in the proportion of two to one. Readers in the Midlands showed a balance in favour of the change. Readers in London and the South were nine to one in favour. A higher proportion of Southern readers wrote to give their views than of Northern readers, which suggests that, as we expected, the change meets a want in the areas in which the field for an expansion of circulation is greatest."

So the North is more conservative in taste if not in politics. But the important fact is that "there has been no reduction—rather an actual increase—in the amount of news and editorial content. No features have been lost." During the year, furthermore, all British newspapers were at last able to enlarge the skimpy size imposed on them for so long.

Therefore, since the news, comment, and features are the content of this volume, and possibly of future ones, there has

been rather more scope (and more problems) for the anthologist. But, though his work has been more arduous owing to the growth of "possibles," he is none the less grateful for the opportunity to go plucking again in a garden so well kept by its staff and so various in its flowers.

IVOR BROWN

What Do We Sing To-Day?

ANY VOCALIST about to give a recital in this country must be ready to look in the face a question which, awkward for years, time does not seek to solve: "What about an English group?" The singer does not, himself or herself, really want to include an "English group" in the programme; it has its convenience as a means of modulating the concert to an end, but nobody in his heart insists on an "English group." The critics often leave the hall before it begins, though, to be fair, they do their best in general terms day by day to argue the public into the belief that English music at the present time is the best in the world, even if nobody outside England seems urgently to want to hear it.

The truth is not easy to deny: it is hard to make a transition at a vocal recital from Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Wolf, Ravel, and Fauré to English song. Perhaps the best way out or via media was the audacity of the warbling soprano of other years who told us that her heart was like a singing bird. Here, at any rate, was a flourish and unmistakable cue for the processional delivery to the platform of the flowers. If instrumentalists are at hand the problem can be solved, with no lowering of the temperature, by a performance of the "Wenlock Edge" cycle of Vaughan Williams, which I am heretical enough to think will outlast one or two of his later and more ubiquitous productions. His song "Silent Noon," too, could be trusted to follow after a Brahms group and sustain the mood of "Feldeinsamkeit." "Les Illuminations" of Benjamin Britten is a work not properly to be classified as song; the genius of this cycle—and Britten has written nothing more convincingly original or more spontaneously generated—consists of a dramatic and picturesque mingling

of speech-song, recitative, declamation, and string texture. The four songs for voice and violin of Gustav Holst should be rescued from neglect, for they are finely wrought and touched with a mystical emotion, but they are not for public use; they inhabit a sanctuary of music. And much the same may be said of Gerald Finzi's settings of Thomas Traherne called "*Dies Natalis*."

It is strange that with our rich national dowery of lyric verse our music-makers have for more than three hundred years contributed little to the repertory of singers who, after Schubert, Wolf, Moussorgsky, and Debussy, do not wish a recital to suffer anticlimax. No English composer has done for Shakespeare and Keats what Wolf and Debussy have done for Goethe and Mallarmé, or, indeed, what Schubert has done for Shakespeare. There are the charming Shakespeare songs of Roger Quilter, whose seventy-fifth birthday is being celebrated to-day. They are polished in manner and gracious in a style which, without belittlement to the composer, may be described as drawing-room lyric *de luxe*. Nothing in music could trip more sweetly than Quilter's "*O Mistress Mine*"; and there is a haunting melody and refrain in his "*Come away, Death*," though it has not the intense tragic melancholy of Sibelius's setting of the same poem. Quilter's best song is "*Now sleeps the crimson petal*"; elegance and a cultured Tennysonian ardour are one and indivisible in words, vocal caress, and the piano's gentle harmonies. But Quilter no more than Parry escapes from refined art to feeling the natural Shakespearcan pulse.

As far as I am able to remember at the moment, Ivor Gurney is the only English composer I could attend to immediately after listening to, say Schubert's "*Die schöne Müllerin*"—and possibly George Butterworth; but certainly neither would do to follow the "*Winterreise*" cycle. The Michelangelo songs of Britten might find a central place in the programme of the vocalist temporarily forgetful of Wolf. We seem as a people much happier composing communally than in the flush of personal lyric utterance. Our choral music and our part-songs

are excellent and uninhibited enough. I suppose it is because our composers lack the gift of a personal lyricism that no English production has so far gained a permanent place in the opera repertory alongside *Meistersinger*, *Figaro*, *Traviata*, *Carmen*, and *Butterfly*. Even *Peter Grimes* is no longer in regular demand at Covent Garden or Sadler's Wells; yet no other English opera has been so well launched and applauded here and in other countries.

The trouble is lack of music that springs to life only if it is sung well and truly sung. There are melodies in Vaughan Williams's *Hugh the Drover* but not of the kind to be savoured in cities and theatres at large. Elgar, who could compose instrumentally and chorally with a splendid flavour of melodic richness and salience, wrote songs which on the whole are as insignificant, not to say as puerile, as those of Sibelius in the lump. Frank Mullings once on a time persuaded us that Bantock's "Ferishtah's Fancies"—based on Browning—were tolerable to the ear that had recently attended to one of Wolf's "Cophtisches" songs; but the rare imaginative persuasiveness of Mullings led us astray. Bantock's "Ferishtah's Fancies," like his "Sappho" songs and his "Omar Khayyám," are Brummagem—though, let it be added, the best sorts of Brummagem. Warlock, Butterworth, Gurney, Stanford, Parry, Somervell—they are light or medium weights. Were I myself a singer, I might take courage and finish my recital by some of the Heine and Verlaine settings of Bernard van Dieren, not exactly an "English group" though it might be possible to argue as much Englishness on behalf of Van Dieren as on behalf of Joseph Conrad. Something should certainly be done to restore from limbo the music, especially the songs, of this gifted Dutchman who for so long contributed to a vital period in our musical history by living, writing, and talking among us.

But vocalists in general are as lazy-minded as pianists; they do not explore much that is not taught them in the routine of their teachers. I have, in a lifetime, not heard half a dozen "professional" vocalists tackle in public the great and glorious "Geh' Geliebte" of Hugo Wolf. Perhaps it is as well; to get

to the heart of this song a woman singer needs the combined gifts and allurements of Delilah, Cleopatra, Isolde, and Juliet. I have not heard Wolf's "Kennst du das Land" sung to an audience since, four or five years ago, a girl student at the Royal Manchester College of Music coped creditably with it. How many of our concert vocalists could briefly describe Mignon psychologically and approach Wolf, as he himself approached this supremely beautiful Lied, from the point of view and through the imaginative eye and mind of Goethe?

It is hard to say what the English sing nowadays of songs made in England. Even the popular tunes are flavoured from America. The old music-halls were night by night resonant and bronchial with the refrains of Lauder; "I do like to be beside the seaside," and John Crook's "catchy" airs composed for Albert Chevalier. The melodies of Leslie Stuart, to the present time, may be heard whenever communal singing is called for in Bermondsey, Brisbane, Camberwell, or Colombo. Stuart's octet in *Florodora* is not only lilting and lovely but most artfully patterned, with the key-changes of a musician of fancy. In recent years only Noel Coward's *Bitter Sweet* has contributed something of permanent pleasure to the ordinary non-musical English ear. The American "musicals"—they deserve no better name—are brilliantly orchestrated but after their two years' seasons who dares to sing the tunes in them? Where are the descendants not of Purcell, Arne, Dibdin, but of Lionel Monckton, Sydney Jones, and Paul Rubens? In Coronation year, which of our composers will write a contemporary equivalent of a "Pomp and Circumstance" march of Elgar, or of Walton's "Crown Imperial" march? What do the English people really sing to-day? Do they feel there isn't much for them to sing or to sing about?

NEVILLE CARDUS

Music While You Eat

PROSPERO'S ISLE was not half so full of noises as the United States, and those noises are not merely part of the price one pays for industrial success. It is not only, as Chesterton put it, a matter of

*The motor horn's melodious note,
The hooter's happy bray.*

It is not even the melancholy wail of the air-raid siren practising, a disturbing noise that makes me want to duck. It is the incessant impact of music. A German once wrote a book about England, *Das Land ohne Musik*. He could not write such a book about the United States. He might not like the music, but there it is, battering at the ears till one almost welcomes the shattering roar of the fire engines or din of the motor-cycle escort of the visiting politician.

There is, for one thing, the mere amount of radio noise. In houses, in taxis and in private cars, in shops of all kinds wireless music pours out, almost always in vocal form. Buying a magazine may mean listening to new or old favourites, and getting a meal involves the risk of submitting to the taste of the maestro in the case of the smarter places or of the juke-box enthusiasts in the case of the cheaper.

The juke-box, as everybody knows, is a container of canned music. It may be a large, gaudy, illuminated apparatus, the size and shape of a large refrigerator, or it may be a little gadget about the size of a "pay-telephone" mounted on the restaurant table or on the bar. For a nickel (five cents) you get a choice of melodies old and new. In some thrifty neighbourhoods you get six tunes

for five nickels, twelve for ten. So for about four shillings you can have half an hour of melody, or at any rate, the assurance that, in your cubicle, you won't have to endure the musical taste of others. On the other hand, your own musical taste is limited by the repertory of the juke-box, and that is limited by the fact that there are always several versions of the current hits. "Classical selection" does not mean quite what Sir Thomas Beecham would expect, for it seems to refer to the style of singing, not to the content, which is the same as "Old Favourites."

There are, in fact, only two general types to choose from: old tunes (over two years old, that is, and not more than thirty years old) and the current hits. Of course, you may classify by sex. The ladies always win. At the moment, for instance, the sounds you are most likely to have to endure are concerned with a young woman asking: "Who kissed me last night?" She does not know, but whoever did it did a good job, for the songstress is notably anxious to find out and ask for a repeat.

The style of the female songbirds is more that of the nightingale than of the lark. The two most popular low-brow singers of the moment, Miss Patti Page and Miss Rosemary Clooney, both specialise in the falling note, in the elegantly lachrymose, or amorous but not ardent style. Of the two I think Miss Clooney is the more successful. She does pour it on. Indeed, in the opinion of connoisseurs, her only rival as a dispenser of vocal molasses on the American air is Senator Nixon. I am glad to say that our Miss Vera Lynn is immensely popular, but, strange as it may appear to B.B.C. fans, she is a much more austere artist than Mesdemoiselles Page and Clooney; she suggests rather a pupil of Elena Gerhardt or Vladimir Rosing than a graduate of the juke-box school of voice production.

What is entirely missing is the robust, bouncy style of singing which, for example, one used to get from our lamented Lily Morris. No comedy is the rule, no songs like "Oh, Mrs. Scott, she's paying for the lot." No, the American female songbirds have nothing to do but moan about love. Even if they are married (it seems unlikely) all their work is done for them by

magic washing machines, detergents, canned foods. Their job is "moanin' low," and they work hard at it. Some of the Negro singers do show signs of life and humour, but of a rather Rabelaisian type. But as a rule the American female voice is used on the air to hammer home a point made more succinctly by Dryden:

Let never injured creature believe a man again.

At any rate, bobby-soxers and "teenagers" can't say that they haven't been warned. La Clooney, La Page, and, at a more sophisticated level, Miss Jo Stafford are busy rubbing it in.

The male voice is much less used. And it may be a prejudice of mine, but the male variants on the female songbirds seem much inferior. I even think that the latest rage, Mr. Johnnie Ray, is inferior to his almost dethroned predecessor, Mr. Sinatra, but then Mr. Ray does not warble for the likes of me. It is in close harmony that the male voice is most often heard from the juke-box. At the moment it is the Mills Brothers singing something called "The Glowworm" that most assaults the ear. This is one of those mysterious, simple tunes with nearly or quite imbecile words that burst on us every two years or so. It may already have crossed the Atlantic and have been raging for months (all I listen to at home is "The Archers"), but if it hasn't it will. There is this consolation, that these idiotic songs die and don't come to life again. Who now remembers "Mairzy Doats," or even "I taut I taw a pudgy tar"?

A study of the repertory suggests thoughts about musical immortality or near immortality. How complete is the oblivion that covers some very recent song hits and, if I may judge by serious field work in this city, some that seemed destined to a long life like Kern's masterpiece "Smoke gets in your eyes." But it may be and, I suspect, is merely occulted, not dead. As far as the juke-boxes are evidence, a quarter of a century is the time beyond which the memory of man runneth not. "Bluc Skies" (which I think was young round 1926, written by Mr. Berlin to celebrate his marriage to Miss Ellin Mackay) is the oldest in general circulation, though I have come across that real American classic "The

Banks of the Wabash." There is a jump to "In a Small Hotel" from the best of all musical comedies, *On Your Toes* (1936), and then every year has its contribution. Of all the composers Mr. Cole Porter seems to have, in this region, the best staying powers, though perhaps none of his tunes has the same universal appeal as the most famous compositions of Mr. Berlin.

I'd like the extension of the system by which you put a nickel in and *ask* for your tune. An agreeable female voice answers, and that way you have a much wider range of choice. Since this is not purely mechanical, it arouses the American's dander. These are the only juke-boxes with the legend "Please Do Not Pound the Box after depositing Nickel." I'd also like to see the kind that is always rumoured to exist in some other city where, by putting in a dime, you get silence.

D. W. BROGAN

"The Friendly Inn"

THE YOUNG woman's elaborate make-up is smudged, she is having trouble keeping her opossum cape around her shoulders, and, as she walks up to the bar, she sways unsteadily on her high-heeled, ankle-strapped shoes. Only the landlord notices her entrance; he moves over to bar her way, and, in a low voice, mutters something about "had enough."

The woman's reply is loud, strident, and coarsely argumentative. At the tables and benches around the door conversation stops. A white-coated waiter interrupts his serving and moves over behind the landlord. Eyes all around the room focus suddenly on the group by the door.

The landlord, looking over the woman's head, is remonstrating, using a formula that he knows by heart, having used it on many other Saturday nights, when an American airman rises

from among a group of his fellows and lends his slurred "Deep South" accents to the woman's outraged Lancastrian. For a moment, as the American protests that the landlord ought not to "talk to a lady that way," and as several of his friends get up to join him in his pot-valiant crusade, almost anything may happen. But nothing does. Over the woman's head, the landlord has caught the eye of the American Military Police who are patrolling the street.

With set faces, the patrol marches in, the chivalrous airman returns to his seat and his beer, his friends settle their arms back around the shoulders of their giggling girls, the landlord sets the tone back on key again with a shout for "Your orders, please," and the cause of the hiatus finds herself and her cause deserted except for two Manchester policewomen who have arrived on the heels of the patrol.

Similar incidents—or happenings which may easily develop into "incidents"—occur a score of times every week-end in the half-dozen Manchester public-houses which American airmen from Burtonwood have adopted as their favourite rendezvous. But for the timely show of strength by the American patrols and the constant vigilance of the local police, this particular occurrence might have grown into the kind of incident which led, last week-end, to the declaration by Burtonwood authorities that Manchester was "out of bounds" to American servicemen.

To the unofficial observer, a remarkable feature of the problem is the fact that so few of these situations develop to the point of arrests and of official inquiries. Consider another scene in another public-house fifty yards from the first, but in clientele and atmosphere at this time on Saturday night indistinguishable from it. The same types of American servicemen, with the same kind of girls, sit, stand, or lean, smoking, drinking, and chewing, filling every available inch of space. Most of the airmen are in mufti—tight-hipped gaberdine "slacks" and garish sweaters, with huge initials emblazoned on chest or back—mufti that is almost a uniform.

• There is an exotic uniformity among the girls too. Most of

them are in their late teens or twenties, smartly dressed in the fashion dictated by the week-end papers, and sold by the gaudy gown shops that append the names of film stars to seventeen-and-sixpenny blouses. The atmosphere is noisy, but not rowdy, a piano at one end of the room cannot be heard more than ten feet away, and is invisible through the smoke from twenty feet. Communication is impossible except in shouts or meaningful glances. It is not quite the climate conjured up by the brewers' advertising phrase "at the friendly inn," but everyone seems to be enjoying himself. All seem to be getting what they came for and giving no trouble.

Then trouble is almost forced on them. It is closing time and the waiters have just delivered "last orders." A burly Englishman—one of the few in the pub—who has been sitting with some middle-aged women in a corner asks for another round and is refused. At once he pushes his way to the bar and in a loud voice embarks upon an anti-American tirade. The waiter had been too busy serving Yanks to look after him and his like and it's always the same, the Americans have all the money and what are they doing here anyway, and so on, and so on, in increasingly vituperative terms. No one in his immediate vicinity pays much attention, so he carries his private war into the enemy camp, shouting insults at each American as he leaves. A few look resentful and pugnacious, but are hustled out by their friends, who wink and laugh and call "Atta boy, pop," to their irate attacker.

So another "incident" has been avoided. For the landlord, the problem of Anglo-American relations is closed, with his doors, for the night. His private view is that "it's not such a serious problem as some make out. You have to be firm with them," he says; "treat 'em almost like children—some of them aren't much more than that, anyway." The police, whose interest continues beyond that of the publican into the streets, where one unsteady roisterer can so easily, involuntarily, blunder into another—and a fight—tend to take a similar view. "There's not much happens, or is likely to, that a couple of us

can't handle," said a large plain-clothes man, "and generally without making an arrest, either."

The job of the police is made much simpler because of the Americans' constant favour for a selected group of pubs; this means, as one of them expressed it: "We always know where to go to keep our eye on 'em."

Finally, there is the view of the Americans themselves. It must be admitted that there is something disturbing to most English people about the directness with which many American servicemen tend to pursue the gratification of two or three of their pleasures. They have a lot of money, they are not ashamed of it—rather, proud of it—and there are two or three very simple things they want to spend it on. These are easy to come by—and these are all, at least in their present equivocal circumstances, that many of them seem to want.

Curiously this group often rejects one of the most popular and oft-proposed remedies—that of action on a personal level by local families who might invite individual servicemen into their homes. Seeming to regard such a plan as a subtle form of patronage, an attempt to "civilise," they explain that they prefer to "stand on our own feet, pay our way, and be obliged to no one."

And the others? Like soldiers in foreign lands at any time, and in any place, they just wait for it all to end.

HARRY WHEWELL

Electronic Election

AT A quarter to eight last night the television networks were engrossed in their nightly routine of slapstick, vaudeville, jocular "commercials," and the projection of their staple daytime product—old and fading British movies of the prehistoric or 1931

Kensington school of marital drama. Sharp at eight they abandoned the world of fancy and framed for thirty million viewers an air-conditioned nightmare of scribbling automatons, battalions of reporters, electric diagrams, serried ranks of stenotypists, checkers, recorders, and an impassive wall of control knobs, wires, and winking cells down in Philadelphia known as "Univac," the great electronic brain.

Our technological age was geared to follow the trickiest turn of the popular fancy, to plot the nicest or most gross aberration of the voters' minds. It turned out that we needed this microscopic guide as much as a man in a hurricane needs a wind tunnel. The General's landslide started, as earthquakes do, with an idle rustle in the forest, up in New Hampshire. It passed to the cities as a crackling of suburban twigs. Then the chandeliers began their slow tantalising swing. By ten o'clock the floors were cracking, by eleven the walls fell in. At midnight the whole landscape of the South, Midwest, and the industrial East was groaning and tossing.

There was no pause in the movement at any time, no hint that the earth would close or yield to other stresses. Never from the start did the Democrats see a glimmer of redemption. And when the word came to Governor Stevenson in Springfield that New York's Democratic state chairman had given up the state, he began to dress and get ready to go to his supporters and throw in the sponge.

After the first hour Ike had gone ahead in thirteen states and Stevenson in nine. By nine-thirty we heard the first surprising rumble from the South—Arkansas, as predictably Democratic as Blackpool is Conservative, was falling down: Ike was well in the lead in Florida, Virginia had fulfilled the fears of the Democrats, and South Carolina was slipping too. Then Maryland was deserting for the second time in twenty years and at ten o'clock came the first big bump in the night: Connecticut—with 80 per cent of the returns in—had definitely gone Republican and kicked out McCarthy's foe, Senator William Benton. This was the first trauma, and thereafter the Democrats

staggered into a daze on their way into a coma. Now there was nasty news from Illinois—Chicago and its teeming suburbs had failed to turn in a big enough majority to swamp the state returns.

The popular vote was still remarkably close—a lead of 200,000 in 8,500,000, but Ike's followers were marching everywhere they were needed and the electoral vote showed a prospective 293 against Stevenson's 184.

A whole hour before the Republicans even dared to claim a victory, the brooding electronic brain in Philadelphia had given out a preposterous sentence. Churning in the huge feed-bag of statistics and previous election trends they gave it weeks ago, "Univac" announced—with only 5,000,000 votes in—that Eisenhower would win in a landslide. "Univac's" human keeper decided promptly that something had gone wrong with the works, that "Univac" was off on a Dracula rampage. So they denied it a bale of statistics, unplugged the leads to its memory lobes and asked it to ponder on a smaller load of facts.

By ten minutes to midnight, when the human gnats saw Eisenhower more than a million votes ahead, with five states conceding, the rationed "Univac" came through with a prophecy as discreet as Dr. Gallup. It said the odds were now eight to seven in Ike's favour. Every human observation showed that "Univac" was beginning to talk like a Democrat. So its distracted keeper apologised for his lack of trust, fed back the food denied, replugged the memory leads and gave it the same advantages as a city editor or a televiewer.

The great brain spluttered and within five minutes announced that the odds on Eisenhower's election were incalculable but certainly better than a hundred to one. To the great grief of the nodding commentators and shrewd political analysts, "Univac" was a couple of hours ahead of everything that walks and talks.

By midnight Florida had gone, Indiana and Ohio also. We switched to a view of the Governor's mansion at Springfield. The small crowd was bobbing in front of the gaunt, spotlighted

façade of the mansion. We were back in New York at the General's hotel headquarters. A writhing crowd was stamping "We want Ike."

Then New Jersey conceded. The rebellion in the South marched on: Virginia was catching up to Florida, Texas was coming up and maybe even Louisiana and Tennessee. On the little electric register Ike's electoral vote crept up from 300 to 350 to 400, 408, down for a calm half-hour, then up to 432. Stevenson's loyal states deserted—from fifteen down to twelve, to ten, to nine. The border states were broken. Truman's Missouri had made a rude noise at "Trumanism." And now—last fatal sign—Pennsylvania moved over to Ike. California was coming in in huge driblets and it was Ike, Ike, Ike all the way. In New York, Ike was an undreamed of half-million ahead. All the city vote was in and Stevenson was two hundred thousand up, but a million upstate citizens crushed him and New York ended with the greatest single majority of any state—three-quarters of a million.

This was the end. Governor Stevenson was on his way to the hotel in Springfield. He came neatly in through a broken crowd, his head up, his face tired but full of grace. His opponent had been "vigorous and valiant. . . . It is traditionally American to fight hard before an election. It is equally traditional to close ranks as soon as the people have spoken. . . . We vote as many but we pray as one. With a united people, with faith in democracy, with common concern for others less fortunate around the globe, we shall go forward with God's guidance towards the time when his children shall grow in freedom and dignity in a world at peace."

He read his telegram of congratulation, which the radiant General read over to his ecstatic helpers in New York and called "courteous and generous." Stevenson ended with an old Lincoln story of the boy who stubbed his toe in the dark. "He said he was too old to cry, but it hurt too much to laugh." The Governor paused and lifted up his head, his eyes staring. He couldn't go on. He looked up again. He was not too old to

cry. He grinned instead and went out, his palm waving high and his chest out, the most gallant political figure of the last generation.

ALISTAIR COOKE

Mr. Stevenson Goes

ON MONDAY (12 January) Governor Stevenson will look out of the big windows of the lumbering Executive Mansion at Springfield, Ill., for the last time. It is just a hundred years old, too late to resist the heavy niggling hand of the Victorians, early enough to retain some Georgian grace in its long windows. Illinois is a prairie state and its Governors were never elected to mimic the patrician life of a county squire. The mansion has no hedges. It looks out on all sides to little houses a stone's throw away. They stand on a knoll, all the better for the constituents to see what the Governor is up to.

Just before eleven on Monday Governor Stevenson will receive the new Governor, a 39-year-old Republican politician, and show him the amenities of the mansion. He will then turn over the keys and titles of his office, put his bags in an old private car and, as in our Western fable, be banished to the "unending snows of the Midwestern countryside." He will be Governor no more. He will be Mr. Adlai Stevenson, a Chicago lawyer and a defeated Presidential candidate.

Where he goes from here is a question that excites the people who voted for him, interests some of his party in Congress, bores the Republicans, and baffles the man himself. It is not a question of finding a career that fits his personal abilities. If that were the only problem he could confidently accept any one of the dozens of academic posts that have been offered him.

• As an ex-Governor who had never run for President, his own

inclination would undoubtedly lead him back into the United Nations. As a distinguished Governor with a long record of public service in foreign affairs, he might have been considered by any Administration as an ideal Ambassador to one of the chief Western Allies. But the party leadership that was thrust upon him last summer, and the duty he owes to the twenty-seven millions who voted for him, have now debarred him from these ambitions. He is the titular leader of the Opposition. In this country that is an empty name unless its owner resides in the seats of power. And the seat of power is in the Senate or in a Governor's mansion. To seek to fulfil these ambitions now would reveal no more than an itch for political suicide.

In Britain's system Stevenson would sit on the front bench, with his feet on the table of the House of Commons, alongside the boots of Harry Truman and the brogues of Dean Acheson. In the American system the outgoing President will be a public lecturer, the outgoing Secretary of State a hardworking Washington lawyer, and the defeated Presidential candidate a private citizen playing with offers to become a columnist, a radio commentator, or a college president. •

This wistful and systematic renunciation of the best talents of the old Government is always deplored when a new one comes to power. There is, every four years, a little half-hearted agitation to give the retiring President a lifetime seat in the Senate without a vote. But no one, except your correspondent, takes seriously the proposed Cooke amendment, which would make the outgoing President and Secretary of State and the defeated Presidential candidate Senators-at-Large, having a leading voice and a vote in the Opposition until the next Presidential election.

Even to broach this idea brings down on the broacher the charge that he is trying to restore the thirteen Colonies, to replace the many excellencies of the Congressional system with that old fuddy-duddy, parliamentary government. Yet in this respect Parliament is not so thriftless with its leaders or so optimistic about a new crop every four years. An electoral defeat for Mr. Eden

in the mid-thirties would be no death-blow to his political career. But Adlai Stevenson must at once begin to wrestle with encroaching fogs of obscurity and plot how it is possible to keep his name familiar four or eight years from now. No idols are so uncritically worshipped as American idols—whether they are statesmen, authors, crooners, or movie stars. But fashion and fame go hand in hand here and even Plato would not, after a few years of nightly radio commentating, be the popular oracle. He would undertake lecture tours in the widening hinterland at steadily declining fees.

Governor Stevenson is profoundly aware of all this. He knows that for the moment the seat of power is held by Senator Richard Russell, since Russell will be on the spot to oppose when the new Administration starts its work and invites opposition. Stevenson, therefore, is going to excuse himself from any suggestion of usurping the Congressional leadership. He is going for a holiday in Barbados. In March he will begin a tour of the Far East—India, Japan, and Malaya in particular—Korea and Formosa if there is no official objection. He will go through the Middle East and come home by way of Europe. He will write magazine articles as he goes and unless the whole experience is too indigestible he may afterwards digest it into a book. Then he will look around and see if there is any place from which he can exercise command, first over the Democratic National Committee and then the party in Congress after it shakes down.

It is an unpromising future. Of the men who lost and came back to fight again certain spectacular things are demanded. Grover Cleveland lost but won the popular majority vote. Governor Dewey came back in the off-year and went charging into the Governor's mansion at Albany with an impressive majority. William Jennings Bryan was a law and a lion unto himself. It is extremely improbable that the ambitious Paul Douglas of Illinois would stand aside next year and let Stevenson contest the Senate seat. All the odds seem to be against Stevenson's ever being heard from again as a Presidential nominee. But for several years at least his integrity and eloquence, springing

fresh from one of the weediest back yards of a complacent party too long in power, may be able to temper the excesses of the Republican Administration and remind the more accommodating Democrats that their best tradition is a Liberal one, and it is the one they must restore if they are to survive.

ALISTAIR COOKE

Farewell on P Street

BETWEEN THE hours of breakfast and one o'clock on January 20 there was quite a bustle going on in a modest Georgian house on a side street in the Washington suburb of Georgetown. The bedroom windows were flung high to air the place. A jovial coloured maid put her head out now and then to see if Gabriel was ready with his trumpet, to watch for the incoming flight of angels who would guard the place for the imminent great event. A coloured butler peeked out of the cream-coloured door to see if Georgetown still stood.

It did. It was exactly as it has been since a little swarm of genteel persons descended on this old suburb a generation ago, cleaned up the classical porticoes, painted in black and red and green the old shutters, stripped many a little Georgian house of its Victorian crust and restored the place to its rambling eighteenth-century appearance. P Street is very typical. It has everything. Noble Federal houses lean up against little cottages. A Justice of the Supreme Court looks out from his bedroom on to a butcher's backyard.

What the butler saw at 2805 P Street was what he had seen since he had worked there. Across the street to the left is the bus stop, on a corner by a grocery store, next to a Chinese laundry, next to a cobbler's. The butler vanished at one o'clock when the host came home to get ready for the guest. The host was the

owner of the house, Dean Gooderham Acheson, a whiskered Washington lawyer, formerly Secretary of State.

Then a motor-cycle cop came ripping up, straddled his cycle against the curb, and marched around in his leggings. He went to the corner by the grocery store and waved all cars and cabs off to the adjoining streets. A few stragglers stopped. A man in a leather windbreak, with a bubbling baby on his shoulder, walked over to 2805 and balanced the baby on the railings. Two teen-age girls appeared with box cameras. Pretty soon there were twenty or thirty idlers. Then another cop. Then a black car with two plain-clothes men. Then a hundred, two hundred, maybe three hundred onlookers.

A long, shining, black car preceded by another motor-cycle cop shot up the street and stopped outside. And Mr. Truman got out, handing down Mrs. Truman and their daughter Margaret. He jerked his face and up around, scarcely believing his eyes. Who did they think he was, the President?

A ragged rebel cry went up: "We want Truman," "Good old Harry." They clapped in rhythm. He went in. So did a lot of other people, faintly familiar faces. Thirty-eight all told were to sit down to lunch. They were the old Truman Cabinet and their wives. When the door closed on the last guest, the little crowd set up a howl. The door opened and the small, square, jaunty figure appeared. He did not seem to be able to get out what he wanted to say. He swallowed a couple of times and put his hands out to quieten the crowd.

"May I say," he began at last, "that I appreciate this more than any other enthusiastic meeting I attended as President, Vice-President, or senator. I'm just plain Mr. Truman, a private citizen." He ducked and smiled and everybody cheered. He looked around nervously till old Alben Barkley appeared. Mr. Barkley said he had been in Washington forty years. "I came here in knee pants. It's wonderful of you to come out here." They bowed and were going inside, but the compact little crowd shouted for the host. A very grand tall man, in cutaway jacket and grey cravat, appeared. He has been called urbane so often

that the word is useless for any further employment. His white whiskers bristled, but he could not say a thing. His eyes bulged more than ever. All he could stammer was, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart . . . for being—great to a bunch of has-beens."

The sun which had blazed for Ike was hiding now behind ramparts of grey clouds. The afternoon chill came on. A lot of people went away, but a lot stayed. The bubbling baby burped and smiled like a mechanical doll. The man in the leather jacket hoisted her anew for the long wait. The motor-cycle cop twirled a long cigar between his lips. A smaller knot of people waited. They waited for more than two hours and broke into chatter whenever the butler came out to say, "Not yet."

At a quarter after three Mr. Acheson's tall figure came out again. He was—er—urbane again and chuckling and cheerfully flushed; a warming contrast with the dead sky and the darkening afternoon. "This," he said, "is my last press conference." But he had wanted to come out and tell us what went on inside. "We had a very gay time. . . . We laughed a lot, told stories—on each other. We reviewed our experiences and we ended as we began—full of love and devotion to our chief, his wife, and daughter that has never, I dare say, been equalled in the history of the Presidency. Now we're going to sit here for a little while and talk and laugh some more."

He went in again and about twenty minutes later the cream-coloured door opened wide. Mr. Lovett came out. All sorts of dispensable famous faces, torn off the covers of national magazines, came bobbing out on legs and bodies. Then Mr. Truman came out with his hat off and with his wife and daughter. The hundred or so people clapped hard again. He went down the few steps and towards the big black car. Mr. Acheson was behind him and leaned over and put his hand into the car. "Thank you, sir, again. It was a great joy." The Secret Service men bustled in. The motor-cycle cop tossed a cigar away and cranked up. The car whisked off. And Mr. Acheson stood and watched the tail-light.

He had his arms folded but his eyes glittered and he did not move for many seconds. Then he said "Good-bye" to everybody else. He waved at the scattering crowd. The butler shut the door for the last time. The uncomplaining baby was hoisted again and the man said, "Well, that's it, baby." They stalked off and left P Street to the cobbler and the Chinese laundry and the grocery store (semi-self service). The New Deal evaporated quietly into the twilight.

ALISTAIR COOKE

SIR.—While it may seem to be painting the lily, I should like to add to Mr. Alistair Cooke's excellent article on the farewell lunch given for Mr. Truman at the house of Dean Acheson, 2805 P Street, Georgetown, on January 20. Mr. Cooke briefly described the neighbourhood, but this is worth further mention, for this particular corner and street is as remarkable a segment of American life as one could find anywhere in this country.

The grocer's shop mentioned belongs to the son of a successful Jewish immigrant. Next door the cobbler's shop is run by an Italian hailing from Genoa. He is poor, homesick, and nostalgically grows quantities of orange trees, from the seed, in tubs. Next comes the Chinese laundry; then the most charming house on that side of the block—a white-painted brick house with ivy growing up the chimney, belonging to a coloured postman and his family. The postman owns a TV set, a radio, a piano, and a gramophone with a fine collection of records. I have never heard that he disturbed his white neighbours with any of these.

In between his house and the Chinese laundry comes the gap of what was, a year ago, Poplar Alley, a dead-end street of run-down Negro houses, most of them without any except outdoor sanitation. Within the last year most have been sold and done over. Poplar Alley has become Poplar Street and the smart houses have white tenants, who nevertheless pay their rent to coloured owners.

Half-way up the street, between P and Q, is the house of the Catholic spinster lady who has adopted three war orphans, one Chinese, one French, and the third, I believe, German. I understand they are a united and happy family.

At the very top, at Q, is the house of the wealthy Blisses, who gave Dumbarton Oaks, with its fine old house and acres of ground, to Harvard University.

And, of course, there is Mr. Acheson. I happened to pass him the day after President Eisenhower was sworn in. He seemed to have grown taller since his days in public life, and decidedly more handsome; the white moustaches are becoming. He looked tired and peaceful, and as if his eyes were on something in the distance—possibly privacy.

Georgetown is a remarkable community, and we who live in it are grateful to you English, who began it. The character impressed upon it by the English settlers, in America's earliest days, still remains the greatest part of its charm.

But the diversity of life here, as you will perhaps agree, is purely American.—Yours, etc.,

2924 N Street, N.W.

Washington 7, D.C.

CARLEY DAWSON

Holidays at Work

THE ASSOCIATION of Health and Pleasure Resorts, which lately held a conference to discuss how to persuade about eleven million stay-at-home Britons to spend their holidays-with-pay at British resorts, might be even more perplexed if it had to "sell" holiday amenities to workers in some of the larger American corporations. The General Electric sounds a delightful company to work for, judging from a recent statement by the vice-president in charge of employee relations. "It is not company policy," averred this

PANMUNJOM

BAGGAGE DEPT.

"AH, YOU AGREE TO SENDING THE PRISONER TO A NEUTRAL COUNTRY PROVIDED IT WON'T TAKE HIM?"

"YES, PROVIDED HE WON'T GO."



PROGRESS AT LAST

lofty but beneficent personage, "to have employees go home on Friday night anything like as tired as they come in on Monday morning after the rigours of our American week-end."

Employees of the Westinghouse Electric Corporation's North-Western District, in their new office building in Chicago, also build up their health at work, for they bask in sunshine from strategically placed ultra-violet lamps, each person receiving daily the equivalent of fifteen minutes' sun-tan. Absenteeism through colds is said to have been reduced, and a final anti-holiday bias is added to the report by the remark that the sun-lamps are "cheaper than a winter trip to Florida." Perhaps the beaches of Long Island and Miami will eventually lie deserted under the old-fashioned rays of the sun, all the playboys and socialites having gotten themselves a vacation job in a steel-plant or a corporation office in order to acquire some ozone and ultra-violet and to enjoy a good rest.

F. R. C. CASSON

Congress and the Colleges

THE ENGLISH visitor to an American university is much worried by Congressional threats to "investigate" teachers and students. He may admit that investigations are normal in Congress and, if fairly conducted, can be useful. But why, he may ask, investigate communism in colleges? Why do they deserve suspicion? The immediate answer he is likely to hear is that there is no sound reason. Certain senators and Congressmen have a vested interest in lurid "disclosures": the publicity earns them votes. That is the first, angry answer one gets—if one gets any answer at all. Sometimes, however, there is a slower reply. It is that many loose accusations have been made against colleges in general and certain colleges in particular—and that these accusations ought to be disproved for the sake of the colleges themselves. The men who

make this point say that the universities should seize the investigations as an opportunity. They should state their case clearly and openly. They have nothing to hide. (This assumes, of course, that the Congressional committees will allow them to state their case—which they might not.)

Another and larger answer lies in the American background. One is often advised—and with good reason—not to judge with narrowly English eyes. In Britain we have floods and hurricanes to test us in emergencies, but we do not frequently have the humid heat and extreme cold which try the American's temper (as any Briton who has suffered New York in midsummer can confirm). We have a solid similarity of ancestry and upbringing, whereas in the United States one meets German-Americans, Greek-Americans, Afro-Americans, and a multitude of other mixtures. And, as one is regularly reminded, the impatient pioneers peopled America, and they have not quite lost their driving spirit.

All of which amounts to the theme that men have not settled down to a sureness of their neighbours such as, after centuries, we enjoy in England. The visitor may question this thesis, noting that three Americans out of four, far from pioneering, live with central heating, refrigerators, and automobiles. But there is something in it: perhaps it accounts in part for the hot-tempered conflicts, of which the heresy hunt is one. Those conflicts come into the cost of building a new and thriving nation.

More particularly, one or two of our friends in the common room say that the American universities have to pay their part of the cost. If, in the temper of suspicion, parents and past students want to be assured that colleges are not being penetrated by Communist groups, they have a right to be reassured. The colleges—or so it is argued—should help to allay the suspicion, to show that although members of their faculties come from Berlin or Bizerta (even from Oxford) they are honest men. The professors should not hide under their gowns in the cloisters but should be candid about what they are teaching and why.

• This line of thought is not too common. The more usual

reaction is either to say that investigation is unnecessary and unjust or to be silent. And what is the foreigner from Oxford to conclude? He may wonder, unhappily, whether it is really possible to "prove" that education is not subversive. Can you "prove" to a conservative that a course in Keynesian economics or Marxist theory is sound? To a reasonable person, yes; but people are not always reasonable, especially when tempers have been raised or votes are at stake. Can you "prove" that a professor's teaching is sound? A good teacher tries to upset fixed ideas and make men think for themselves, but investigating Congressmen may not see him in that light.

Above all, there is the risk that the investigations, instead of allaying suspicion, will spread it. As Professor Carr of Dartmouth College has written in his study of the House Committee: "It has adversely affected the moral and intellectual atmosphere of the nation. This it has done by constantly reiterating the idea that our social structure is honeycombed with disloyal persons. . . . The committee has made us distrustful of each other." Suspicion is easier to spread than to stop. The investigations may drive a few genuine Communists out of their jobs—and, unless they are scrupulously careful, a few innocents as well. But they can hardly change the pattern of American education, except to make it more cautious.

ALASTAIR HETHERINGTON

The House Where Jane Lived

JANE, not with ill-bred brevity, not with casual modern familiarity, but simply because the wheels of the train carrying one into Hampshire rhythmically brought to memory the poem Kipling wrote for his tale about the Janeites¹:

¹ The lines from Kipling's "Jane's Marriage" are quoted by permission of the holder of the copyright.

*Jane went to Paradise:
That was only fair.
Good Sir Walter met her first
And led her up the stair.
Henry and Tobias,
And Miguel of Spain,
Stood with Shakespeare at the top
To welcome Jane.*

But the Janeites are no longer a small secret society, as pictured in Kipling's tribute to her. Nowadays the Janeites, in their hundreds, come into the open at least once a year to praise Jane publicly. To-day, for example, the Jane Austen Society, with over seven hundred members, holds its annual meeting at Chawton under canvas within a few yards of the house where she wrote; and it is being held "in Mr. Clarke's field" because quite half the members are expected to come, and there is nothing in the village large enough to hold so many. This would surely astonish the modest great author whose utmost vanity was to tell her sister, in a letter mentioning the publication of *Pride and Prejudice*, that she thought Elizabeth Bennet to be "as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print." Which, after all, was simply a bare statement of fact.

The Jane Austen Society is only twelve years of age. It was formed, with truly Austenian disregard of politics and foreigners, in 1940. Jane Austen's utter silence on Napoleon, his wars, his threats of invasion, did not more beautifully ignore the possibility of his conquering England than did Miss Dorothy Darnell, quietly beginning in 1940 to form a literary society, beautifully ignore the possibility of Hitler doing any better than Napoleon. Miss Darnell, who has loved the novels since she could read intelligently, was seized with the notion that the Austens' house in Chawton should be preserved; Nazi bombs and bombast notwithstanding, she therefore, with that practical object in view, formed the society in conjunction with her sister, Miss Beatrix Darnell, Miss Elizabeth Jenkins, the author of a biography of

Jane Austen, and Mr. W. H. Curtis, the head of the Curtis Museum in Alton.

By 1946 the society felt strong enough to make a public appeal for £3,000 to buy the house from Major Edward Knight, of Chawton Manor House. Mr. Knight is a direct descendant of Jane's brother, Edward, who took the name when he was adopted as heir to the Knight estate, an event that impelled Jane to the heroic resolve: "I must learn to make a better K." From this appeal £1,500 was collected from British and American Janeites. But the appeal also persuaded Mr. Edward Carpenter, of Mill Hill, to buy the house as a memorial to his son, killed in the late war, and the £1,500 was used for necessary repairs. Since 1845 the early Georgian house has been divided into tenements for farm workers. It still is; only the one large room which was the Austen family sitting-room is reserved as a small museum; and this is open throughout the year on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Thus the house where all the mature novels either were written or finally revised for publication has passed directly from possession of an Austen to the society formed to preserve it. The members (admission free) and lesser breeds (admission one shilling) here may see "the memorials and things of fame" given or lent for exhibition: an ivory cup and ball used by Jane, a game at which she excelled—"None of us could throw spillikins in so perfect a circle"; first editions of the novels; a lock of her hair, presented by Mrs. Henry G. Burke, of Baltimore; the manuscript recollections of her niece, Caroline Austen, recently published by the society for the first time in full; a black-and-gold lacquered work-table, once Jane Austen's, leaning on which she must have written many a page of her books and letters; two of her necklaces; a beautiful patchwork quilt, looking as good as new, which she and her sister, Cassandra, helped their mother to make. Was not Jane herself noted among her family for her needlework, "both plain and ornamented"? Was she not "considered especially great in satin stitch" as well as at spillikins? Well, here is a sample of her work, a delicately embroidered

Indian muslin shawl, light as a feather, made, like Aunt Polly's spectacles, for state rather than use. And here, too, is the Wedgwood dinner service which, on a visit to London, she helped to choose.

Outside, in the stabling, is the very donkey-cart in which she used to drive about the lanes as far as Alton. It is in working order; but even if the society did buy a donkey the roads are now too busy for safe driving. For Chawton, at the junction of the London, Winchester, Gosport roads, after being long isolated by the coming of the railways, is now again noisy with traffic, as it was when Jane Austen, looking out of the window, could see Collyer's Southampton coach go by, magnificently rolling behind six horses; when at night, as her niece Caroline recalls, a child could find it delightful "to have the awful stillness of night so frequently broken by the noise of passing carriages, which seemed sometimes even to shake the bed"—a picture that suggests a certain resemblance between the road traffic of 1817 and 1952. Even the garden of Chawton Cottage has been brought into the scheme of remembrance, and members will find it this month gay only with the flowers that would have been blowing there in Jane Austen's day.

"The public generally takes some interest in the residence of a popular writer," wrote J. E. Austen-Leigh, her nephew, in the memoir he published in 1870, "but I cannot recommend any admirer of Jane Austen to undertake a pilgrimage to this spot (Chawton)." But the Jane Austen Society has changed all that. A visit to the museum, a walk to the grounds of "the Great House" of the letters, and then a drive to Winchester Cathedral where Jane Austen lies near the chantry tomb of William of Wykeham, will make up a pleasant day for anyone. And the ushers of the cathedral are better informed than the verger of Austen-Leigh's day, who, when asked to show her tomb, innocently inquired: "Pray, sir, was there anything particular about that lady?"

JOHN SHAND

Cranford

NOT ONLY senior vicars but sleek business men, harassed politicians, jagged journalists: the people you may catch reading *Cranford* in trains do not conform to a type. This great novel—great in the sense that it stands unassailable in its field, and a novel if only in the sense that it is fiction—is a hundred years old this month and still going strong. Indeed, it seems to be elbowing its genteel way up the list of literary favourites like an elderly Mrs. Miniver in a fish queue. Its appeal is easy to understand, as it was easy to see why people went fire-watching with Trollope. As his world was safe from bumps in the night so the *Cranford* world is securely hedged against events of any kind. It is a world, if not innocent, at least as near innocence as we are likely to find even in mid-Victorian literature. How delightful it still is when Miss Matty expresses the hope that dining with a bachelor is not improper, as “so many pleasant things are.” What readers find so charming and reassuring in this aspect of Elizabeth Gaskell they would not dare to look for, say, in Jane Austen. Not that Mrs. Gaskell is without irony; if she handles her characters with the softest of kid gloves it is because she so greatly values and respects them, which is in itself a fictional rarity. A recent biographer suggested that it was this book which first made the English village self-conscious about its attractions, resulting in all the quaint (and often useful) tea-shoppery. The extraordinary thing is that the *Cranford* world was already on its way out when Mrs. Gaskell wrote about it. It is a merciful long time a-dying. Can it possibly be that it is as tough a world, in its quiet way, as that of *Mary Barton*?

LEADING ARTICLE

Maud Gonne

*" . . . Crowds gathered once if she but showed her face,
And even old men's eyes grew dim. . . ."*

THESE WERE two of the many notable lines in which W. B. Yeats recorded the beauty of Maud Gonne, a woman who as politician (but never stateswoman), actress, and seeker after mystic "truths" ran through his life, a recurrent and tormenting theme. She died, at eighty-eight, in her suburban home in Dublin—an elegant home where, even during her last years, she received guests with the grace and hospitality of a great hostess.

She used to sit by a big fire, wrapped in a rug, smoking continuously, and talk of her great days as a patriot and as an actress, her eyes as bright as they ever were when they shone over distinguished tables in St. Petersburg or at Dublin Castle, but her face deeply wrinkled and hollowed, showing that she was a woman who had experienced more sorrow than joy in her long life.

In spite of her age she was never wrong about a date, and her recollections of "Willie" as she always called Yeats, would have made a memorable book, some chapters of which she was believed to have written as a continuation of her early autobiography, *A Servant of the Queen*, first published in 1938, but taking her life no farther than the marriage with John MacBride fifty years ago.

Maud Gonne was a daughter of the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, the minority which contributed so much to the rebellions that were to bring the majority to the top. But she was never orthodox in her religion and put it aside to follow the strange paths of the "Order of the Golden Dawn," into which Yeats had

strayed, under the influence of MacGregor Mathers, after his explorations of Theosophism and of Madame Blavatsky's theories. Later, having given so much of herself to Irish Republicanism, Maud Gonne became a Roman Catholic.

The rôle of belle of Viceregal society in Dublin quickly palled on the daughter of Colonel Gonne, and her first gestures against authority were made in the late nineties when she helped with a demonstration against Queen Victoria and in organising a concert for the City of Dublin Hospital at which all the music was Irish and "God Save the Queen" was replaced by "Let Erin Remember." She found that all the contemporary patriotic societies were anti-feminist and started a society called *Inghinidhe na hEireann*, or Daughters of Ireland, in 1900. It was to help this society that she took an interest in amateur dramatic productions, which led her, through Yeats and "A E," to join with the Fay brothers in producing Yeats's "Kathleen ni Houlihan," in which she played the embodiment of oppressed Ireland and won for herself more admirers than ever her political activities could gather.

The date of that production, April 2, 1902, is generally taken as the beginning of the dramatic movement which expanded into the Abbey Theatre. But she soon decided that her future lay in something more active than play-acting. She had had a taste of the theatre in England as a youngster and more than a taste of political rebellion in her efforts to help peasant tenants evicted from their homes in County Donegal in the days of the Land League. She had also developed an appetite for political intrigue by some romantic activities in Paris, where she attached herself to anti-British Frenchmen at a time when England was more than usually unpopular with the Right wing and when pro-Boer gestures appealed to those who had no use for clericalism.

Yeats devoted much energy to attempts at persuading Maud Gonne to give up active politics in favour of the literary or theatrical life for which she was in so many ways suited. But he failed. As a result she spent six months in Holloway Prison and was frequently pursued by the police of Britain, Northern Ire-

land, and even of the Irish Free State. Yeats would have married her but she refused and chose John MacBride—who had fought against the British in South Africa. After MacBride's execution for his part in the 1916 Rising Yeats might again have married her but he could not shake her from her attachment to political work which he believed a barrier to happy marriage. Six years earlier he had written a poem expressing his feelings about flinging himself into the emotional tempest which marriage with Maud Gonne would have whipped up.

*" Were not all her life but storm,
Would not painters paint a form
Of such noble lines?" I said:
" Such a delicate high head:
All that sternness amid charm,
All that sweetness amid strength?
Ah: but peace that comes at length
Came when Time had touched her form.*

She lived to see her son, Sean MacBride, become leader of a new, but short-lived, party in Ireland and to represent his country with some distinction abroad as Minister for External Affairs. Her interest in Ireland's development as an independent nation never faded, though independence was not achieved as much through her efforts as she had wished.

GERARD FAY

Mrs. Rosa Lewis

MRS. ROSA LEWIS, whose death is announced, had been since Edwardian times the hostess of the Cavendish Hotel in Jermyn Street. Sickert, Augustus John, and other distinguished artists had painted her portrait and she had so long been a figure of

upper Bohemian legend and myth that eminent visitors, mainly Americans, had to be taken to meet her to prove that she existed. Evelyn Waugh has given a glimpse of her between the great wars but the one biography of her, which was written by an American, was not published in England.

Edward VII much appreciated her cooking, and in the nineties she organised a frying squad of expert women who were available to take complete charge of great kitchens in London or the country for the mighty dinner parties of the period. Indeed, it is said that when Prince of Wales he often let his country hostesses know that he would prefer Mrs. Lewis in charge of the cuisine.

At the Cavendish she had a remarkable clientele whose portraits used to hang in the front room where she long held a sort of court. Lord Northcliffe was one of the newer peers whose photograph hung there. There were many small suites in the hotel where ancestral pictures of their residents hung for years. It was a place of champagne, chandeliers, and nicknames for famous people. Balzacian romance hung about it but it somehow escaped Arnold Bennett's diary. Up to recent times Rosa Lewis often could be seen from the street sitting alone in her dimly lit front room among the portraits.

JAMES BONE

Lustless Lions at Bay

BERNARD SHAW's letters to Mrs. Patrick Campbell¹ tell a melancholy story and their publication will cause another plunge in his reputation as a man without adding anything to his name as a writer, to which they are irrelevant. An impassioned lover of more than middle age declining into a grumpy old man who

¹ *Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell: Their Correspondence*. Edited by Alan Dent. Gollancz. Pp. 335, 21s.

ignores the appeals of his former goddess is a sad character. Shaw shows himself spiritually, if not morally sordid, in spite of internal evidence that what went on between him and Stella Campbell could have been put on the stage without offending the Public Morality Council.

"Oh, Lord," complained Swift, "here's but a trifle of my letter written yet; what shall I do for prittle prattle to entertain Stella?" But Jonathan used his "little language" to conceal childish intimacies in his Journal, while Joey—as she called him—did not disguise the inanities in his letters to Stella. He became Mrs. Campbell's slave when he was a critic on the *Saturday Review* and some of his infatuated writing about her was no more criticism than what Orlando wrote about Rosalind. Shaw did not carve "Stella" on every tree, but before they knew each other at all he did devoted unpaid publicity work for "the fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she."

That Stella Campbell was fair is well enough known. That she was chaste—or at least not adulterous—in her wrestlings with Shaw seems clear enough from the letters. This need not invalidate the tradition that a certain rough and tumble on a chaise-longue overflowed on to the floor and provided for *The Apple Cart* a scene which brought a sour note into the correspondence seventeen years later. As to Stella's expressiveness, her quips and stage-whispers were famous (and infamous sometimes), but it hardly comes out in the letters in spite of some shrewd and amusing passages. Nor does much of the maliciousness show itself which made Ellen Terry call her Mrs. Pat Cat. For shrewdness these few quietly deflationary lines are good, and they show that Mrs. Campbell, who shook London by saying "bloody" on the stage, could not bring herself to write it in full:

- . . . But your *Hedda* makes me very sad . . . you're wrong at all points—did you think about it at all—or is it just your adoration for bl—y plain facts that makes you so indifferent to all the poetry, the universal truths and beauty that lie behind and beyond?

You miss it all dolefully in *Little Eyolf*—the fact is you write carelessly sometimes—And with whom are you quarrelling? Be calm dearest, be gentle with fools—And why take it for granted that your reader doesn't know what you know, and isn't agreeing with you?

There are not many examples of careless writing by Joey, but plenty of that prim whimsy which was made so widely known when Alexander Woollcott quoted the letter about "close-together-nesses and babes-in-the woodinesses," drooling to an end with "oh loveliest doveliest babiest—your gabiest G. B. S." He was only 56 at the time but could still be made to feel his responsibilities:

I have never missed the train yet—nor saved it by more than a few seconds. If I ever lose it I shall never come again; for then I shall know that I am not strong enough to save either you or myself, and must fly. So oh Stella, dont ever let me lose it. Dont let me hurt anyone to whom I am bound by all the bonds except the bond of the child to the dark lady. . . . Oh this loathsome but necessary conscience! And oh! this wild happiness that frees me from it.

There are many reasons for resisting the temptation to put Mrs. Pat into the same category as the insatiable Jenny Patterson, who "virtually raped" Shaw when he was twenty-nine, or the obliging Florence Farr, who was "too good natured to refuse anything to anyone she really liked." When the correspondence was at its warmest Stella was engaged to George Cornwallis-West and he knew about Joey's visits. Charlotte Shaw was always peering jealousy over her Joey's shoulder during his meetings with Stella, which were fitted in like items of an agenda between committee meetings and were at the mercy of the trains from King's Cross. Shaw once explained that he always wildly expressed in words the flood of emotion following his sex experiences because he believed it "due to the woman

to know what I felt in her arms." What was he trying to express to Stella in this torrent?

Oh, if only you were alarmed, and could struggle, then I could struggle too. But to be gathered like a flower and stuck into your bosom frankly! to have no provocation to pursue and no terror to fly! to have no margin of temptation to philander in! to have a woman's love on the same terms as a child's, to have nothing to seize, nothing to refuse, nothing to resist, everything for nothing, the gate of heaven wide open . . .

Was it merely an exercise in the sort of dialogue he had written for Eugene Marchbanks?

There are pages and pages of these violent love-letters, of excuses and deceptions, which hint at what was denied by both Stella and Joey later. The wrestling, in fact, seemed to be largely shadow-wrestling, and Shaw later said he was on the same terms with Stella as King Magnus was with Orinthia in *The Apple Cart* and that he was as faithful a husband as Magnus. And she wrote him in anger in 1929 about the Orinthia scene in which she was sure "everybody" recognised her: "Tear it up, and re-write it with every scrap of the mischievous vulgarian omitted and all the suburban back-chat against Charlotte, and suggested harlotry against me, and the inference of your own superiority wiped out. People will only say that old age and superhuman vanity have robbed you of your common sense."

Even in 1913 Stella had a suspicion which must quickly come over any reader of the early letters in this collection:

How I detest letters written for an audience—in hopes of publication after death—Lord Chesterfield Madame de Sevigne Bernard Shaw—give me the impulsive, undated, unpunctuated, unreadable letters of a Campbell—

Later she fought with Shaw for the right to publish his letters at a time when she badly needed money and was down to playing for £3 a week on tour. "No, Stella," he is supposed to have

said (though she may have made it up), "I will not play horse to your Lady Godiva."

Why did the love-letters cease and the correspondence curdle into recrimination? "Never did I think your love-making," Stella wrote, "other than what it was—sympathy, kindness and the wit and folly of genius." Yet within a few years all sympathy and kindness had gone as Shaw bluntly refused to help Stella in the way she wanted—by giving her a part in a play or by letting her publish the letters.

Was it that after her second marriage Shaw thought it best to retire? Or was it that after having got the Liza Doolittle he wanted, the one *Pygmalion* was written for, there seemed no point in wooing Mrs. Pat, no more need to flatter or persuade her, no use for love-letters written in shorthand so that their glow could be saved for convenient transcription.

After long wrangling Shaw at last made it clear that he would go no farther in helping Stella to publish his letters. She exploded with:

You have spoilt my book.

You have spoilt the story.

You have hidden from the world the one thing that would
have done it good——

Lustless Lions at play——

Shaw tried to reason that the public would not really like a book full of letters. "It's a dreadful thing," Stella replied, "to have a vaulting mind that o'er leaps itself and goes 'potty'—that's what has happened to you." Ten years earlier she had written, "I haven't said 'kiss me' because life is too short for the kiss my heart calls for . . . all your words are as idle wind—Look into my eyes for two minutes without speaking if you dare!"

The story drags itself down like a sentimental drama (it is, by the way, tactfully and accurately edited by Alan Dent, whose help is essential to those who have not the period at their finger-tips) until Shaw, in a letter musing on the possibilities of a Benefit Performance or of a Civil List pension, offers to pay

Stella's telephone and electric light bills. Here she showed herself as the "sinking ship firing upon her rescuers"—

I am not starving—I eat more than you do—my electric light burns more brightly—and my telephone is in order—and there's a good fire in the grate.

"Splendid," he replied, "all those flags flying: but that is how the Stella Stellarum would go down . . . I am not easy." Still he refused to visit her, giving a cold as his excuse, and it seemed no time, though it was ten years, before he had from Paris her last letter which whimpered a little at the end:

I am getting used to poverty and discomfort, and even to the very real unhappiness of having no maid to take a few of the daily cares from me, and give me an arm when I cross the road carrying "Moonbeam" through the terrifying tearing traffic.

And before he wrote his last one to her, opening with "The giant is decrepit and his wife crippled with lumbago," and closing, "I have given up producing: I am too old, too old, too old." But the wretched man had still twelve years to live, a Lear without daughters, but with memories instead to torment him till he yearned for death.

GERARD FAY

Carlyle

IN HIS youth Dr. G. M. Trevelyan contracted a debt to Carlyle. T. H. Huxley once wrote that in old age "there is nothing of value (putting aside a few human affections) . . . except the sense of having worked according to one's capacity and light to make things clear and get rid of cant and shams of all sorts. This was the lesson I learnt from Carlyle's books when I was a boy, and

it has stuck by me all my life." This was the lesson, too, which the young Trevelyan learnt from *Sartor Resartus* which, he says, "spoke to my condition."

Dr. Trevelyan belongs to the last generation which was directly influenced in this manner by Carlyle. New sages such as Shaw were already then appearing to displace the old, and they in turn were overwhelmed during the deflationary period of the inter-war years, when anyone larger than life-size, particularly a Victorian prophet, was deeply distrusted. In those days Carlyle was regarded as a windbag and a preacher of deplorable ethics; and only the other day one of our leading critics, while admitting that Carlyle was a man of genius, declared that he put his genius at the service of his message which was now dated and alien to us. Dr. Trevelyan can afford to smile grimly at all this. The wheel is coming full circle. Mr. Eric Bentley has brilliantly reconstructed Carlyle's vision of life and Mr. John Holloway his method of expressing the vision; biographical material continues to be published; and although Carlyle's words cannot strike to-day directly to the heart as they did sixty years ago we see him now as one of the most original and pregnant minds of his age, whose style perfectly conveys his remarkable conception of how the world works.

How has this happened? Primarily because Carlyle is far less dated than his contemporaries because he rejected both the accepted and the "progressive" beliefs of his times. He asked important questions about democracy, liberalism, leadership, and power. The answers which he gave are peculiar, often shocking, and sometimes wrong, but they reflect a genuine, and not a second-hand, vision. And the vision is painted by an artist in grotesque and wild colours—in possibly the most bizarre and powerful style in modern English literature. He anticipated the pragmatists in his conception of truth, and Freud in his understanding of how the Unconscious operates in the psychology of the mob.

Dr. Trevelyan's anthology is personal.¹ He has little use for

¹ *Carlyle. An Anthology.* By G. M. Trevelyan. Longmans. Pp. 183. 16s.

Hero-worship and *Frederick the Great*: he gives us those passages which he has loved, and the result is fascinating. Its great merit is to show the breadth of Carlyle's genius from his striking conception of history to his magnificent portraits of people (e.g. the great description of Coleridge talking); and from his sharp comments on society to his orations on human destiny. The author quotes with a fellow-feeling Carlyle's emotion in discovering the past and in being baffled by that oblivion which overwhelms the unrecorded deeds of the dead. Here in a few pages an extraordinary mind is displayed able to relate things which most people do not ordinarily connect. The debt is paid. Will Dr. Trevelyan now do the same for another of his spiritual mentors—George Meredith?

NOEL ANNAN

The Grand Old Man

READERS OF Dr. Hammond's detailed study of "Gladstone and Ireland" must often have felt that they were at last beginning to understand the magic which the "Grand Old Man" exercised over Britain and a large part of Europe, and have wished eagerly for a similar elucidation of his whole political life. And here, in a very brief form, it is.¹ Hammond did not live to complete his work, but Mrs. Hammond did well to entrust the completion to Mr. M. R. D. Foot. It is a judicious and finely written book, with no traces of divided authorship.

There is no greater mistake than to think of Gladstone's ideas as out of date. Most people long for a return of his financial reforms to practical politics. His insistence on the absolute rule of morality in international policy, which, from Don Pacifico

¹ *Gladstone and Liberalism*. By J. L. Hammond and M. R. D. Foot. English Universities Press. Pp. vi. 219. 7s 6d.

and the Alabama arbitration on to Majuba and the Bulgarian atrocities, called forth his noblest energies and involved him in his widest and most violent unpopularity, has by now not only been accepted by all parties in England but is actually laid down in the League Covenant and the United Nations Charter as the official policy of the civilised world. To criticise a "forward policy" on the North-West Frontier by reminding the nation that "the sanctity of human life in the hill villages of Afghanistan among the snows is as inviolable in the eyes of Almighty God as can be your own" is not quite the language politicians dare to use now, but to deny it is to deny the Charter. And who in the Western nations does not desire to see "international justice established as the common law of Europe"?

The book is on "Gladstone and Liberalism." It is strange to reflect that he who, more than any statesman, gave inspiration and life to the Liberal Party and made England for many years, and possibly for ever, a Liberal nation was never himself a true monolithic Liberal, like, for instance, J. S. Mill or President Wilson. He was a highly sensitive and religious Conservative whose conscience drove him farther and farther into Liberal reforms. They are an interesting group, these nineteenth-century Conservatives whose consciences would not let them rest. Wilberforce and Shaftesbury did not change their party, but they got most of their support from the other side and most of their opposition from their own. One might make a list of eminent Conservatives whose general attitude was changed by, say, the Boer War or the League of Nations. A Conservative of this sort begins, perhaps, by loving the traditions and surroundings in which he lives, and interpreting them through his love. Then he sees some undeniable flaws, and flaws in such a place are intolerable. The country he loves, the Church he loves, must be made pure, must at all costs be made what it ought to be. And that path, once entered, may lead far.

The present writer remembers the Midlothian campaign of 1879, when the old lion, reluctant but formidable, came out of his den. At first it seemed uncalled for. One accepted with

amusement Dizzy's phrase about the "sophistical rhetorician, intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity" and laughed. Then, as the campaign proceeded, came the conviction, sweeping gradually over the whole country, that it was no laughing matter; we were being led, for mere reasons of "policy," to tolerate and conceal a whole complex of monstrous crime. And that the country would not stand. It may always be difficult to understand the combination in Gladstone of idealism and hard-headed, exact finance, of unworldly innocence with the skill of "an old parliamentary hand"; but this little book helps one to see why so many acute judges have echoed the words of Sir Edward Grey: "I have no doubt, taking force of character, energy, and intellectual power combined, that Gladstone was the greatest man in whose presence I have ever been."

GILBERT MURRAY, O.M.

Mr. Gladstone's Way

MR. BUTLER's customary radio talk on his Budget possibly gives the tax-troubled a sense of personal explanation. But no voter, we may assume, will be favoured by a private missive from the Chancellor, as was Mr. Joseph Phelps in 1853. That Birmingham clerk had lost no time after Mr. Gladstone's Budget in communicating his misgivings by post. His salary, slightly over £100, would not interest the tax-gatherer (the limit having been reduced from £150):

"I shall have to pay £2 19. 8d. hard cash. I shall be glad if you will point out where I shall be relieved on house-rent, on clothes, meat, coals—which last, during the past six months, have increased 75 per cent,—on education, medical attendance, borough or parochial rates."

Having posted his letter, Mr. Phelps doubtless forgot it, if not the tax. But it was answered on the day of receipt—by Mr. Gladstone himself, in 1,500 words. Good-naturedly, in careful detail, the Chancellor explained that Mr. Phelps would save £1 3s. 6d. yearly on tea, 13s. on soap, plus economies on butter, cheese, “and a multitude of other commodities.” Moreover, had not doctors indirectly cheapened treatment by paying income tax? Had not cheaper goods since 1843 been worth £5 a year? Was not income tax to be entirely abolished by 1860? Having asked Mr. Phelps to “put yourself in my position,” Mr. Gladstone assured this dubious tax-payer that the Budget rested upon “the sternest considerations of justice.” Moreover, Mr. Phelps was at liberty “to make any use of the letter he thought fit.”

PETER LISTER

H. H. Asquith

HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH was born one hundred years ago to-day at Morley in Yorkshire. He died on February 15, 1928. In the twenty-four years that have elapsed since his death his stature has not diminished. No impartial person weighing his career and character in the light of all we now know of it would demur to Mr. Churchill's opinion that he takes rank with the greatest of peace-time Prime Ministers. Equally his other verdict is indisputable that he failed of being a great war Prime Minister because he lacked the resource, “frenzied energy,” and prevision indispensable to leadership in war.

But some have gone to the other extreme and denied he was a man of action at all. His legal training and judicial cast of mind, they say, had unfitted him for action. That is an absurd judgment of the man who presided over the Government which laid the foundations of the social security services, who guided the country

with a masterful authority through the constitutional crisis of 1910-11, and carried the Irish Home Rule Bill (abortive though it was destined to prove) in face of an opposition that was arming for civil war. If Asquith lacked the intense energy necessary to the conduct of war, which is not necessarily suitable to peace, he brought a fine co-ordination of judgment and will to the tasks of peace. That was particularly true in his prime, which coincided with the constitutional and Irish struggles. Nor was there any lack of decision in his early conduct in the war. He probably prevented a fatal rupture between the French and British armies in the crisis of the German advance in 1914 when he peremptorily forbade Sir John French to carry out his wish to retire behind the Seine.

Still, as the death-grapple developed and blood and treasure were being poured out for little reward the situation demanded the frenzied energy Mr. Churchill stipulates for in a war leader. But by 1916, when he fell, Asquith's powers, though, as has been said, never of this dynamic order, were showing signs of abatement. Cyril Asquith, joint biographer of his father with J. A. Spender, thought there was a slackening of the mind at this time and Spender notes some weariness. And little wonder. He had been Prime Minister for just short of nine years. No one has held the office for so long a continuous period since Lord Liverpool. And for the most part it had been a period of unrelaxed strain. Moreover, as the first mutterings of the political convulsion that was to sweep him from office were heard he lost his son Raymond, killed in action on the Somme. That wound, his friends said, never healed. This slackening of the mind or weariness has never been given sufficient weight in determining the causes of his fall.

The combination of character and intellect in Asquith was of a rare kind. He was too aloof and inaccessible to be popular, but no one who met him or heard him speak but felt the force of a singularly powerful mind and a fine integrity. He had all the downrightness of the Yorkshireman. He was of middle height and his figure was square-cut and sturdy. He said himself he was made of iron and leather. In his early days his features

were handsome and clean cut with an almost feminine refinement about them. When, after sixty, they become heavier and the hair whitened, there were fugitive suggestions of Cromwell about him. His erect stance at the dispatch box, the assured set of the shoulders, and his commanding gaze were the outward signs of his intellectual self-confidence. For sheer driving power his intellect was unequalled during his years in Parliament. "He drives a Roman road through every question," said his friend Desmond MacCarthy. The mind moved with certainty and a massive authority. When he proposed a line of policy he had thought his way right through to the other side of it and his case was flanked and buttressed by all the coercive arguments that could be brought to favour it. The opposing case was met at its strongest.

More striking than anything else were the economy and precision with which the mind worked. It was once described as the Balliol mind at its best. And it expressed itself in speech which, for exactitude and concision, has not been matched in the House of Commons. It was the direct opposite of Gladstone's copiousness. Asquith never used two words where one would do. As he himself said, he liked hitting nails on the head. Rhetoric, sentiment, or emotion repelled him. Prime Ministers frequently have something of the actor in them. He was as incapable of histrionics as a ploughman. What should anyone desire but an argument plainly stated? If they wanted it tricked out with appeals to emotion or any demagogic art it was no use going to him.

All the merits one has mentioned can be rediscovered and enjoyed in reading his important speeches or in his memoranda. A good example of the latter is his memorandum examining the probable developments in Ireland given the passing or rejection of the Home Rule Bill, and another discussing the Sovereign's position in the event of rejection. This unusual mental power carried the limitations that might be expected. He was without imagination. There was no strong moral impulse. He could not have conducted a Midlothian campaign. Idealism he distrusted.

His feet were firmly planted on earth. His approach to any problem was practical. To repeat, he delighted in hitting nails on the head. His character was as impressive as his intellect. Its solidity corresponded to the positive quality of the mind. There was an elevation of outlook that seemed to clothe him as in triple brass against the harsh strokes of fortune, calumny, or misrepresentation. Sometimes it made him dangerously impervious to the opinions of others. He had no love for the strife of politics. He was no fighter. He left that to Lloyd George and Churchill, to whom it was the breath of life. He had a contempt for the cruder forms of party warfare.

Take two examples. For years he was absurdly taxed with responsibility for the shooting at Featherstone in 1893. Why, he was asked at one public meeting, had he murdered those working men at Featherstone in 1892? His answer was superb in its hidden scorn. He merely replied that the shooting was not in 1892 but 1893. In 1915 he was bitterly assailed for misleading the public about the supply of shells. At the time he held a letter from Kitchener which completely vindicated him, but he did not publish it for some years and then only to protect Kitchener's good name, not his own. As his biographers say, there was an element of arrogance in him. His own great intellectual powers were apt to produce a disdain of inferior minds. These were but the defects of the qualities that set Asquith apart. The sum of these qualities was a certain nobility. His magnanimity became almost a fault. He was without jealousy or vanity. He carried himself through good and evil days with unexampled composure.

His loyalty was a shining thing. Some may think it faltered in the single case of Haldane, but they must answer whether Asquith would have been right to save his friend at the sacrifice of the indispensable first war coalition. His fault was that he let Haldane go without saying a word to him, a thing inexplicably at variance with a lifetime's conduct. To the world he seemed hard and yet his intimates have all testified that beneath the stern exterior was a nature sensitive and even emotional. Lord Rosebery, for example, pronounced his qualities of heart more re-

markable than those of his head. Birrell was asked what Asquith said to him when he resigned the Irish Chief Secretaryship after the Easter rebellion. "I don't remember what he *said*," replied Birrell, "but I know he wept and stood staring out of the window, jingling some half-crowns in his pocket." There is always great possibility of error in inferring the real from the public character of a statesman, and it was all the greater in one so reserved in all relations as Asquith.

No Prime Minister suffered a more cruel blow than he when he found himself overthrown by the desertion of the Tory Ministers to Lloyd George in 1916, and none could have borne it with greater fortitude or dignity. No word of reproach came from him. The fatal conflict between Asquith and Lloyd George had opened. There was to be a brief reconciliation in 1923, and then the rupture over the General Strike, followed by Asquith's resignation of the Liberal leadership and a breakdown in health. His speech at Greenock on laying down the Liberal leadership was as true to his character as anything he ever did. It was at once a noble valediction and an inspiring statement of the Liberal faith delivered without a trace of emotion to an audience near to tears. He had been all of one piece from the beginning of his long public life. He was a Stoic after the high Roman fashion to the end.

HARRY BOARDMAN

Dr. Watson at Bart's

"... I WAS standing at the Criterion bar, when someone tapped me on the shoulder, and turning round I recognised young Stamford, who had been a dresser under me at Bart's." Because of this sentence in the early pages of the first Sherlock Holmes story, *A Study in Scarlet*, a plaque was unveiled on the wall of

the Criterion (Piccadilly side) on Saturday. The Long Bar, so often visited by King Edward VII before his accession, was the first West End bar to admit ladies in the evening. Carleton Hobbs, the actor, dressed for the part of Holmes, arrived in a hansom cab and obliged the cameramen by following white-painted footsteps with the help of a magnifying-glass right into the milk bar.

For the purist a little liberty has been taken here, for there is no record that Sherlock Holmes came to the Criterion. Stamford, hearing that Watson was looking for lodgings, took him to Bart's to meet Holmes, who was looking for someone to share his rooms in Baker Street. All that the plaque commemorates is the meeting of Stamford and Watson, thin reason enough, but it has been graciously presented by the Baritsu Chapter of Tokio—a scion of the "Baker Street Irregulars"—and was accepted by the Sherlock Holmes Society in the spirit in which it was given. The crimson plush veiling the plaque was drawn aside on Saturday by ex-Superintendent Fabian of Scotland Yard.

LENA CHIVERS

Mr. Churchill's Speeches

MR. CHURCHILL is flooding the bookshops to-day. Not only is the latest volume of his war memoirs out; the definitive edition of his war speeches stands side by side with it. The speeches, of course, have been published before; but these three stout volumes give them a fit and permanent form. The text has been pruned of a number of not very important documents; one omission which may be regretted is the short speech on the rebuilding of the House of Commons, with its mention of what is now called the Churchill Arch. There are also one or two pages to sigh over—the "Gestapo" broadcast, for instance. But

the great speeches are all there, from the appeal—made in Manchester in May, 1938—for “a League of armed peoples” to the crowning salvo that hailed “the true glory” in August, 1945. Will future readers, faced with these printed words, be able to guess at the noble voice with its curiously inspiring lift at the end of a phrase? Perhaps. But it will be a long time before there is no one left to remember how it sounded in the summer of 1940. People in America, too, can recall the rising inflection of “But westward, look, the land is bright”; nor will thousands in France soon forget how at the darkest moment of the war they heard Mr. Churchill pause and thrust home in valiant French:

We are waiting for the long-promised invasion. So are the fishes.

Nor how he concluded: “*Allons: bonne nuit: dormez bien . . .* For the morning will come.” Those who heard them cannot doubt that these speeches of Mr. Churchill’s will live. They are the record of his finest hour.

LEADING ARTICLE

No Hobnobbing!

[“The tradition is . . . that we should not hobnob . . . with the other branch of the legal profession.”—Sir Hartley Shawcross.]

In Britain’s classless State to be,
In Socialist society
No differences of degree
Equality will mar,
But there are cogent reasons why
This levelling does not apply
To those who aim to qualify
As leaders of the Bar.

For legal luminaries who
The higher branch of Law pursue,
It definitely would not do
 To be too popular,
Since *cameraderie* unchecked
Would most deplorably affect
The old traditional respect
 Accorded to the Bar.

Like high-caste Orthodox Hindus,
Q.C.s must mind their p's and q's
And with solicitors refuse
 To be familiar;
If citizens with fitting awe
Should mark the majesty of law,
The barrister must not withdraw
 The legal colour-bar.

The barristers (by no means snob)
Should with attorneys not hobnob
As if soliciting a job
 (Although maybe they are).
And while a lawyer they may greet,
In locals they should never meet—
One should to the saloon retreat,
 One to the private bar.

Though Socialists can hardly wait
For their equalitarian State,
For the distinguished advocate
 The thing can go too far.
And Tories now may rest content,
The classless State they so resent
Is offered no encouragement
 By leaders of the Bar.

MERCUTIO

A Strange Story

A VERY strange story was published last week from the Indian Parliament at Delhi. Some of the former ruling princes in India still exercise great influence; from constituents in their territories they secured last winter the election of their nominees. But few maharajahs can have had so biddable a member of Parliament as His Highness of Bastar. This Maharajah arranged for the election of a man named Kosa, a tribesman from a secluded forest area, who could not read or write, had never ridden in a train or motor car, who did not know the use of money, and who spoke only a dialect known to no other member of the Delhi Parliament. To this legislator the Maharajah attached a secretary who was to relieve him of all his worries. At first all went as the Maharajah had planned. The secretary accompanied Mr. Kosa to parliamentary sessions and instructed him on what documents to put his thumb-prints. But the secretary pressed his advantages too far. It occurred to him that, as he did all the parliamentary work, he ought by rights to have the parliamentary salary; he therefore intercepted Mr. Kosa's stipend, and the poor member of Parliament was reduced to near starvation. In this condition he was found weeping one day at his desk in the Parliament Hall, and at last by means of an interpreter he was able to tell his story. His colleagues gave him courage, and he rebelled against the secretary. It was the story of Faust and Mephistopheles. Mr. Kosa's salary was paid into his own hands; and his face "was full of indescribable joy." But now the problem is what will happen to him if he ever returns home to his constituency and faces his Maharajah. Mr. Mahatab, until lately a Minister of the Central Government, summed up the story. "A picture of the

circumstances," he said, "in which Indian democracy is making headway came before my eyes, and I sighed."

LEADING ARTICLE

Edward Lear in India

EDWARD LEAR and Constance Sitwell—in that remarkable book *Flowers and Elephants*—are perhaps the two writers who have best presented the peculiar look, feel, and enchantment of the Indian countryside. Lear's visit to India happened between 1873 and 1875. In fourteen months he painted two thousand water-colours. These convey India beautifully, and they are supplemented by his extraordinary travel diary, extracts from which are now published for the first time.¹ Open the book where you please, and India leaps into life. Within six days of landing he was writing as follows of the country near Jubbulpore, in the Central Provinces:

White tombs or temples everywhere; distant rocky low hills. Go through a wood of trees just like oaks; ground grey-yellow, scene like Marlborough forest. . . . Anything so powerfully and wonderfully beautiful in rock scenery I never saw; sublimely beautiful both as to colour and form and brilliancy. No end of monkeys, bouncing and jumping about, or sitting on tree branches high up above the rocks and river; black storks also. The monkeys were a delight. Such a loveliness of marbleism one never dreamed of. . . . Tigers said to be about.

Here he is at Benares:

Utterly wonderful is the rainbow-like edging of the water with thousands of bathers reflected in the river. Then the

¹ *Edward Lear's Indian Journal*. Jarrolds. Pp. 240. 42s.

colour of the temples, the strangeness of the huge umbrellas, and the inexpressibly multitudinous detail of architecture, costume, etc. How well I remember the view of Benares by Daniels; pallid, grey, sad, solemn. I had always supposed this place a melancholy, or at least a staid and soberly coloured spot, a grey record of bye-gone days. Instead, I find it one of the most abundantly buoyant and startlingly radiant of places, full of bustle and movement. Constantinople or Naples are simply dull and quiet by comparison.

Lear did not like the Himalayas very much. Like other travellers, he found them disappointing in comparison with the Alps or Dolomites, though he was suitably impressed when they now and then performed their well-known act of appearing abruptly with startling clarity after hiding for days behind mist. At Simla he was more interested in rhododendrons. He is the only writer who spotted the similarity between some of the duller parts of India and Cambridgeshire: the resemblance can be very striking. He juxtaposes very nicely the Indian India and the mid-century British India of bungalows and cantonments and fair-haired English children—the India of “Curry and Rice.”

How far was Lear helped by his peculiar vocabulary? “Mosky” is an effective adjective for many Moslem towns. “Hustlefussabad” is a nice new word for the Viceroy’s seat. His puns can be tedious, as when he says that the delhineations of the delhicate architecture of Delhi were indelhibly impressed on his memory. It is curious that on his first attempt to reach India he had to turn back because he could not get a cabin on a ship. “I got as far as Suez,” he said, “but this landscape painter does not pur-Suez eastern journey further.”

GUY WINT

Monkey Tricks

MONKEYS HAVE been—ever since the mythological days when Hanuman, the monkey king, assisted the god Ram in crossing the straits to Ceylon to recapture Sita, his wife, from the clutches of the Demon Rawana—one of India's major plagues. The people of King Hanuman have been protected ever since and they are as sacred as the cow. Thus they have thrived and multiplied.

To kill a monkey is one of the last things a Hindu would do. It is quoted to this day as one of Gandhi's most daring feats that he once urged villagers in Gujerat, where there was a famine, to kill off the monkeys, and it is also quoted as proof of his supreme hold over his people, that, although no one actually followed his advice, nothing was done to him for such sacrilegious preaching.

Recently I came to blows with these impudent screeching creatures while camping in a monkey-infested area of Uttar Pradesh. I had left my typewriter for a few seconds and two inquisitive monkeys began to find out how it worked. I had to shoo them off which cost me my sandals, which they took away as prizes.

To my short-lived satisfaction a third monkey burnt himself with my cigarette, which had fallen to the ground in the affray. The injured monkey grunted his rage, and from all the trees monkeys began to rain on the grass; led by the fuming victim, whose whiskers had been slightly singed, they made a straight line for the cookhouse, where they attacked the cook. He was a timid individual and quickly lost his nerve. The flour and eggs were looted and the cook acquired a large bump on his forehead where a monkey hit him, ironically enough, with one of his own

saucepans. The man at once turned in his apron and announced his immediate return to civilisation. And I had to strike camp a whole day earlier than planned, under the sneering comments of all the monkeys of the district, who peeped over their shoulders from the tree-tops.

In India no one will kill a monkey; but no one likes monkeys, and the standard practice is to catch them with a magnum-size butterfly net, cage them, load them on a lorry or a bullock cart, and dump them on the fields of people one is not particularly fond of. The recipients of the displaced monkeys are apt, in their turn, to pass them on, and so the monkeys are a perpetual source of income for monkey catchers.

But sometimes things are complicated somewhat as in the case of the Tezpur monkeys who live in the Mahabhairab temple and have, with their pranks, exhausted the patience of the municipality of this small town, bordering the Himalayan State of Bhutan. The municipality engaged a monkey catcher and told him to deport the unwanted catch to the Dharikati Jungle. This he did, but the disgruntled displaced persons took their revenge by tearing down the huts of the aboriginals who live in the Dharikati Jungle, and the Political Officer in charge of tribal welfare had to telegraph to the chairman of the Tezpur municipality to stop any further deportation of monkeys at once. Thus the next batch is waiting in cages while the municipality is trying to arrange for their removal.

TAYA ZINKIN

The Old Mule

WE NOTICED some months ago, that an old mule, the property of the Earl of Ellesmere, had been stolen from Worsley village, and after a six weeks' absence, had been fortunately recovered.

This aged creature, believed to be between 90 and 100 years old, has, after working almost a century, been at length "turned out to grass" upon the moss, and is described by those who have seen it, to be "as lively as a cricket." The mule's great age is well authenticated; for Mr. Joseph Brotherton, M.P., can remember, some 50 years ago, to have seen it on the Bridgewater estate, and it was then known as "the old mule"; and a carter who died some months ago aged 80 years, could remember working the animal above 60 years since. It is of very diminutive size, and we hope it is now to enjoy green pastures and fresh water, freed from toil, for the remainder of its protracted existence.

October 16, 1852

100 YEARS AGO

Future of the Manx Cats

THERE WAS a cat, say the Manx story-tellers, and she mated with a rabbit. The young had no tails and they had high back legs, and instead of running they hopped like a hare, and that was the beginning of Manx cats.

The white cat on one's lap is tailless and high in the hind-quarters. He is throbbing like a dynamo and too lazily contented to stir, but the hopping gait can surely be taken for granted in a prize-winning tom who is the only Manx cat at stud in the island. In an armchair opposite an equally distinguished dam is elegantly asleep.

Her two snowdrop kittens, five weeks old, roll and tumble in the hearth where a red setter and a springer spaniel nose them gently and affectionately. One is tailless and short-backed, with the characteristic round rump of the Manx cat and with hind legs so long that the kitten, not yet having learned to hop, seems almost deformed. The other is a perfectly normal long-tailed kitten. Unintentionally, not to say unwillingly, Mr. N. S.

Twining, of Greeba, Man, secretary of the recently formed Isle of Man Manx Cat Association, has on his hands a living demonstration of the difficulties facing breeders.

The association came into being early this year, when, from information gained from a geneticist at Liverpool University who is doing the first research on the breed, the Government Veterinary Surgeon in the Isle of Man, Mr. W. D. Kerruish, realised that it was in danger of extinction. In the strict sense the Manx is not a breed, since taillessness is not a true Mendelian characteristic. It is not even indigenous to Man, being found in Russian and Eastern Asia.

Setting aside the charming fable of the rabbit and the cat, the most likely explanation for its existence is that at some past time a tailless "sport" who was a particularly dominant male impressed his characteristic on a large number of queens. Its reproduction continued to be governed by chance. A litter of four kittens from Manx parents may contain two Manx and two long-tailed kittens or perhaps one Manx, one "stumpy" or short-tailed, and two long-tailed. Worse, the genetical research has already revealed that as the breed gets purer there is a growing tendency to produce stillborn litters. Three generations of breeding from Manx to Manx produces weakly kittens, a fourth almost inevitably a stillborn litter. The remedy is to introduce a "stumpy" or even a long-tailed cat of Manx blood into the strain.

Two other reasons for the dwindling of the Manx cat in Man are the increasing tendency over the past ten years or so to "doctor" females as well as toms and the export of large numbers of Manx cats from the island. They are particularly popular in America, where breeders have been known to pay as much as ten guineas, plus about £8 air freight charge (at 17s. 6d. a kilo this represents half a kilo of kitten at 8s. 9d., and the balance for the box in which it travels) for a Manx kitten. Such buyers are naturally indignant when, as is said to have happened occasionally, they are fobbed off with a "stumpy" instead of a "rumpy."

The thirty or so members of the association hope to remedy this by issuing a certificate for all Manx cats exported. They will see, too, that buyers are told that Manx cats cannot be counted on to breed true. It is this inability to guarantee results which keeps the stud fee for the Manx relatively low considering their rarity. The fee for Amego Winston of London, the single Manx in the 1952-53 stud book, is only 30s against the £2 12s. 6d. or £3 3s. for Siamese.

Already the association has drawn up a judging standard for the Manx cat. According to this, 45 per cent of the maximum points are allocated for the taillessness, tall hind-quarters and short back, and another 40 per cent for roundness of rump, depth of flank, double coat, and shape of head and ears. Colour of coat or eyes, which follows that of the normal short hair, is relatively unimportant.

The association hopes also to encourage the publication of a booklet on the Manx cat. It feels the best protectors of the breed, if it may be so called, are the island farmers. If every farmer would keep one good Manx tom among his half-dozen or so yard cats there would be no fear for the future of the "rumpies."

NESTA M. ROBERTS

Reserved for Mice

It is unusual for British Railways to reserve a passenger compartment for mice, but that is what happened in a Derby-Manchester stopping train in which I travelled the other evening (writes "H.C."). I was alone in my compartment when a man ran in excitedly from the corridor, exclaiming, "I've just seen a mouse come in here." I had not noticed it and we tried to find it, without success. Then the guard appeared. "There are two mice in the next compartment," he announced. "They must

have come in from the sidings." He dealt with the invasion promptly by sticking an official label, "Not to be used," on that compartment. "It's just in case some ladies get in," he said. "They might be scared." He left me alone with my reported mouse. I had to alight before the train reached its destination, so I never discovered the fate of the privileged travellers next door. Were the station cats waiting for them in Manchester?

H. CARR

Wild Cattle of Chillingham

THE WILD white cattle of Chillingham form the only wild herd in this country that is pure bred and has never been crossed with any domestic cattle. They live in the six hundred acres of Chillingham Park and have lived there for the past seven hundred years but, like many heritages, there are to-day many difficulties associated with their continued existence. But it is not the first time that this "rough looking crowd," as a local farmer called them, have caused anxiety to their owner, Lord Tankerville.

It is believed that the original wall was put up around the park in 1226 so that a number of wild cattle could be kept for food. Also, as Chillingham is near the border, it would have been impossible for raiders from either side to have driven the cattle back into their own country for even to-day the herd shows little of the docility of domestic animals. Their skulls and horns are different from those of the oxen imported by the Romans and it is presumed that the cattle imprisoned within the wall are direct descendants of the original British wild ox.

Records at Chillingham after the thirteenth century are slight until 1692 when twelve steers and sixteen "beastes" were recorded. From then on the herd prospered steadily until 1913 when, with the largest recorded number of 82, their grazing area was reduced and their numbers correspondingly diminished.

However, it was not until January, 1947, that the situation became critical, for in that winter twenty died, leaving only thirteen, of which not one was young.

The large number of deaths might have been averted if the herd had eaten the oats and cattle-nuts which were put in boxes, but the animals would not touch them. This intolerance of the hand of man is very marked, for if, as once happened, one of them is caught in a cage and then released it will be killed by the rest of the herd. After the winter of 1947 no calves were born for eighteen months and no heifer calf until 1949, but to-day, although the total number is only fifteen, six of them are young females and the balance of age is better.

Even so the cost of upkeep still presents a problem, for each animal eats a ton of hay during the winter and a keeper must live on the estate to look after them. It was for this reason that the Chillingham Wild Cattle Association, Ltd., was formed in 1939 and its 270 members paid a guinea a year towards the care of the herd. Since then the membership has been fairly constant and has assisted in saving the animals from extinction.

Preservation for preservation's sake is a strong feature of the English character and it has been said that this herd has long since served its purpose. But from a genetic and animal-breeding point of view it has great value; for the practice of inbreeding, which gives rise so rapidly to haemophilia and other harmful recessive characteristics in man, does not seem to have had any ill effects at Chillingham.

Also, it is interesting for the breeders to see the habits of a species which cannot be greatly dissimilar to the forms that gave rise to the domestic cattle of to-day. The time taken to reach maturity, the milk yield, the behaviour, and the size are all vastly different from those we nowadays consider normal in cows. The Chillingham cattle are a national asset even though the wall which has saved them was built for reasons less altruistic in their nature.

ANTHONY SMITH

Storm Over Braemar

THE SOUTH wind, at full gale force, lifted high into the sombre air the last of the golden larch needles from the old trees around Invercauld House. The Dee, in full spate, surged through the strath, on the far side of which rose the steep rocky slope where the Laird of Invercauld hid his title-deeds before leaving home to take part in the Jacobite rising of 1715. The name of the rock is still known as Invercauld's Charter Chest.

The storm had arisen swiftly. The night before, while the young moon shone clear above snowy Lochnagar, I had listened to the sound of the Highland bagpipe—to the playing of the *Ceòl Mór*, the Great Music, in a warm room, fragrant with the scent of burning birch, in Invercauld House. The music had been played by Invercauld's piper, himself a pupil of one of the greatest pipers of the day, Robert Brown of Balmoral. At one time the Isle of Skye was pre-eminent in piping, but it must now give place to Upper Deeside, where pipe music flourishes.

Storm wrack hid Glen Cluny. The Cluny River in a yeasty torrent rushed through the village of Braemar and surged mightily against the Mill of Cluny, now transformed into a pleasant dwelling-house. Through a rift in the clouds showed fleetingly the Snowy Corrie of Beinn a' Bhuird, where a great snowfield, drifted in during the Arctic spell of September, still lay, almost two months later. Wind and rain aslant the gale swept through the small township of Inverey; the brown torrent of the river hurried through the gorge where, long ago, the Black Colonel hid.

In Glen Lui of Mar veteran Scots firs felt the might of the gale and sighed as it rushed through their branches. Storm held

revelry in the high Cairngorms, and the speed of the clouds that drove across them with ragged, wind-torn edges was tremendous. In Glen Derry the old firs swayed easily—they had seen and weathered many a storm more severe than this. Bob Scott, the stalker, showed me the stump of an old tree which had stood, gaunt and lifeless, for years before he felled it for firewood. The Laird of Invercauld, who was with us, is a keen forester, and together we counted the annual rings of this tree. There were at least 250 rings, so the fir was already a vigorous tree when the clans rose for the Prince who brought tragedy and later romance to the Highlands. Beneath the tree a woodcock was sheltering, and a hen capercaillie with powerful flight crossed the Derry River, rising fast and already submerging its grassy banks.

No birds were abroad in this severe storm—not even the golden eagle, which two days before I had seen sailing regally high above the forest and heedless of the seven grey crows in close and angry attendance. The violence of the New Year gale of 1952 is seen in the firs which were snapped across near the ground like matches. That was the storm in which a party of climbers lost their lives in the Forest of Ben Alder. On the Cairngorms, too, there were climbers on this day of blizzard; it was fortunate that they returned safe, but exhausted. Some means should be devised of preventing climbers from setting out for the high hills in impossible weather. They risk their own lives—that is their concern—but they risk also the lives of those who generously search for them. That great mountaineer F. S. Smythe has put it on record that the blizzards he experienced on the Cairngorms when training commandos during the recent war exceeded in fury those of Everest.

Near the stalker's house at Luiibeg, not far from the old fir I have described, a stag has had his home for twenty years and has now become extraordinarily tame. Until this year the stag left the wood behind the house at the approach of each rutting season, but this autumn he did not seek the society of the hinds but lived a bachelor life. He is the tamest stag I have seen. I watched Bob Scott go outside his house and beat an ancient

coal-scuttle. This is the gong to call the stag to lunch—or tea. In less than a minute the antlered animal, strips of velvet still hanging from one horn, could be seen leaping gracefully down the hill slope, through the trees, and across the heather. A piece of bread was held out to him, and without hesitation he took it from the human hand. He was later fed through the kitchen window. When nerves overcame him at the sight of strangers he backed a few yards and allowed a black hen to pick up the bread. When the hen ran off with it the stag followed her and forced her to deliver her crust. When I saw the fearlessness of this stag I recalled the story of the Iverbroom stalker who had a tame stag. That animal (unlike the Luibeg stag) was uncertain in temper, and one day when his master discarded his usual “plus-fours” and left, wearing a bowler hat, to attend a funeral the stag failed to recognise him in the dusk on his return and attacked and killed him. The epitaph on his tomb reads, “He the victor of so many stags, was himself slain by a stag.”

SETON GORDON

By the Waters of Clyde

HE WAS a typical philosophical Scot, contemplating the Holy Loch from Kilmun Pier with an air of indefinable wisdom. Like many philosophers, he was eager to impart his wisdom free, and like all philosophers, he liked to begin with a question. “You’ll be from the town,” he affirmed, and when I disclaimed coming from “the town” (which here is always Glasgow) and said that we came from England he was not at a loss. “That will be worse,” he declared, and, refusing to explain his utterance, found another victim to converse with. And I, though born in “the town” and familiar with the Holy Loch since early childhood, felt duly excluded from the community of Clyde holiday-

makers who are in their own backyard and placed among the mere outlanders who come to the Firth as a result of advertising, a sense of adventure, the feeling that Blackpool or Southend has exhausted its accustomed charms, all the motives that drive the Englishman from home.

And from the English point of view it was and has been worse. As I write, the gale is tossing the small yachts off Hunter's Quay; rain is driving through the window frames; a Clyde August "bat son plein," as the French say. And the English visitors, already exiled in so many ways, shudder in doorways, cower on bus-tops, look drearily at the notices of cruises to the Kyles of Bute or Arran, and wish they were home again in Bolton or on holiday in some less soaking spot. For it must be admitted that, whatever statistics may say, a very wet day in the West of Scotland seems wetter than a very wet day anywhere else (except possibly in Ireland), and that one must have been bred to it to be able to escape wonder that anyone can live here and despair that one is marooned here.

Yet the Clyde is catering for foreigners with, to me, a novel energy. In my childhood it was a matter of Caledonian pride that little that nature had not done was done by man. There were steamers to get you from one place to another; there were rowing boats you could hire; there were "brakes" and "machines" that took you to Sandbank or Mount Stuart. There were a few old bathing-machines, and that was about all. We pointed with scorn at English resorts which had piers but no steamers, swimming-pools, pavilions, theatres, all the fun of the fair to compensate for what they had not got—lochs and mountains and general scenery, quite often visible and occasionally to be seen in sunlight. Even the meagre artificial aids to nature were shut down on Sunday. Steamers might sail from Glasgow on the Sabbath day, but in strongholds of the old order the piers were locked up and adventurous passengers had to climb the gates and fences to get ashore. Once ashore, they became, of course, bona-fide travellers, and as such entitled to a drink, or, as the necessary euphemism put it, a "refreshment."

How things have changed ! The ratepayer now pays for strings of fairy lights along the esplanade. He pays for ornamental gardens. He pays for elaborate swimming-pools and diving rafts where mixed bathing goes on unchecked. The passenger pays, too, for all the Clyde Piers, save for one or two, now charge admission fees. (How we used to laugh at the English who paid to get on to piers!) Of course this Continental gaiety is not altogether new in some resorts. Dunoon, of old, had the Castle Gardens. You paid to get into them even before the first war. I used to wonder what went on inside. I had vague E. Phillips Oppenheim dreams of Deauville and Monte Carlo, of adventuresses and grand dukes. Now I'll never know, for, to show the speed of change, the gardens are free and the pier is not.

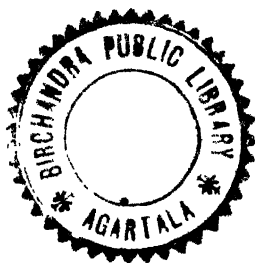
Yet even the gayest resorts, the nearest equivalents of Deauville, Southport, Atlantic City, do leave the traveller much to his own devices. The "minstrels," the picture houses, the pubs, are not enough to save him from the need of amusing himself. But we need not commiserate with him too much. If he has any anthropological curiosity he can divert himself by observing the odd ways of the natives. There are the Scottish rolls and the Scottish loaves, so different from the English versions and, so some tourists think, so much better. There are the innumerable brands of shortbread (including one adorned by the portrait of Sir Harry Lauder). There are oatcakes and the sweet cakes known in Scotland, though not in France, as French pastries. There is tartan everywhere, and some wearers of the kilt who were ill-advised to abandon trousers.

Then there is the speech. It is not in the least Highland. "The town" has seen to that, and the hard though clear vowels ring out. "Mérry," roars the indignant mother, promising a "skelpit leathering" if the erring child does not get across the road in time. But the universal languages of the movies and the comics is overlaying local idiom. "That wee girl is a smashing swimmer," says one commentator of my daughter. And what is not smashing is wizard. Not once have I heard that Glasgow word of all work, "jings." A sonsy matron may affirm her story

with "sure's daith," but her daughters know better. Corrupt as the language is, it diverts the English visitor. "I find the Scotch accent very picturesque," says my twelve-year-old son, to be rightly rebuked by an uncle pointing out that there is no such thing as a Scotch accent, although there are marked English accents. An English-woman, housekeeping in a strange land, soon learns to order a gigot like a native.

The wind is still rising; if it is stormy here, what must it be like in Kilbrennan Sound? The mist is thickening, though the chorus of fog-horns from the Cloch, from Toward, from the Little Cumbrae has not yet started. The tourists who have booked places on bus trips or steamer trips set out grimly to get a bit of their money's worth. Will it be the same in Oban? It will, but why depress them by saying so? There is a drenched queue outside the Tudor Tea Shoppe. You can see, here, what you could not see in more up-to-date spots, that admirable if ancient film of Marlene Dietrich's *Destry Rides Again*. There, beside the Pavilion, is proof of the new municipal solitude, "Open-air Draughts." But the wind is driving the rain in sheets over the giant stone draughtboard, and even the additional temptation of the word "Free" draws no child from play or old man from the nearest equivalent of the chimney corner. "What time do they open?" ask the new-comers who, perhaps, fear they will never open. "At five." Watches are consulted, calculations made. Even if they have not moved more than a hundred yards since the steamer decanted them, these are bona-fide travellers indeed. They need, we all need, a refreshment.

D. W. BROGAN



The Cutty Sark

IT WILL cost a quarter of a million pounds to preserve the *Cutty Sark*, the last, swiftest, and most celebrated of all the China clipper ships. The *Cutty Sark* Preservation Society is appealing for this sum.

The society, of which the patron is the Duke of Edinburgh, and the president, the chairman of Lloyd's, firmly believes that the public will not only find the money but will know that it ought to be ashamed of itself if it fails. "It will be a pretty disgraceful show," said Mr. Frank G. Carr, director of the National Maritime Museum, "if with all the resources of the Commonwealth and Empire we cannot preserve this to be the Merchant Navy's counterpart to the *Victory*."

Mr. Carr, who was addressing the press and the society's board of governors from the foot of the *Cutty Sark's* mizen-mast, described her as the most famous merchant vessel in the world and an essential part of Britain's seafaring heritage.

Mr. Henry Barraclough, the chairman of the board of governors (and of the Silver Line), was as confident as Mr. Carr. He explained that the originator of the scheme was the Duke of Edinburgh. "When a man in his position wants something," said Mr. Barraclough with fervour, "the only thing we can do is to stand together and see that he gets it."

The money, of which £47,000 has already been subscribed, will be spent on moving the ship from her moorings to Greenwich pier, on rerigging and restoring her, and on establishing "*Cutty Sark* bursaries" to help young men to train as Merchant Navy officers.

She has been lying at Greenhithe, in Kent, since 1938, where

she has been used as an auxiliary to the training ship *Worcester*. Since the war she has "become redundant", in the words of the *Worcester's* master, Captain Gordon Steel, V.C., because sail drill is no longer needed, and because the new *Worcester* (formerly the *Exmouth*) is large enough to accommodate all the cadets under training.

At Greenwich the *Cutty Sark* will house nautical exhibitions, most of them arranged by Mr. Carr, and become "a living centre of nautical activities." The site for her new dry berth has been given to the society by the L.C.C. and adjoins the Royal Naval College and the southern entrance to the Greenwich submarine tunnel. Part of it, which is now occupied by a row of houses, is to be cleared under the Planned Open Spaces scheme for London.

The ship's present condition leaves a good deal to be desired. "She has gone astern a bit," as Captain Steel put it. Others who knew her in her days of greatness said the same thing—only rather more forcibly. Two of them, Captains Woodget and Irving, stepped aboard on Friday for a brief critical survey of the ship in which they served as apprentices in the 1880s.

The hull, they agreed, was as sound as the day it was built in Scott and Linton's yard at Dumbarton in 1869. The upperworks, to their way of thinking, had been sadly neglected. "It's all teakwood," said Captain Woodget, scratching at the deckhouse with his knife. "What do they want to paint it for?" "What have they done to her?" asked Captain Irving, wandering sadly round the decks.

A good deal evidently has been done to her since Captain Woodget's father took her from the London River to Sydney, New South Wales, in 67 days in 1885.

Like every ship that has been driven hard, *Cutty Sark* has had an adventurous career, and she and her men have been in peril many times. The bold and famous Captain Woodget and his company of twenty "never hesitated to drive her for all she was worth"—which was often a good deal more in terms of speed than the early mail steamers. Seventeen knots and 363 nautical

miles a day are achievements that have seldom been equalled by a sailing merchantman.

Captain Woodget was the first of her many masters who "weighed his chances and took them." Some of his predecessors were less successful not only in passage-making, with the tea crop from China, but also in maintaining the kind of discipline that works. Captain Irving recalled casually on Friday that "of course, he (the mate) never meant to kill that Negro—it was just that he hit him with a capstan bar." (The mate's name was Smith, the Negro's name was Francis and he threatened the mate with violence in the Straits of Sunda.)

Those were the days, as described by Captain Irving, when no one thought of the *Cutty Sark* as the Merchant Navy's counterpart to anything, least of all the *Victory*. She was a good, fast ship and the rest was up to her men. It was the men—Captain Woodget's father, his officers, eight apprentices, the cook, the sailmaker, the steward, two watches of seamen, and a lion-hearted bo'sun from Tiger Bay, Cardiff—who made the *Cutty Sark* break records. It was they who made their little ship, twice the length of a London water-bus, the famous thing that she became.

The crew that deserted her in Penarth in 1878 (because of the mate who later killed the Negro), would have been surprised to know that they were leaving an essential part of Britain's seafaring heritage. But that was in her bad days, before the reign of the bold Captain Woodget. And they must have been bad too. "Fancy deserting in Penarth," as Captain Woodget, the younger, observed with all the scorn of a Norfolk man for the bleak and godless ports of Wales.

MARK ARNOLD-FORSTER

Tracing the Trouble

"WHAT'S WRONG wi' thee?" said Mally.

"Nowt," said Tom; "Ah con blow mi nose, Ah reckon, bowt bein' hauled ower th' coals."

"Ah knew tha'd get it," said Mally. "It were that footba' match a' Satda'. Tha oppens thi mouth that wide, th' germs fair streams in. If tha'd keep thi mouth shut, tha'd be a' reet."

"What's th' good o' goin' to a footba' match, an' keepin' thi mouth shut?" said Tom. "Tha might as well stay a' whoam."

"Ah dunnot want a do like we had last year," said Mally. "Tha wert whcezin' like a brokken-winded 'armonicum, afore Ah could turn round. Mi mother used to say theer were nowt like goose-grease, an' turps at after."

"Tha welly had me like a piece o' raw beef, wi' yon turps," said Tom. "Tha wants to go slow, wi' a skin like mine."

"Men's nesh," said Mally. "Yo're a' th' same. Tha welly pu's th' 'ouse down ower a mustard plaster."

"Ah dunnot know what tha'rt werritin' ower," said Tom. "Ah tell thee theer's newt wrong wi' me. Ah were just goin' to slip down wi' Ted to a meetin'—there he is now."

"Tha'll do nowt o' th' sort," said Mally, as she answered the door; "tha'll none stir out o' this 'ouse this neet, bur ower mi dead body."

"Evenin'," said Ted; "Ah nobbut dropped in——"

"So Ah see," said Mally. "Tha con stay a bit an' keep Tom comp'ny, for he's none goin' out. He's gotten a cowl at yon footba' match a' Satda'."

"Tha'rt same as mi mother," said Ted. "It's allus th' footba' match an' none th' draught i' Chapel."

"Th' Lord'll protect thee when it's a righteous cause," said Mally; "bur when tha oppens thi mouth shoutin' for them Werewolves tha's fair axin' for it. Sit thee down, Ted, whiles Ah mix 'im a posset. There's nowt like a traycle posset for stavin' off flu."

"A glass o' hot grog 'ud do as well," suggested Tom.

"Tha'll ha' traycle posset," said Mally, "an' a boiled onion at after. That'll lie like a plaster on thi chest. Ah believe i' takken thought afore th' mischief's done. Tha'll ha' a jug o' hot lemonade, an' if tha doesna swéat it out o' thee i' th' neet, we'll ha' th' doctor i' th' mornin'."

"Go on," said Tom. "Order th' tombstone whiles tha's about it. Ah'd fancy doves wi' R.I.P."

"Ah reckon Ah'd best be gettin' along," said Ted. "Ah hope tha'll be better i' th' mornin', Tom."

"Th' last time he had flu," said Mally; "he were that depressed it were like livin' wi' a drippin' tap. Ah made him enough gruel to sink a ship, bur nowt ud cheer 'im."

"It were brown bread an' oysters an' a glass o' stout as saved mi dad's life," said Ted. "Th' doctor said as he'd dee, bur he ne'er looked back after."

"Ah believe i' th' good owd-fashioned remedies, same as mi mother allus used," said Mally. "Tha gets no good fro' pills i' bottles. Ah tow'd thee fro' th' first, bur tha wouldna heed; tha said it were nowt. Ah might as well talk to Tibby, as to thee—an' th' cat's more sense o' th' two."

"Cheerio," said Ted; "Ah'll be seein' yo'."

The door banged after him as he went. There was silence, broken only by Mally's footsteps upstairs as she got the bed ready. With a cautious glance, Tom got up and tiptoed to the place where his coat and hat were hanging. As he stretched out his hand a sneeze betrayed him.

"Up tha goes," said Mally, descending. "Th' sooner tha's i' bed, th' quicker it'll be ower for me."

"Tha wouldna like to cend for th' undertakker, reet now?" said Tom. "It 'ud save trouble."

"Dunnot talk blasphemious," said Mally. "Tha'd look well if thi soul were required o' thee this neet."

"Ah dunnot know bur Ah could put up a good show to get past th' gates," said Tom. "Ah've been wed twenty year."

"Ay," said Mally, "Ah ne'er thowt what Ah were goin' to when Ah said 'Yes' to thee. 'Ah'll none stop thee,' says mi mother, 'bur tha'll draw an easier yoke single, nor wed.' Ay, an' hoo ne'er spoke a truer word. Shout when tha'rt i' bed, an' Ah'll bring up th' posset."

It is a well-known fact that cbls will run their course. The demons that sat astride Tom's pillow and made him snort and groan in the night refused to relax their hold, in spite of the fine perspiration into which the remedies threw him. But Mally was not ill-satisfied.

"See where tha'd ha' been bowt yon posset," she said.

"Ah'd as lief ha' th' cowl, as that muck," said Tom.

"Tha'd ha' been nowheer," said Mally. "It's th' remedies as bring out th' cowl. Thee go about wi' yon cowl i' this system an' tha'd be a dead mon afore tha could look round. Hap thisen up an' dunna move thi arms till Ah bring thee a basin o' pobs."

In the intervals of sneezing and blowing his nose Tom heard the downstairs door open and a neighbour come in.

"Sit thee down, Mrs. Scholes," said Mally. "Ah'm makkin' a basin o' pobs for Tom."

"What's wrong wi' him?" said Mrs. Scholes.

"Nowt mich," said Mally. "Nobbut a cowl i' th' yed. Bur tha knows what men are. If their little finger aches they think they'n goin' to dee."

"That's reet," said Mrs. Scholes. "Ah've two on mi own an' Ah know."

Upstairs a loud sneeze rent the air.

"That's him," said Mally. "It were them Werewolves a' Satda' as did it. Ah tow'd him how it 'ud be."

"Tha feels better when tha knows," said Mrs. Scholes.

DORA BROOME

Manchester Man

THE TERCENTENARY of the death of Humphrey Chetham falls properly on September 20, but Coronation Year has a disturbing effect even on chronology and the celebrations begin to-day. Manchester has not been remarkable for its benefactors, and Humphrey Chetham stands out as perhaps the most notable of them. He endowed a blue-coat school, a public library, and chained libraries in various churches. And through his foundations he preserved Manchester's only medieval building apart from the Cathedral. Chetham was one of the first Manchester men to make a fortune out of cotton. He and his brother were among the earliest Manchester men of whom we have record who bought cotton at the port, got it spun and woven, and marketed the finished cloth. It was a fairly new trade in England, although the cloth (fustian, of flax warp and cotton weft) had long been made on the Continent. Humphrey Chetham prospered, lent money, bought land, became a county as well as a commercial magnate, and was a strong Parliamentarian. The plan of his benefactions had been in his mind several years before his death in 1653 (Ford Madox Brown's fresco in the Town Hall pictures him dreaming of it). It was to take the "College" and make it into a "Hospital" and library. The "College" had been built in the early fifteenth century on the site of the old manorial hall to house the clergy of the collegiate parish church. At the Dissolution it had been bought by Lord Derby and used as his Manchester house, and then was sequestered in the Civil War and was now in bad state. It had been a prison; some of its rooms were used by Presbyterians and Independents (it is thus a cradle of Nonconformity); it was falling into disrepair and

"the towne swyne make their abode both in the yards and house." Chetham's plan was fulfilled by his executors. The fourteen poor boys he had educated in his lifetime were increased to forty and part of the buildings turned into a boarding school. Another part became "a publick librarie for ever." Chatham's Hospital and Library remain as one of the few gems of Manchester.

LEADING ARTICLE

Rolling the Eggs

THE MOST tenacious of Lancashire's rites of spring, the Preston egg-rolling ceremony, happened in spite of everything. Driving through the sleet to the promised festivity one could see why the custom had survived here, some eighty years after egg-ceremonies generally died out in the North. But surely to-day, like the war, would be a legitimate occasion for breaking the continuity? The claims on gallantry have their limit.

"You don't know Preston people," said the park superintendent severely, "Preston people are a determined lot." On a fine day, he reckoned, there might be 60,000 people watching the children cracking their coloured, hard-boiled eggs in the huge pudding-bowl park overlooking the Happy Valley, the rustic bridge, the bandstand and the tree-lined Ribble. The event is entirely unorganised, and has "just grown up with Preston." To-day there were many fewer than 60,000 people, but a number of dichards duly turned up, determinedly shepherding children who held their baskets of eggs—plain, coloured, and chocolate.

Notwithstanding the return to a virtually free market after the long Lent of rationing, one would not have expected abandon. Even on a fine day, Preston would surely have thrown its eggs about with an inhibited, five-shillings-a-dozen air. The marvel

was that the thing happened at all. We waited in the dripping shelter while the children, like damp spaniels, sadly clutched the prey they were not allowed to eat.

Tears were few. A pair of twins, with eggs dyed red and purple, failed in steadfastness ("One's crying because she wants to go home and the other's crying because she wants to stay," their mother explained). Others, their patience exhausted, began eating their way through their ammunition until soon the floor was paved with egg-shells like some ancient chalk cave. Slightly older boys were reading "All About Eve" in the *Weekly Overseas Mail*, while the dichards—one of whom had been away from Preston and was seeing his first egg-rolling for forty years—recalled great ceremonies of the past.

Pace-egging (or "pasche-egging," supposed to be associated with the reappearance of eggs at Easter after their prohibition during Lent) takes its place in a list of traditional Easter ceremonies that is exhausting even to read. Witches' conferences, the breaking of pottery for luck, church ales, the invention and elaboration of weather omens, rites associated with the paying of glove and pepper rents, apple-throwing or "crabbing the parson," the removing by youths of their girl-friends' shoes. Ashton-under-Lyne's own sinister ceremony of "riding the Black Lad," the hunting of hares, and the hoisting of travellers ceiling-high in chairs, are only a few.

Egg-throwing matches appear to have taken place at Chester Cathedral in which bishop, dean, and choristers all took part, while mummers went round collecting eggs and money and, in fields and on village greens, coloured eggs were rolled about on the grass until they were broken; they were then eaten. It is this egg-rolling that survives at Preston, some eighty years after egging ceremonies generally died out in the North. "Survives" seemed more than ever the right word.

But at last this undaunted Bank Holiday behaviour was rewarded. The clouds opened a little above the rain-soaked Happy Valley, and with the eggs they had not yet eaten the children ran off in their Wellington boots to the tourney ground.

Soon the eggs were rolling soggily, immemorially down the slope, while mothers cried, "Don't sit on the grass, love." There was some spirited splashing before hailstones—doubtless a good deal smaller than eggs, though they hardly seemed so—drove us back to shelter.

NORMAN SHRAPNEL

Ripe Cheshire

"CLUNTON AND Clunbury, Clungunford and Clun. . . ." People also live in places with names like Hallsenna, Yottonfews, Mumps, Slaughter Hill, and Tang. There is no intrinsic reason why Tang, in Cheshire, should be considered less poetical than Clun; but literary tradition adds a powerful enchantment in these matters. Cheshire, through its county health department, has brought out an index of place-names which reads surprisingly to anyone who suspected that county of being on the suave, overtamed side. The lists clatter off the tongue with a heartening sound, mixing in the best English tradition the effects of falling ironmongery, simple oaths, and the wildest complications of fantastic invention. Perhaps the county has let slip literary opportunities through sheer mismanagement; obviously Lear should have been induced to live at The Bongs and Ouida at Yearns Low. Then again there is a Gallantry Bank as well as a Beauty Bank, but they are hopelessly far apart and both beyond range of the rude but poetically fruitful sound of Cuckoo's Nest. In more sinister equipment Cheshire may not quite compare with its southern neighbour, but as well as Hack Green, Nab End, Raby, and Rope there are Foxtwist Green and Crook of Dee; while even seemly Wilmslow has its Shady Grove. Mow Cop is familiar, but who would have suspected it of being in the parish of Odd Rode? What do we make of Shocklach Oviatt or Cassia Green? An exotic

group includes Gibraltar, Nova Scotia, Verona, Pennsylvania, Hague, and Havannah, and there are a Cross Town, a Coole Pilate, and a Copyhold (in the parish of Weaverham-cum-Milton). As for three-deckers, they flourish: Marbury-cum-Quoisley, Shavington-cum-Gresty, Aston-juxta-Mondrum, and Tushington-cum-Grindley are only a few. It is not immediately obvious why the health department should have been the one to bring out this fascinating document. Does it not fear an epidemic of dislocated jaws?

LEADING ARTICLE

The Matthews Final

A FOOTBALLING genius called Stanley Matthews won the F.A. Cup to-day for Blackpool when his centre two minutes from time enabled his side to take the lead for the first time against Bolton Wanderers at 4-3.

There are times when fact can outdo fiction in the matter of providing ideal finishes. As Matthews moved up the gangway and at long last received that elusive medal (which his skill alone had made possible) at the hands of the Queen he received an ovation such as is seldom given at Wembley for any one man, and this continued as he was hoisted shoulder-high alongside Johnston, who was holding the Cup, to be borne triumphantly across the pitch. As he disappeared from view an onlooker with the light of joy and pride and affection still in his eyes turned and said: "I don't know about the Unknown Political Prisoner. They ought to put a statue of Stanley Matthews on the cliffs of Dover. Sir Winston wouldn't object to that." Maybe not, if he had the luck to see Matthews in to-day's form.

Matthews, and Matthews alone, won the match for Blackpool. He alone remained cool, calm, and purposeful throughout. He

alone had the cunning and the confidence to exploit to the full those injuries to Bell and Banks which disorganised the Wanderers' team and put such a cruel strain on its exertions. The others were plainly unsteadied by their goalkeeper's bad start and took fully an hour to recover. If it is true that the story of Wembley is strewn with goalkeeping errors then perhaps Farm need not be worried unduly at having added two more to the collection. Other goalkeepers have been deceived by the tendency of some of Lofthouse's fiercer shots to spit upwards from the ground and break sharply on occasion: other goalkeepers have missed their grab at the ball through being unsighted by another player running across the line of flight, as Moir did when Langton shot, and have paid the penalty of not getting their body behind it. The disturbing element about Farm's two errors seemed to lie less in their fact than in their timing. The first occurred within two minutes of the start, that period in any match when nerves are on edge and panic seems catching; the second immediately after that brief period of relief when Mortensen's lucky equaliser off Hassall's shin had promised to put Blackpool on level terms for a while.

But when, in the fifty-seventh minute, Bell, the Wanderers' left half, now hobbling along as a negligible cripple with a pulled muscle at outside left, suddenly bobbed up from behind Shimwell and butted a centre from Holden securely home for 3-1—the first pure and unsullied goal of the match—one scribe at least set down his pencil with a bang as who should say, "That's the end of Blackpool, folks, and the end of the quest for the medal." Blackpool's plight at this moment was indeed pitiful. Little Taylor, Matthew's subtle partner, has rarely given such a fitful display. In the art of selling dummies he was at his trickiest, but when it came to laying the crucial pass of a combined move, he floundered like the veriest tyro. The same palsied uncertainty afflicted Mudie, and Perry even. For long spells, too, one had to search for Mortensen to verify that he was indeed playing, so close a watch did Barrass maintain on his formidable foe. No praise is too high for the magnificent resistance which the

Wanderers' nine fit men put up against Blackpool's final onslaught. As Moir said after the game, they "ran themselves into the ground" in the attempt to lift the Cup and if the match had finished five minutes sooner they would have done it.

It was not until Matthews had provided Mortensen with the opportunity to dart in after a puzzling hanging centre and force the ball past Hanson as the two lay entangled at the foot of a post that Blackpool began to move together as a team. The next twenty minutes or so, until the end, were stolen by Matthews for a complete exposition of his incomparable art. Time after time he showed his opponents the ball, hinted at what he was about to do, then did it, secure in the knowledge that nothing they could do would hinder him in the least. But the minutes were ticking away, and when only three remained even Matthews's resources seemed insufficient. At this point the referee authorised Mortensen to take a free kick at goal from the edge of the penalty area. There was a pause, a few quick steps, a bang, and a murderous missile rocketed up into the roof of the Bolton net. Hurriedly the game restarted; smoothly and inevitably the ball rolled out to Matthews again: adroitly the master beat two men, made for the posts, drew all the defenders towards him, and then pulled the ball back to Perry, who had a gap as wide as a first-class road to aim at. A straight simple kick was all that was needed and the rest was delirium, with women screaming, some fainting, some weeping, and the entire Blackpool team "imparadised in one another's arms."

Since the element of luck in the scoring of the first two goals on each side was about equally divided, one may concede that the Wanderers had most of the bad luck that was going. Apart from the matter of injuries to players there was one glorious attempt by Lofthouse which left Farm helpless yet came back off a post. The injury to Bell, and a less serious one to Banks, proved a severe handicap to Bolton inasmuch as this forced them to translate Hassall from a most militant forward into a brilliant substitute defender. But even so, with only four fit forwards to contend with, the Blackpool defenders spent a harassing after-

noon. Indeed, at one point, one of them was reduced to the crude expedient of holding Lofthouse back by the legs! And though historians of the future may label this final as the "Matthews Final," let it not be forgotten how much the Wanderers' courage in affliction and gay good temper in defeat added to the day's enjoyment. Moir leading the applause to Matthews was typical of their sporting attitude.

H. D. DAVIES

The Sit-Down Fight

[Rocky Marciano kept his world's heavyweight championship on Friday night 15 May when he knocked out Jersey Joe Walcott after two minutes and 25 seconds of the first round.]

IN WHAT was variously reported this morning as one of the shortest, most farcical, hilarious, or sordid attempts on the world's heavyweight championship, Jersey Joe Walcott sat down on the mat in Chicago last night, cocked his head to hear the referee call a count of ten, and then got up and went home, complaining he had been robbed. It was never quite clear in the following confusion exactly who had been robbed.

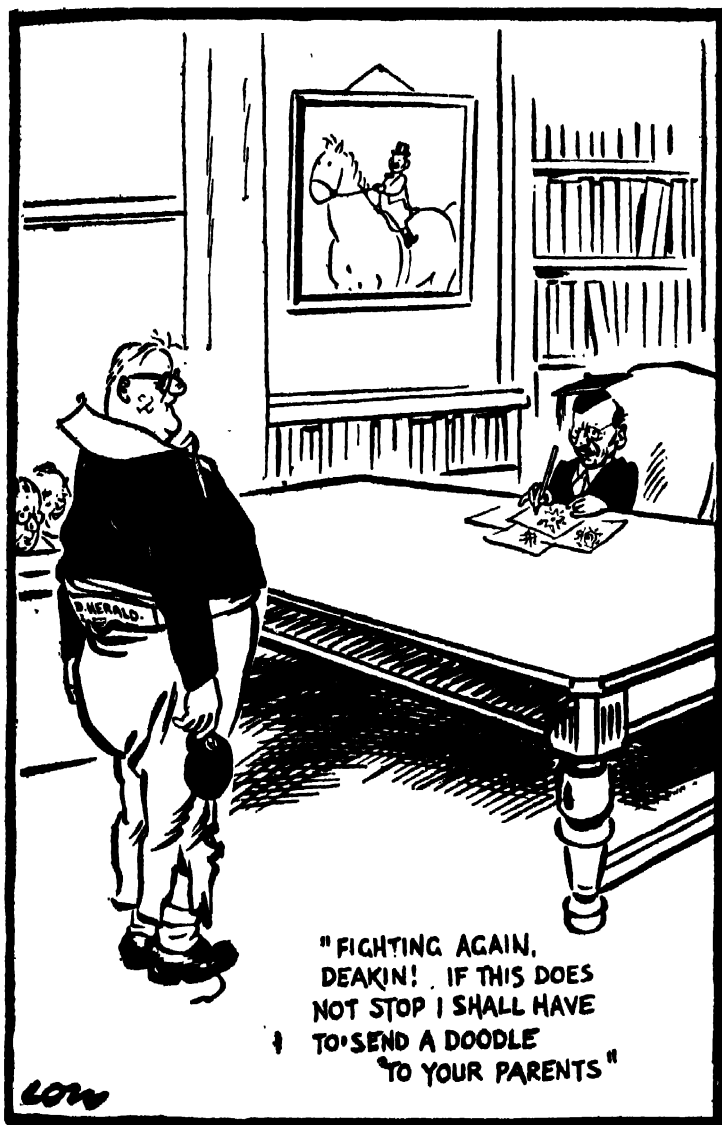
The audience contributed at the gate a net \$253,462, and Walcott took a guaranteed \$250,000, something of a record increment from a sit-down strike. Marciano's reward was a paltry \$166,000, or just over half the sum a television network had paid on the firm understanding that they were cornering a boxing match. It was over so soon that millions of families fixing the chairs and beer-coasters for a leisurely session of blood-letting will never know who sponsored the programme, a contingency that the whole advertising industry is mobilised to avoid. Robbery is a word Walcott should never use. It is the least of the indictments the cheated crowd would bring against him.

There is no boo like the boo of a man who has paid fifty dollars for two minutes of aimless shuffling. And when the referee hoisted Marciano's arm and the bell rang, all the tired trans-continental aeroplane passengers, the preening celebrities, and the boys who had traded a week's baseball tickets for a seat against the skyline bared their teeth and let loose like wounded hyenas. They weren't allowed to televise the fight in the towns that ring Lake Michigan, but a thousand and two thousand miles away the boos turned saloons into sounding boards and rattled the windows of spinsters knitting in their ignorance upstairs.

It all began with the usual hoopla. The "preliminary contests" between boys whose purple trunks nobody would notice. The Press hitching their trousers and figuring the size of the crowd. The howling introduction of celebrities. The smoke curling and fainting into the high lights. The sharp little referee holding the mike like a boy chewing an apple and naming the judges, the "attending physicians," the challenger from Camden (black trunks, white stripes, weighing $197\frac{3}{4}$), the champ from Brockton (white trunks, black stripes, at $184\frac{1}{2}$). The customary sermon about clinches, the best man, and come out fighting. The bell.

They are both chunky men, but on the television screen, which would flatten a Henry Moore pinhead into a Nazi, they looked like gorillas, though Walcott is a harmless codger, the children's pet. They were both bent over, as if from a severe case of the cramps. This is no position to throw any punch known to the books, and a right hook from Walcott and a left from Marciano must be mentioned as technical warm-up gestures. Marciano pattered after Walcott in the centre of the ring and made a few bunching fee-fo-fum movements and missed again. Then Walcott sat down.

Well, he didn't exactly sit down. He was shoved at by a motion hardly conforming to the definition of a left hook but more reminiscent of a short-armed boy embracing a rocking-horse. Walcott gave every sign of rocking into place again. But something to do with balance no doubt, surely no disturbance of



"FIGHTING AGAIN,
DEAKIN! IF THIS DOES
NOT STOP I SHALL HAVE
TO SEND A DOODLE
TO YOUR PARENTS"

DISCIPLINE AT ATTLEE'S ACADEMY

gravity for which Marciano could claim the credit, sent him on his shoulder blades. He rocked back to a sitting position and took it easy on his rump while the referee caught his breath. Walcott sat with an arm across his knees and the other on the rope, and all he needed was a pipe to make him any comfortable old gaffer settling in to watch an afternoon's cricket on the village green.

He was already composed when the referee started counting. He shouted off the seconds a couple of feet from Walcott's left ear and his arm swung like a metronome. Joe was thinking sweet thoughts right through eight and nine. Once he heard ten he took his gloves off the floor and jumped up smartly and went over to his corner. If he were new to the game you could imagine him saying to his manager, "Is this where we pick up the purse?"

Marciano went over to him and Walcott, who was no more dazed than you are standing in line for the pay envelope, flashed his solid white teeth at him in a "What the heck" smile. Then he padded off to watch his manager and the seconds make big gestures and cry "Foul!"

This was the sequel to the great fight in Philadelphia last year, when Marciano bled his way to the title through thirteen rounds of terrible slaughter from this same reflective old man who last night sat and pondered till the seconds ticked away. It was an absurdity for everybody. The only thing it cleared up was the question of Walcott's motive in hiding his age. He has been mooning around forty longer than a movie actress. This mystery, it now appears, has nothing to do with coyness. It is just plain innocence. It explains, wrote Red Smith to-day, "why there has been so much confusion about his real age. He can't count his years. He can't even count to ten."

ALISTAIR COOKE

A Giant

THE NEWS from Preston last night will sadden every true lover of Association football. Derek Dooley, of Sheffield Wednesday, one of the most vivid and colourful personalities ever to tread our English fields, will play no more. By a stroke of fate unparalleled among footballers in its swiftness and cruelty the Iron Man of the game passes from public view, and from all controversy.

Dooley was a problem to his English opponents in much the same sense that Gulliver was to the Lilliputians; the mere size of the man introduced complications. Standing 6 ft. 3 in. in his shoes and with bright red hair, he was football's equivalent of Athabasca Dick: "long and slim and lean of limb, but strong as a stripling bear." His giant stride and immense strength enabled him to tackle opponents from twice the distance needed by ordinary players, so that the impact of his onrush caught his quarry unawares before they were fully braced for the shock. There was something about the aspect of Dooley chasing an opponent that took you back in fancy to the Stone Age: when men had to catch their breakfast before they could eat it. But Dooley was a hunter with a difference: he despised feints and stratagems. His path to goal was charted in straight lines; hence, collisions were part of his heritage. Few who had seen him rise unscathed from many a spill, as though impervious to the shocks that flesh is heir to, would have dreamt that it would be by this means that his spectacular career would close.

The greater pity is that Dooley's recent form had shown how studiously he was adding to his physical advantages a keener positional sense, neater ball control, and a more elastic understanding with his colleagues. A powerful shot with either boot

and smart headwork near goal were always at his command. None will deplore his passing from the football field more keenly than the great club which he, more than any other forward, rescued from the toils of the Second Division. None, that is, except his wife and family to whom the heartfelt sympathy of sportsmen the whole world over will go at this sad hour.

H. D. DAVIES

Draw in Dublin

IRELAND AND England drew a desperately hard and exciting Rugby Union international match at Lansdowne Road here with two penalty goals and one try apiece, and so, with Scotland and Wales having lost already, there will be no winner of the mythical Triple Crown this year.

This year England has her best pack since the war, and many Irishmen were painfully surprised by its size, weight, vigour, and speed in comparison with those which have visited Dublin recently. And yet this good pack was outplayed to-day in all except the tight by as fiery, fast, determined, and well-bound an eight as even Ireland has produced in ten years. The Irish gained either ground or possession from almost every line-out, swept down relentlessly upon the slightest error, and put their feet over the ball and shoved in almost set-scrum formation at loose maul after loose maul. Even in the tight they held their own against men averaging more than a stone heavier. They went off at a tremendous pace and, grimly though the English forwards stuck to their work and hard though they tried to pin their opponents down, there were more worn-out forwards on England's side at the finish than on Ireland's.

But no one should think that England's pack played badly. Lewis had his best game for his country; Carpenter was as

efficient as ever; Adkins fought gallantly against odds in line-out and loose; Evans added fire, once or twice too much; White blocked Kyle's path again and again even if he could not get hold of him in the big bear's hug; and Stirling and Holmes were honest craftsmen and workers even when they began to feel the pace and their own years. These men saved their side, but none had the almost incredible speed, strength, and endurance of Kavanagh, who with Reid's aid and quick concerted backing up controlled the line-out and yet also led nearly every loose rush, strove mightily in the mauls, and fulfilled his policeman's duties. As a body again the English forwards could never achieve the same consistent genial ferocity and speed in the loose that the Irish showed.

Behind this fearful engine of destruction, moreover, Ireland had her great half-back pair and the most dangerous wing on the field in Mortell. After an erratic start O'Meara was imperturbable and indestructible, and Kyle was Kyle at his best in all phases of the game. Why then could Ireland score only try for try? The answer lay chiefly in the slowness of the heeling, which allowed Lewis, White, and Regan to spread their net for Kyle in good time and the centres to get well on top of Quinn and Henderson, and the fact that the game ran continually to Lane's wing instead of Mortell's.

England's heeling was no quicker and under another severe battering Sykes had a bad match. The centres, too, often looked unhappy in such a fast and furious struggle, so that the attack was left almost entirely to Regan. With a slow service his chances against McCarthy and Kavanagh naturally were few and fleeting, but he made two perfect openings. What he might have done with profit was to use the grub kick and to give Gregg a testing with diagonal kicks for his own wings to pursue.

Strangely, however, England could have had the match won in the first quarter of an hour. Ireland went off with a bang and were on top for five minutes before the English pack broke away and reached the home "25." Twice Regan slid through the Irish forwards in a broken field, and the second time Evans was

ready for the pass and scored wide on the right. Then in quick succession Bazley knocked on a little diagonal kick by Agar which bounced up into his hands, Bazley knocked on trying to pick up instead of tapping the ball over after Quinn had had a kick charged down, Woodward knocked on after Regan had cut outside McCarthy and Kyle, and Hall was only just short with a long drop-kick.

That, as it happened, was almost the last serious English attack, and for the rest of the half Ireland pressed feverishly. Kyle's diagonal kicks to a point behind Bazley and in front of Hall must have tortured the latter; mistakes were inevitable, and sometimes Hall was lucky to be covered, sometimes he was rolled over in possession, but always he looked cool and somehow disaster was averted. Henderson and Quinn missed with three long penalty kicks and Quinn with an easy drop-kick. In addition, two beautiful breaks by Kyle were mangled by Lane and MacCarthy; Lane hesitated and Carpenter was on him, and McCarthy made a forward pass certain by running a yard in front of Kyle near the posts.

Many thought that the lighter Irish forwards could not possibly stick the pace, but their advantage of some five or more years' youth a man also began to tell now. Kyle, however, no longer was able to keep up his sapping of Hall's morale, and as Hall settled down to a splendid game play moved up and down field more often. Henderson soon equalised with a fine penalty kick, but Hall regained the lead with an even better one from 45 yards. Then Henderson forced his way past Cannell and passed in to McCarthy; the latter was being cut off but threw a long pass to the left where Mortell took it brilliantly and beat every one to the corner. The kick was disallowed but Henderson put Ireland ahead with an easy penalty goal. Again Hall equalised with a great kick. For the rest it was hammer and tongs with Ireland once in danger when Woodward broke away down the middle before being sandwiched by Lane and Gregg, and England once fearing the worst when Kyle flitted down the right wing in sudden counter attack until White fielded his inside kick.

And then suddenly it was all over, the shouting and the tumult were stilled at last, and there were the two captains walking off with their arms round each other.

LARRY MONTAGUE

The Decline of the Poster

THIRTY YEARS ago the Prince of Wales, now Duke of Windsor, made a speech at the Royal Academy banquet. He boldly urged the listening academicians to devote more attention to "the art galleries of the great public"—the advertisement hoardings. "Their refinement," he said, "has advanced by leaps and bounds."

In the nineteen-twenties it really seemed as if "the art galleries of the great public" might be something more than a rhetorical after-dinner flourish; that posters worthy of serious critical consideration might become quite frequent on the hoardings; that the taste of the public might be educated by these means. We were optimistic in the nineteen-twenties.

We were too optimistic. The spark has almost flickered out. At no time in the last thirty years have the hoardings displayed so many dull and tasteless posters as they do to-day. Perhaps one should concede a certain effort at tidiness and some improvement in purely technical efficiency, but the general effect of any group of posters to-day is extraordinarily negative. Remembering some of the wilder efforts of advertisers in the past, one may perhaps admit that refinement has advanced except in the case of cinema advertising; but refinement is a negative virtue at best.

Looking back on the nineteen-twenties, it now seems that we were misled by the remarkable individual achievement of Frank Pick. We had seen him raise the standard of Underground

posters to an unprecedented height; a few other advertisers had followed his example; it seemed not unreasonable to hope that a general improvement would follow. But those who sold tinned foods, toothpaste, beer, aperients, cosmetics, whisky, and cigarettes, those firms in fact whose posters were really ubiquitous, remained in most cases completely indifferent, and the elephantine bottles, tubes, and tin cans became ever more tedious as the draughtsmen who produced them achieved fresh triumphs in their dismal trade. The well-designed posters which one encountered here and there—those for the Underground and Shell and the Empire Marketing Board, an occasional railway one or an exhibition one—hardly affected the general appearance of the hoardings, though they permitted a rather easy optimism about the Art of the Poster.

To-day optimism is much less easy. No commercial firm is producing such good posters as the old Shell ones, the huge output of Government advertising hardly ever reaches the standard of the Empire Marketing Board, the very traditional advertising of British Railways seldom arouses a warmer feeling than that of respect, even the Underground has had some regrettable lapses (the present posters by Edward Bawden are outstandingly good, but would Frank Pick have passed last year's Santa Claus?).

One fundamental difficulty of the poster designer has been pointed out very clearly by Professor Guyatt, of the Royal College of Art. The message of a poster is often too trivial to form the basis for a work of art even of the humblest kind; and what is one to say of a poster captioned "My Lorry Ride to Shame," which can be seen on the hoardings at the moment, except that the advertiser has the designer he deserves (and wants)? But not all posters are like this; there are serious and well-intentioned efforts, and their frequent failure is worth consideration.

An obvious reason is to be found in the organisation of the large commercial studio with its mass-production technique of dividing labour among a staff of slick specialists. Another reason may perhaps be the recent enormous growth in the arts of

exhibition display which has undoubtedly attracted many of the most talented of our younger designers. Yet another which has been suggested is that the best of our professional poster designers excel in the rather austere, elegant, impersonal style of modern architecture and interior decoration which is not always suitable. On the other hand, there has recently been a great revival in the production of colour prints by lithography and some of our best artists have taken to it with enthusiasm. Why are they not designing posters? It is worth recalling that Mr. McKnight Kauffer once declared firmly and without qualification: "Bad painters design bad posters. Good painters have always designed good posters." This news does not seem to have reached most of our advertisers, and the unattractive appearance of the hoardings to-day undoubtedly is their fault. The best designer would be unable to do much with the realistic bottles of sauce and drink and pickles which the manufacturers insist upon; a nine-foot toothbrush drawn with photographic exactness is bound to look repulsive; a weakly designed label may be forgiven on a three-inch tin but not on a sixteen-sheet poster.

A peculiarly repellent kind of poster is that used by many film companies. The films advertised are often abysmally bad, but, curiously enough, they are quite often not so bad as the posters suggest. London hoardings at present bear a poster of a more than usually passionate embrace sub-titled "To kiss or to kill?" On one example a passer-by had scrawled a comment; it was regrettably unprintable but undeniably apt. The design of film posters is usually a wretched affair in which portraits of the stars float around in a sort of tempestuous fruit salad. There have, however, been some extremely good ones by Ealing Studios and others for Continental films.

Railway posters fall into three classes. The first consists of those issued by the Railway Executive, which include one or two good modern designs and much that is commonplace. The second consists of those issued by the "regions." This must be the most conservative advertising in the world. Some of the landscapes by such artists as Fred Taylor or Norman Wilkinson are

very good of their kind, but the general effect is somewhat unenterprising. The third class consists of the posters issued jointly by the regions and the resorts; this is a strange miscellany including some examples of very amateurish execution. If the derisory premium of a wooden spoon were to be awarded, Leamington Spa, Ayr, Llandudno, and Aberdeen would be strong candidates, but there are many others.

The proprietors of the hoardings have adopted various methods of making them more acceptable. One is to plant a prim little garden at the foot of some vast picture of tinned tomatoes; the effect is that of a gorilla with lipstick. A more promising method is that recently tried by the British and London Poster Advertising Association, which offered prizes for new posters and received an enormous entry from a dozen countries. A real improvement in the design of our posters, a real attempt to bring them up to the best Continental standards, might make our hoardings tolerable, even enjoyable; but, failing this, public opinion, even civic pride, may gradually turn against this method of advertising altogether. Mr. E. S. Turner in his recent book, *The Shocking History of Advertising*, has brilliantly chronicled "the Retreat of the Hoardings." At the moment the retreat has halted, but unless they improve considerably it may be necessary to see that the retreat begins again.

STEPHEN BONE

Picasso in Rome

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THE PRESIDENT of the Republic opened an exhibition of Picasso's works at the National Gallery of Modern Art here this morning. The exhibits include 135 paintings made between 1914 and 1953, 29 bronzes, 40 lithographs and aquatints, 39 ceramics, and many photographs to illustrate the artist's happier and more memorable

period before 1914. There is enough here for any critic, and the Italian press devotes columns of its centre pages to the event.

For President Einaudi, being a man of taste, with his own collection of Piedmontese china and ceramics, the visit to most of this exhibition was an ordeal. His presence, however, proved the best way of lifting the event on to a non-party plane, for otherwise Signor Togliatti, the Communist leader, would doubtless have wanted to perform the ceremony. In spite of Picasso's failure to produce a good likeness of Stalin (his recent drawing of him was condemned), he is still a much vaunted member of the Communist Party, which he joined in 1944. The exhibits have all come from Picasso's studios and are presumably for sale.

Walter Pater used to advise his students to "read authors whole." Like James Joyce, or Lewis Carroll, or many others, Picasso is not to be read whole, and the roomfuls of triangles, cantilevers, loose eyes, odd hands and triple noses, going under the name of "Woman Seated," remain tedious and boring and unresolved. In one such a room yesterday, the myth that this is "modern art" was still being passionately propounded by one of Picasso's older friends who came with the pictures: "*Ce sont toutes des femmes qu'il a aimé, femmes charmantes dont on connaît les noms.*"

However, for the critics of the Communist Party here—Guttuso, Trombadori, Pizzinato, and the rest—this kind of Picasso picture is formalism, mere formalism. The links which the Communists emphasise with Picasso are, strictly speaking, journalistic. His political pictures, his "Guernica," his "Dream and Lie of Franco," his "Massacre in Korea" (1950), are all hailed as first-rate stuff and as the inevitable precursors of his less genial but even more journalistic "War" and "Peace" (1953), exhibited for the first time to-day in Rome.

These two panels measure no less than 30 ft. by 15 ft. each and are the two novelties of the exhibition. "War" depicts a long-necked, tiny-headed, huge-legged pale mauve man carrying a shield with a dove rampant on it in one hand, and what seems a

gigantic fountain pen in the other, with a tiny pair of scales near the cap. ("Can't you see that he is a peace partisan?" urges my impatient Communist guide.) This figure faces three perky little black horses in green harness, stamping on an open book and pulling a black carriage driven by another mauve figure, half-wrapped in cobwebs, with a dripping red, white, and blue dagger in one hand and a kind of flying disc in the other covered with centipedes, worms, and cockroaches. ("Can't you see that that is germ warfare?" says my guide, champing at my stupidity.) Behind the scene rise silhouetted figures with hatchets, spears, and daggers against red and white clouds.

"Peace," like "War," has a huge horse, but with wings and, under its tail, a plough driven by a boy, behind whom a male figure is leaning over a plate of soup and another is doodling, while a woman suckles her baby in a curiously uncomfortable position. ("Can't you see that she is reading as well?") To the left of this scene are two naked dancing girls with the usual confusion between their fore and aft quarters. Still farther along are acrobatic boys and a man piping. Picasso's "War," as one would expect, is far more vigorous than his "Peace." • But it is all much as *Ulysses* was to the *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, not a patch on his earlier work.

SYLVIA SPRIGGE

Bécassine Orphaned

BÉCASSINE, the comic, lovable Breton nursemaid, known to millions of French and a good many English children, has lost her father. His name was J. P. Pinchon.

Pinchon first drew Bécassine in 1906 for the second number of the *Semaine de Suzette*. At the last moment, plans for using a picture had fallen through, and something had to be improvised

at the shortest notice. The editress, Madame Jacqueline Rivière, imagined a story about an inexperienced Breton peasant girl entering the service of a fine lady, Madame de Grande-Terre, making every possible mistake, but winning everyone's affection. M. Pinchon at once set to work to draw her, with the publisher, M. Languereau, to write the text. This was in the days when strip cartoons were a French rather than an American product: Bécassine was one of the most successful ever created, running for over thirty years in weekly form. The Bécassine albums remain in amongst the most popular French children's books at Christmas, and there are few toy shops without Bécassine dolls.

The firm of Gautier-Languereau, which still publishes the *Semaine de Suzette*, recently decided to issue a new series of Bécassine books, designed this time for children younger than the originally amused. Pinchon had already done the drawings for the first volume, which will appear for next Christmas.

Bécassine will not die with M. Pinchon: already during the first world war, when Pinchon was fighting at the front, he had delegated the right to draw Bécassine to another artist of his choice during his absence; and he had agreed when he set about creating the new series of Bécassine that another hand might continue them when his had ceased.

Pinchon lived the latter part of his life in Brittany in spite of Breton patriots' protests against Bécassine, whom they considered to be a joke made at their expense. He has been buried in his native Amiens, not far from another French master of books for children, Jules Verne. It is odd that some people are still convinced that the French have ~~no~~ children's literature.

DARSIE GILLIE

Unknown Political Prisoner

NO ART EXHIBITION for the last forty years has had such a bad press as the international sculpture competition for "The Unknown Political Prisoner." The contrast between the hopes and the results is so enormous that it is worth considering the matter a little further than was possible in the hurry of press day.

Subsequent visits to the exhibition at the Tate have only confirmed the sense of failure, almost of disaster, that was the strongest impression made at a first seeing, but inevitably some conclusions have been modified.

With very few exceptions the exhibits fall into two classes: architectural abstractions and images of horror. The architectural abstractions were designed to express such general notions as a small thing resisting a large one, imprisonment as opposed to liberty, and so on. Naum Gabo, Margel Hinder, Alexander Calder, Henri-Georges Adam, and Max Bill were among the prize-winners who fell into this class. The trouble with all of them was that the ideas, even when successfully expressed, were far too general for the purpose. One instance of a small object and a large one (Wharton Esherick, of the United States) aroused an immediate, and surely irrelevant, image of a mother and child, and the same uncertainty of interpretation existed with every one of these architectural abstractions.

An extreme case was that of Barbara Hepworth's three prize-winning monoliths, which, unlike the more rigidly geometrical constructions, did vaguely suggest human shape and scale; they seem universally to have been interpreted as the prisoner between guards—a sort of "Ecce Homo" in abstract terms—but the artist apparently intended the two darker coloured flanking monoliths

to stand for truth and knowledge. The inexpressiveness and rigid limitations of abstract art could hardly be demonstrated more clearly.

Two of the prize-winners named above deserve attention for particular reasons. The first is Max Bill, of Switzerland, who submitted a plan for three large hollow cubes with steps inside them, placed so that from all sides one had glimpses of queer angles and corners. It was something between a modern stage set, a puzzle, and a monument; one could imagine it being an immediate success with children, who would find endless amusement in racing up and down these steps and in and out of these entrances and exits. It could not be regarded as a piece of sculpture but it was a most ingenious kind of symbolical prison. It deserved some sort of a prize.

The other prize-winner of particular interest was Henri-Georges Adam. His idea was a truly gigantic structure, a little like an elaborately folded napkin, in which it was really impossible to find any significance whatever. It was interesting because, unlike most of the other abstractions, it was not merely inexpressive, it was, so to speak, actively bad—insensitive, coarse, ill-proportioned. What gave it a positively comic character was a note attached to it explaining that it would be hollow and that the immense interior (no plans) would be full of sculpture, mosaics, tapestries, and paintings. That the jury could have been impressed by this absurdity to the extent of awarding it a prize was characteristic of the bookish, impractical, overeducated taste sometimes shown by persons who have high qualifications as administrators, curators of public galleries, writers on aesthetics, and so on, but no experience of the discipline imposed by the practice of an art.

The second large class into which the exhibits fell was that of the horror image. The jury awarded a prize to perhaps the most successful of them, Luciano Minguzzi's entry, which did very horribly suggest a dying body in brambles or barbed wire. There is nothing much to say of this kind of horror except that it fails by a denial of human dignity. Bernard Heiliger, and Karol

Putrih, of Yugoslavia, in various ways rose a little above mere horror.

One of the very few traditional sculptors of any fame whose work was exhibited at the Tate was Wainö Aaltonen, of Finland. His symbol of defiance—a man in prison clothes waving a home-made flag—must have seemed a very old-fashioned piece of romanticism to the judges, who passed it over completely.

Some oddities are worth mentioning. Hashimoto Choshu, of Japan, showed a calm oriental goddess; Azrael Segael, of Israel, showed an object which, when squeezed, turned out to be a rubber tyre for a perambulator painted brown; P. M. Lopez, of Gibraltar, showed an elaborate monument like an old-fashioned epergne featuring a realistic man and a dog. A vigorous, beautifully finished little statuette of an oriental peasant shouting defiance came from Burma (U San Wa) and a monument with reliefs of Demosthenes and Cicero came from Ethiopia, where it seems they still believe in human values (C. N. Georgakas). The French exhibits included some exceptionally feeble stuff, and the American exhibits included some exceptionally silly stuff, even by the standards of this exhibition.

Finally the grand prize-winner, Reg Butler, should be mentioned. His conception could be a genuinely moving and poetic one relevant to the theme. It is, in fact, though he does not put it like that, the mourners at the foot of the Cross. The trouble is that he has dwarfed his mourners with a symbol for the gallows, scaffold, or cage, which reduces them to insignificance. One wonders if he had considered the possibility of concentrating on the figures of the mourners and leaving the empty gallows, scaffold, cage (or cross) to our imagination and whether this jury would have given him a prize if he had.

The competition is over and its reception could hardly have been worse. Sir Herbert Read is reported as having said, "The public catches up," but he seems to have forgotten the history of surrealism, a movement for which he once predicted such great things. It was another critic, a literary one, who said that Sir Herbert is always at the christening of a new movement and

always absent from its funeral. One cannot help wondering if, on this occasion, he did not mistake the nature of the ceremony that took place with jewels and decorations at the beflowered Tate Gallery on March 12.

STEPHEN BONE

At Eleven O'clock Precisely

I SLIPPED in about ten minutes before the start so as to get a ring seat; for days I had had visions of myself carrying off the lovely birthday present I so much wanted to give. Ming porcelain is not at all my favourite art form, but I know more or less where I am with it, and it would have been the perfect present. I looked again at the little bowls and plates; I had some idea of their value and I knew it was no use my bidding for any of the "fine," "important," or "rare" pieces. But there were six or eight modest little things with crosses against them in my catalogue, underglaze blue and monochrome mostly, small fine roundnesses that would nestle in the hand. Of course, if by some mad chance things had happened to go cheaply, there was a small bulb bowl in various blues—oh, quite a small bowl, but it had been in the George Eumorphopolous collection! No, I hardly dared to think of that, but there was one stem-cup with deep lapis-blue glaze; it had been cracked and mended with gold cement. Perhaps the big dealers wouldn't want a cracked cup.

Ceremoniously, with a public-school punctuality and absence of fuss, the sale opened. Only the auctioneer spoke. The bidders nodded, elevated pencils, wagged eyebrows, or almost imperceptibly pursed their lips. They were rather inconspicuous people except for Mr. Ti. Oh, exciting Mr. Ti, have I spelled your name right? Yours was a different race and another approach to Ming. Your magnificent, dark, sloping eyes looked

with love and mastery at the porcelain magnificences; sometimes you opened your mouth slightly to show an expressive tongue tip. Otherwise there were Mr. Bluett, Mr. Sparks (or an alter ego of each), and a very few other dealers. It looked as though there were occasional private bidders, like myself, and hopeful onlookers. But it was not their sale.

The first few lots were not the best; indeed, some of them struck me as markedly dull. I bid up to my own limit on one, but it fell to Mr. Bluett. It wasn't my favourite, though, and I didn't let myself get depressed. But as the sale went on I began to ask myself whether there was any relation at all between price and aesthetic worth, including, of course, tactile as well as visual values. These plain white altar bowls, were they really all that beautiful? There was one with biscuit relief and traces of colour which I thought of possible historical interest but remarkably ugly. It fetched £175. Another with a thick, heavy glaze, almost utility I said sacrilegiously to myself, went for £78. One or two seemed slow in starting; I had a faint hope, bidding, that the big three might not be interested. No good. Near me three dealers were talking in German; after a Sparks-Bluett duel one of them said, "But this is nonsense!" He was in the bidding several times and bought one piece—a real beauty, I thought.

Again I was in the bidding, for an egg-yellow glaze saucer. I dropped out at £30; it went on to £48, when Mr. Ti got it. I hope he liked it; he looked as if he did. I didn't even bid for the other yellow dish engraved with dragons; I knew it would go beyond my price. By now I was beginning to get saddened: the picture of me-and-my-present was fading. Perhaps the second of the tomato-red glaze bowls, the Manchu one, might be less dear than the first, which had gone at exactly twice what I felt it was worth aesthetically. Again I was in the bidding for a time, but dropped out. It went to £50. Was it really so lovely? No.

Then came the lapis-blue stem-cup. I had said to myself that in terms of my own work, that was worth £40 to me. One works on a book for five years and makes £200 on it. But

equally one may get a lucky break, sell a couple of articles with little work in them for £40. Or the B.B.C. might take . . . I bid up to £65. It went at £80 to Mr. Sparks. I did wish that Mr. Sparks and Mr. Bluett would at least look pleased! But no. They were, perhaps, making interesting arithmetical calculations. Or perhaps they were madly pleased, but just didn't want it to show. The inscrutable West.

I said to myself that I would bid up to £100 for the bulb bowl. After all, perhaps I was just going to make a big literary success . . . to write a Book Club choice . . . I didn't even join in the bidding. It swept to £240. After that it was all big figures. One tall, many-coloured bottle, which struck me as rather ugly, went to Mr. Ti for £1,400. He didn't think it was ugly; his eyes caressed it. A great wine jar swimming with golden fishes went, in a kind of religious and intent quietness, to £1,900. There was never any particular praise from the auctioneer, nothing of the bull-sale technique. Only a tone of voice. And the things going round on the trays, speaking for themselves.

And yet are they really, I ask myself, so much better than the best which modern potters do? Modern potters who find it pretty hard to make a living, who have to make it on the whole, out of their less good but less expensive wares. Is it, then, mostly an age and rarity value? And what does that add to the pleasure to be derived? Undoubtedly there is a lot of nonsense about it, and fashion: the same kind of nonsense that rockets up the price of a bull or a ram from a notable herd, irrespective of proved performance. I am not sure, myself, whether this is really a good kind of nonsense if the other side of it is a marked neglect of contemporary artists and craftsmen, whose work would benefit by a few good sales—money enough to give them leisure and confidence to design and experiment: something which the Ming potters, with their imperial, noble, and priestly patronage, doubtless had. They might have been shocked to see their own work so honoured while their living fellow-craftsmen do so badly out of our civilisation.

I am sure that some of those in the auction-room really did

love this Ming porcelain passionately and through knowledge, as itself: loved it more than they could love a modern piece. But, equally, many of the pieces were being thought of, and would be treated, partly as objects of ostentation and partly as a hoardable and movable commodity, something to buy and sell cleverly, which would not drop in value like bank-notes and saving certificates. Something with which to avoid taxation. All of which is some way from the original ideas, as far as we can reconstruct them, both of the Ming potters and of their patrons.

The last piece, the "superb, five-lobed bowl," went to Mr. Ti after the usual duel. It was all over. Everyone left the auction-room; and I, empty-handed.

NAOMI MITCHISON

Ralph Vaughan Williams

TO-MORROW, October 12, is the eightieth birthday of Ralph Vaughan Williams, O.M., and a Gloucestershire man. An orchestral piece by him was performed at Bournemouth half a century ago, and there is no reason why he shouldn't run on the heels of Saint-Saëns, Strauss, and Verdi over the distance of more than fifty years of sustained creative work. He has left Sibelius well behind. He is certainly the only composer who has written an "a cappella" Mass and also a Romance for the harmonica of Larry Adler. He has gone his own absorbed ways for so long that the fame and honours showered on him in the course of time may easily have embarrassed if not bewildered him. Nothing of an obviously popular order has come from his pen, no tune for average vulgar ears, no oratorio wearing the right and proper crêpe on its sleeve and the recognisable white choker, no patriotic stuff. A ballet or "mask" on the theme of Job might sound less

than alluring to the crowd. His best-known song, "Linden Lea," has been mistaken for the chastest folk-song. If "The Lark Ascending" is becoming nearly as well known as "The First Cuckoo in Spring," the reason, most likely, is the brilliant playing by Paul Beard or Thomas Matthews or Laurance Turner of the solo part.

Elgar has been called a "one tune" composer, and with equal point Vaughan Williams can be called a one-theme composer—related to Tallis. But the Elgarian is able to find individuality in a family likeness; so it is with those who really know Vaughan Williams. To the townsman all sheep in a flock look the same; the shepherd knows each at sight. The range of Vaughan Williams is wide, even if he doesn't at once woo the impressionable senses. There are no sensual men and women in his music: none, that is, smacking of the contemporary world. The "Five Tudor Portraits" in themselves tell of an abounding nature and bloodstream. But even here the common touch is not to be felt as strongly as the integrity of the art by which the portraits are presented. Integrity in fact is the word that springs to mind as soon as the music of Vaughan Williams is discussed. He is as English as Thomas Hardy. I can't imagine Italians or Spaniards or Frenchmen revelling in Vaughan Williams. He is none the less worth our while on that account. The stuff of his work is national in the truest way, and not as a by-product of the study of folk-song. The Englishry of this music is of the man himself, as unself-consciously put on as his clothes—which is to say much.

Reflection is not readily separable from feeling in Vaughan Williams; there are no personal approaches, no egoisms. Each of his works seems more and more to open out the scene of English field and dale and stry and village and town and lawn; and the emotion and passion which give identity and life to the atmosphere are traditional and part of our history. It is, generally speaking, timeless music, never going into the air or drawing-room of socially civilised men and women. It inspires affection; it strengthens but does not nervously excite. It can achieve

nobility and sound the note of power. Yet we are never addressed rhetorically; in fact something of humbleness is there, making for greatness. The eruption of the Fourth Symphony came as a shock. We had not been warned. The Third Symphony of Vaughan Williams, the "Pastoral," was described by Samuel Langford as a work of "general slowness," lacking "arresting features." "One might as well look for an instantaneous change of the weather as for an arresting contrast in this music." It was possibly the "Pastoral" Symphony that encouraged a witty critic to say of Vaughan Williams's music that it put him in mind of a cow looking over a fence. The remark need not necessarily be taken as of unkind intent.

After the "Pastoral" came the explosive, harsh, protesting discords of the Fourth Symphony, bitter, ironic, brutal, definitely ungentlemanly. We couldn't get it into the canon. But the demon was soon exorcised; the Fifth Symphony reposed and reposes in the bosom of John Bunyan. Not long ago, the story goes, Vaughan Williams was conducting this rude, imperious and acrid Fourth Symphony at a rehearsal. When the final chords had been savaged out he put down his baton and, as he walked from the platform, turned to the orchestra saying: "Well, gentlemen, if that's modern music you can have it."

In all things he goes about his work like a big man. During his formative years music was steeped in many strange dyes. The bedazzlements of Strauss and Rimsky-Korsakov, the pervasive odours of Scriabin—many were lured to destruction. Vaughan Williams remained outside the circle, though in no backwater. The force of his own genius and its plasticity are apparent in every score from him that followed the "Sea" Symphony. There are many transformations of psychology, many sheddings of skins. Genius, and nothing else, is the common denominator of works as different one from the other in vision, thought processes, and musical construction as the "London" Symphony and "Riders to the Sea," the fourth and fifth symphonies, the Mass in G and "Job," the "Serenade to Music," and the "Tudor Portraits."

A surface monotony, a natural consequence of the use of modal harmony, with its associations of austerity and remoteness, must not deceive us. Vaughan Williams is not all high-noon serenity and spaciousness of tempo; there is rough weather enough in his music, moments when the amenities are ignored and mischief enters. Even in the Fifth Symphony, "the symphony of the Delectable City," the cloven hoof shows itself in the middle of the Scherzo; Pan thrusts his head through the horse collar at the height of bucolic revels. During the course of the opera *Hugh the Drover*, delightful, amiable, and picturesque, something of the grimness of the old English ballad tinctures the flavours of open air. The Fifth Symphony, with its echoes of Alleluia, seemed to bring Vaughan Williams full circle in his seventieth year; the onward flowing music surely contained his testament. It sounded ripe as fulfilment. But the Sixth Symphony, produced in 1948, landed us at the end in dark metaphysical limbo. The Epilogue, to use the composer's own language, "drifts about contrapuntally." The tone is as though disembodied; the colour is dark and enigmatical. Two chords, E flat major and E minor, move like shadows of each other, and die into a void. Vaughan Williams defies augury. In his eighty-first year, when his seventh symphony will be produced, he will still have us on tiptoe.

More than any other English composer he has liberated music from forms and procedure grown arbitrary. Binary contrast and fission, this theme and that theme in opposition or conjunction, do not suit a propulsive polyphony or development in lines. At its best, the music of Vaughan Williams is woven rather than moulded. It unfolds as though from an inner coil. The polyphony has a choral richness of expression, as in the Finale of the Fifth Symphony. Melody in Vaughan Williams becomes ornamented within the range of restricted intervals, and there is usually a hint of a fundamental "earth" tone. Art and nature go hand in hand; fine art and simplicity, strength and not infrequently clumsiness. The portrait of Vaughan Williams the man reveals the style itself. He has in a way transcended music and

gone into the nation's consciousness and fibre, kindred with Wordsworth, Hardy, and Edward Thomas.

NEVILLE CARDUS

Vaughan Williams's "Sinfonia Antartica"

THE HALLÉ ORCHESTRA earned a just reward for its splendid series of performances of Vaughan Williams's symphonies last winter in securing the first performance of his new "*Sinfonia Antartica*," his Seventh, at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, last night.

We are no longer amazed at the fertility that enables Vaughan Williams to go on producing symphonies at the age of eighty. Its source seems to lie in the qualities of character and the outlook on art that produce the dozens of works that he still continues to write between symphonies, works more often than not written for schools or for amateurs. Vaughan Williams believes that music is for people, that the artist's job is to try to answer the artistic needs of his time, and that it is no use expecting the times to adapt themselves to him. He does not believe in art for art's (or for the artist's) sake, and he has never succumbed to that despair of ever communicating to the people, so common in modern art—not even in that decade of despair in which he wrote the Fourth Symphony. It echoed the mood of its time, but he was always master of that mood, never submerged by it, and he showed this control in the severe classical formalism of the work.

Nothing could better demonstrate the rightness of his attitude to his art than the new symphony, which owes its inspiration largely to an incidental, "commercial" work, the film *Scott of the Antarctic*, for which he wrote the music in 1949. There are a few passages that seem to betray the work's origins in a film score, though these are not where they might be

expected. He succeeds, for instance, in using an enormous orchestra, with exotic additions such as a wind machine and a vibraphone, without ever falling into mere "effects-music." It is not in what he calls the "antarctic shimmerings" or in the pictorial effects, but in the use of female voices, for which there are various respectable symphonic precedents, and in the grandiose full orchestral coda to the first movement, which contains nothing bizarre, that one feels the touch of Hollywood (or Ealing).

Even where it is not pictorial, the symphony is of course still essentially programmatic. The composer has sprinkled the score liberally with poetic superscriptions, which the listener is meant to bear in mind as the work is played. And the least easily fired imagination cannot fail to interpret the strong rising theme that opens the work as an expression of the mood of aspiration in the quotation from Shelley that heads the first movement. This is the prevailing mood of the work, and the recurrence of this theme at the climax of the finale is the symbol of this underlying emotional unity.

Although its "story" is more definite the "Sinfonia Antartica" is a programme symphony of the same kind as Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony, fitting much unashamedly pictorial illustration, especially in the sturdy scherzo and the ravishing slow movement and succeeding intermezzo, into a masterly and completely unified symphonic form. These inner movements, although not without their own splendid symphonic themes, such as the massive canonic one in the slow movement, seem in effect a kind of pictorial intermezzo to the more "symphonic" outer movements. But the sense of fulfilment and formal completeness in the finale is given immediately by its own non-pictorial themes, without recurrence of the theme of aspiration from the opening, which merely serves to reinforce the feeling. It is this symphonic impression that remains, even when in the coda the music returns finally to "effects" and, as the composer puts it, "dies down to nothing except for the voices and the Antarctic wind."

As far as could be judged from a first hearing the performance had been very well rehearsed and left nothing to be desired. The composer was in the audience and was greeted enthusiastically by a hall in which every seat was empty—the entire audience was standing in his honour.

“
COLIN MASON

Memories of Prokofiev

IF, on his death-bed, Sergei Prokofiev realised that he was dying at the same time as Stalin he must have grinned and given one last chuckle. What a supreme honour for him—even if it meant that his own funeral would be ruined. The coincidence must have struck him as as paradoxical as anything that had happened to him since he returned to the Soviet Union from his Paris “exile” in 1934, and especially since 1948, when Zhdanov, and the Central Committee, and the new pundits of the Composers’ Union went for him, including him among the “formalists” and among the evil Western influences in Russia.

Prokofiev took the attacks on him with greater equanimity and more dignity than most of the other composers. Shostakovich ate platefuls of humble pie. So did Khachaturian. Miaskovsky was broken-hearted. Prokofiev shrugged his shoulders, and, while agreeing in his letter to the Composers’ Union soon after the famous Zhdanov conference with the musicians that there was a lot to be said for Socialist realism, he warned composers against the dangers of sinking into platitude and mediocrity.

“I never had the slightest doubt (he wrote) about the importance of melody, and I consider it by far the most important element in music. Nothing is more difficult to discover than a melody which would be immediately understandable even

to the uninitiated listener and, at the same time, be original. Here the composer is beset by numerous dangers: he is apt to become trivial and vulgar or else dish out a repetition of something already heard before. One must be particularly vigilant to make a melody simple, but without allowing it to become cheap, sickly, or imitative rubbish."

Comrades Khrennikov and Co. could put that in their pipes and smoke it. What had they ever written to equal, in the way of melody, the choruses of *Alexander Nevsky*, the great main theme of Prokofiev's "Ode to Stalin," the scherzo of his Fifth Symphony, or some of the tunes of *Romeo and Cinderella*? These were all written during Prokofiev's last, or "Soviet," period, in which, as he admitted, he had "got nearer to the people" than ever before.

But his "arrogance" in 1948-49 was a dangerous attitude to adopt, and the Khrennikovs made Prokofiev suffer for it. His opera, composed during that early "Zhdanov" period, and which he promised would be much in the "new line," was disdainfully rejected by the Composers' Union, even though it dealt with a war theme and was full of "folk elements." But gradually an arrangement seems to have been established between Prokofiev, who was willing to meet the Party half-way, at any rate, and the Party, who decided that it would be folly to waste or drive to despair the most brilliant and accomplished of Soviet musicians. So he wrote his "Peace Oratorio" for children's chorus—with its *Peter and the Wolf* elements (which were quite acceptable) and with the satirical and highly "Prokofievist" movement about the American capitalists and warmongers (which was even more acceptable); he wrote much else which received high praise; and finally he wrote his Seventh Symphony—apparently his last work—which was received by the Soviet press with unanimous enthusiasm. (One wonders, all the same, if it was not in part just a sop to a dying man.)

Prokofiev had a curiously mixed attitude to the Soviet Union. There were undoubtedly moments when he hankered for the

"artistic freedom" of the West. Yet he was profoundly Russian at heart, and even the bureaucrats of the Composers' Union could not destroy his feeling that he had deep roots in the country. He was quite sincere when he said that he loved inventing good melodies and the originality did not exclude "Russianism."

Although writing odes to Stalin was not quite in his line, it must have given him great satisfaction to feel that he had written by far the loveliest of those odes—his "Zdravitsa" of 1939.

And it seems that, in the last few years, he decided, making (at least in part) a virtue of necessity, that, on balance, there was still more for him to do, and with a much wider audience at his disposal in the Soviet Union than in the West. Not that he was happy about some things: the deportation to the North of his half-Spanish, half-French ex-wife, who had an incurable habit of hobnobbing with foreign diplomatists in Moscow, cannot have been a pleasant experience for him. But he was a strange mixture of hard and soft, and to survive in the Soviet Union it was sometimes necessary to be hard.

I used to see Prokofiev very often during my years in Moscow. I particularly remember one long talk with him in 1945, when he was at the height of his great productive period. He had just completed his Fifth Symphony and was planning a vast number of new works. He was vain even in little things; he loved showing off his English, which he spoke fluently, colloquially, and almost without an accent. Speaking of his new symphony, he said:

"The idea of this symphony is a pretty old one—many of the themes are two or three years old; I put them down in my theme book and put them aside. When the time came, I was ready to work very fast on the symphony—I wrote the whole thing in a month, on a three or four-line score. Then I stopped for a month or two and took the thing up again, and in another month I finished it."

"How," I asked, "do the themes come to you?"

"Well, one somehow has a feeling and an impulse—a feeling that a musical idea wants to pop out (that was the exact word he used); sometimes it happens when you are sitting at the piano, sometimes not. Sometimes a theme comes in the middle of the night; I then turn on the light and write it down. If I leave it till the morning, I am apt to forget. I believe in the Schumann principle of composing in your head and then checking it on the piano. Often I take the stuff to the piano and then change it. I always carry about a book of music paper, and write down my material. Eventually the themes begin to group themselves into a composition—if one is certain enough that they belong to the same composition—identical or opposite in character, but with a certain organic unity.

"This general construction has, of course, to be thought out independently of the piano. Yet the piano is necessary. Ravel once confessed to me that he always composed his orchestral works on the piano and that only afterwards he discovered their full orchestral sonority. What I feel is that if Ravel, who is the best of the older orchestral composers, felt that way, then his method must be good. But the achievement of sonority definitely belongs to the second phase of one's symphonic work. Then there's the question of the key; some pieces sound better in one key than another, but often the key—such as the C major in my *Juliet* music—is merely dictated by the technical problems of the orchestra. But I suppose I am not as sensitive as Rimsky-Korsakov and Scriabin, who agreed about each key corresponding to a particular colour."

Of his own taste in music Prokofiev said:

"I like Brahms, yet when I analyse Brahms, I find that he is never perfect. His melodies are weaker than Chopin's or Liszt's. His orchestration and counterpoint are not of the highest quality; and yet he has something of the true essence of music, which is truly captivating. . . . I prefer Beethoven to Mozart—in spite of my Mozartian 'Classical Symphony.' But I've loved Beethoven ever since childhood. I frankly prefer

Schumann to Chopin, even though Chopin had a better mastery of his material, was a better melodist and was technically much superior. . . . And naturally I prefer Mussorgsky to Tchaikovsky; Tchaikovsky had immense creative power, but his composing power was not so hot. Scriabin—I used to have moods when I liked him; but I don't really. Rachmaninov—well, I'd rather say nothing about him. It wouldn't be fair. The truth is—we hated each other's guts! ”

Pleased with his colloquialism, Prokofiev gave a broad grin. He then said he was “interested” in what Shostakovich was doing, though he thought he hadn't concentrated on melody sufficiently and was apt to ramble. “I don't think he should cover such enormous space in his symphonies; he should be more precise and compact.”

“But Soviet music generally?” I asked.

He gave a grin and a shrug and a vague gesture of comic despair. “Need we really talk about that?” he said. However, picking himself up, he said:

“No, no, we really do have a few good men. Old man Miaskovsky—a lot of his stuff is good—if only he weren't so lazy about inventing anything fresh. Khachaturian is gifted—but he'll have to work a lot more before he really attains perfection. Of the younger people, I'd say the best were Weinberg—very interesting, very free; Knipper who has a marvellous sense of the orchestra and whose handling, especially of oriental themes, is sometimes very good; and Gabriel Popov—he is still ‘soft’ and lacking in a proper constructive sense, but he is talented, and may produce results in time.”

“But the others, Mr. Prokofiev?”

“What others? Oh—those”—he hesitated for a second—
“those babes in arms!”

It was the “babes in arms” who, three years later, were to tell Prokofiev how to compose “acceptable” music.

And perhaps the final *tour de force* of Prokofiev was that, unlike Shostakovich, most of whose latest music is little more than imitation Moussorgsky, he should have managed in some measure to adapt his creative genius even to the musical world of the "babes in arms"—and still remain his own unmistakable self—and make the "babes" look silly.

ALEXANDER WERTH

A Delius Opera

TO-NIGHT IN the New Theatre, Oxford, under the conductorship and governance of Sir Thomas Beecham, Delius's opera *Irmelin* has been presented for the first time on any stage. It was completed in 1892, and composed between Delius's twenty-eighth and thirtieth birthdays. We shall be judicious, while we attend to it, if we bear in mind the generally dowdy condition of English music sixty years ago. Young Delius no doubt considered himself lucky to be living then in Paris out of earshot of the oratorios and other forms of harmonic solidification emanating from our best academies. The irony is that if Delius had remained in England to study, his music might to-day be in the fashion and not neglected; for dowdiness and inhibited emotion are the vogue once more.

Irmelin is Delius in essence, not yet subtilised. Some of its failings, repeated in the composer's maturity, are indeed the price he paid for qualities. There is little or no dramatic interest or action in the libretto of *Irmelin*—written by Delius himself—and the music's changes are of lyrical intensity with not much relation to external scene or movement. *Irmelin*, a princess, declines three suitors in Act I, completing her hundredth rejection. She says to her maidservant: "I tell thee that to me all these knights are nothing. Some are young and some are bold, some are rich and

some are old, but they all leave me cold"—an avowal which must be just about the most unequivocal in all the history of operatic pronouncements. Delius actually has composed to these lines music that is extremely pleasant to the ear and pleasant to sing, with an octave leap to the word "old."

The score is a flowing, easeful current of sweet, sensuous melody which takes its rise from the Delian source of gently chromatic harmony. Irmelin is content to wait for the lover of her dreams, who comes in the guise of the swineherd Nils, serving Rolf, the outlaw chief. He has lost track of the "silver stream" which, he maintains as soon as the curtain rises on Act II, "was leading me on thro' valley and grove to the princess of my dreams." In Act III they come together—and that is all of the ancient tale Delius needed for his purpose.

Nowadays a far different theory of opera from Delius's—or Wagner's—directs construction and performance. The play's the thing in contemporary opera. The theme is expected to bite into life; the characters are supposed to possess psychological reality and speak more or less in the language of everyday argument and self-expression. For a libretto written this way, containing significances only to be grasped by close attention to words and visual movement, music is often hardly needed and most times is obliged to act as a subsidiary agent in the background. It is conceivable, should things go on as at present, that opera will end, as it began, as a form of dramatic action, the music merely underlining rise and fall of speech. A great or beautiful voice is not urgently required in a *Wozzeck*: the paradox in the theatre of our time is in fact that if we wish to see good acting and a play of subtle Freudian implications we go to opera, but if we wish to hear, in the theatre, a superb voice we find out where Gielgud is acting.

In *Irmelin* it is music or nothing: moreover, all the music worth listening to is concerned with the young lovers. The other characters are conceived in stock terms. Irmelin's father, the King, is almost Wagnerian and a distant relative of the Landgrave: all the "royal" entrances are Wagnerian in the *Tann-*

hauser vein. The outlaw chief Rolf is as conventionally presented as his band of robbers, who actually engage in a "laughing chorus" and tell us that they "drink to old Rolf, to our reckless old chief, may he never come to grief" (boisterous "Ha! Ha's!" and clinking of glasses). Delius has far to travel in *Irmelin* before arriving at the command over blended vocal tone which colours the choral texture of the "Mass of Life" so magically.

And Delius can give us nothing but rippling quaver triplets to suggest the silver stream, supposedly a force that sways the destiny of Nils and Irmelin. We are far indeed from the haunting evocations of "Sea-Drift." None the less, the opera deserves to enjoy some release from obscurity and disuse. Sixty years ago the mere sound of the music in this country would have seemed marvellous. Already Delius has found the secret of his art—to express the fragility of young love and to feel the vanishing beauty of the world. Love in Delius is never erotic: voices and orchestra sing, rising and falling, high and low, of the passion of sensibility, not of sex. And the harmonies mingle and dissolve, and the music achieves the sunset touch. (Only in language as "period" as that can Delius be discussed at all.)

Irmelin, a 'prentice work, of itself makes nonsense of the notion that Delius was almost wholly a harmonic composer, deficient in melodic invention. If anything, there is too much melody in *Irmelin*: every instrument is shaping a lovely curve, indulging a lovely cadence, behind everybody else's back. Much of the melody is no doubt alike in phrase and tonality; also there is a persistent four-four tempo, relieved only by those gambolling triple rhythms which even in Delius' finest music often drop us to levels of spinsterish flippancy. But, all in all, *Irmelin* is full of sweet sounds that give delight and do not hurt or exacerbate in the least.

The production at the New Theatre was much more picturesque than might have been expected in improvised operatic conditions. Lighting and costumes were appropriate, but in the scene of the attempt to allure Nils to remain with the robbers, more unconventional gestures should have been devised instead of the

familiar gipsy swoopings and oglings with hands on the hips of the various embryonic Carmens.

The singing was adequate and often pleasing, with Edna Graham as Irmelin, Thomas Round as Nils, Arthur Copley the King, and George Hancock the robber chief. There was, however, a lack of purity of tone and delicate inflection of phrase; qualities urgently demanded even by immature Delius. Sir Thomas Beecham conducted with unfailing sensibility and devotion; it was a very moving act of homage. As an undergraduate was heard to remark, Oxford to this day is loyal to, if no longer the home of, lost causes.

NEVILLE CARDUS

Close Shave for a Duke

WHEN Mr. Walter Midgley swallowed his false moustache in his first aria as the Duke of Mantua in *Rigoletto* the other night he was following good Royal Opera House precedent. The tenor John Templeton when singing with the august Malibran in *I Puritani* is reported to have inhaled his false beard and yet to have ejected it so forcibly that it temporarily blinded a violinist in the orchestra pit, "much to the amusement of the house." Mr. Midgley, who carried on with the performance though in some pain, said that the quality of his singing was affected by the foreign body on his larynx. A member of the audience, however, said there was nothing to be noticed. Mr. Midgley still sounded a lot better than some tenors one could name who usually sound as if they had swallowed not merely their moustaches but their whole wigs before the performance began.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Criticism with Humour

ONE OF the several shortcomings of contemporary musical criticism (which at the moment is having a rough time, especially from its practitioners) is a plentiful lack of humour and an excess of solemnity. Beckmesser is winning with ease. It is still possible to come upon music criticism of this kind: "In Blank's Quartet op. 293b three motifs of entirely different character are opposed to each other in the first three bars; yet they are related to each other through some formal device or another, such as inversion, augmentation . . ." And so on. We might confidently have hoped this stuff would years ago have been slain for ever by the ridicule of Bernard Shaw. He exposed the jargon of musical analysis by applying it to dramatic criticism: "Shakespeare, dispensing with the customary exordium, announces his subject at once in the infinitive, in which mood it is presently repeated after a short connecting passage, in which, brief as it is, we recognise the alternative and negative forms on which so much of the significance of the repetition depends . . ."

"Some development of the first theme follows, and then an episode in the tonic minor——" It is with us yet, still with us. It is as though a dramatic critic were to discuss Shakespeare not indeed in terms of grammar and syntax but were to reduce him to philology. It is nowadays no longer possible to go to music criticism expectant of Runciman's gusto of the old *Saturday Review*. He wrote of a new tenor from Bayreuth this way: "As for the new Siegfried, I thought little of him. For the most part he stood about the vast Covent Garden stage like a block of wood, with his mouth wide open, until the moment came for him to sing, when he promptly shut it." There is in no criticism.

of the present the urbanity of "Max" and Walkley, the 1912-Cockburn-port mellow garrulity of Saintsbury, the donnish dry sherry wit of Tovey, the shillelagh layings-about of Runciman, the authoritative querulous enthusiasm of Agate. There would be a shock, perceptible and national, if a music critic, dealing with some darling of the moment, began a notice as Newman began one about the greatest tenor of his period, with a spacious preliminary generalisation, a sort of clearing of the ground before going into action: "The higher the voice, the lower the intellect." The austere intensity of the search for objective truth has not blunted the wit of our greatest writer on music, else he could not have envisaged and justified the "brave new world" in which music critics, at Mr. Newman's time of life, will be performing a more valuable musical and public service by staying at home listening to the Third Programme than by going out on a cold night to a real concert.

A large public avidly turned to Newman, Runciman, Agate, Langford, Johnstone, Baughan—to name a few—because these writers saw to it that enjoyment of criticism began at home. There is no need for the latter-day solemnity. Even Mr. Newman in recent years has seemed troubled at the thought that the history of music criticism is one of the fallibility of human judgment; error succedeth unto error, prejudice and folly one and indivisible, knowledge a will-o'-the-wisp in the darkening of counsels. It is a natural vanity in man, especially if he has laboured hard in scholarship, to seek "to see the object as in itself it really is"; and no harm is done so long as a writer doesn't get on to stilts to look for the Thing-in-Itself. But why should music criticism, more than any other activity of man's mind, tremble to contemplate mortal relativity and proneness to want of settled opinion on any subject for any length of time? And why this fear of how silly a contemporary judgment may look in the eyes of posterity? There is no evidence at all that posterity will be wiser or more intelligent than the best and the worst of us of 1953.

I am not, myself, depressed in the least should argument

against the futility of criticism be put to me in the familiar way: "If six of you listen to the same work or the same performance the result will be six more or less different reports." What of it; and who, anyhow, hath believed our report? There would surely be reason for acute depression, and much dullness would ensue, if every critic agreed in the main on any work of genius.

The critic's responsibility is not such a burden that he need wear a long face perpetually and not "enjoy a frisk" now and then. Nobody will be a penny the worse if he pronounces the most unjust verdict: he is not sentencing anybody to death. He will write his best and amuse his readers (and that primarily is what he is paid for) if he brings to his technical and cultural equipment some occasional flippancy or a willingness to laugh at himself. It is long since I personally got a good laugh out of any writing on music. Even descriptions of an opera libretto are now expressed in grave and rational language. "She is still in this melancholy mood when Hans comes in." . . . "Norina rings the bell for the servants and demands that the whole of the domestic establishment be brought before her." I preferred dear old Herr Fr. Charley, who decades ago produced in Leipzig a book of opera synopses for the benefit of English and American visitors to Germany. Mr. Robert Elkin last year edited a new edition of Herr Charley's masterpiece (published by the Sylvan Press), but it omitted one or two of the author's finest prose passages, notably the following graphic account of what happens in Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*—I quote from memory, for alas! my "original" copy of Herr Fr. Charley's *Opera Glass* has long since been lost by or stolen from me. Herr Charley wrote his English vividly and comprehensively, thus:

Mignon. Akt 1. Scene 1. Courting Yard Olde In. Modtly crowde gahthered for rejoings. Townsmen and Travailleurs. Enter Troup with Philine, dazling coquette. And her fiend Laerte. Also old ange-d Minstrel Lothario, strike sombre tune. Extracted of misfortune he roometh for seek of dauhghter Sperata. Band of Gypsies dance. Young maid

nameth Mignon is make to preform by strong bullied stick of grasping Leader Brack of Wiskerth. Wilhelm Meister forward sprang gasping wiskert villan of the neck outward where it brake nearly. "Let go her!" Wilhelm shouth. And villan paled to obeyness.

Where is the critic who would not increase his public and his value to the community if he could in a notice emulate Herr Charley's evocative prose and describe some "Konduktor gasping wiskert neck of Tennor where it brake nearly." How apt and poignant, in the context, is the phrase "Townsmen and Travailleurs." Ah, Charley, thou shouldst be living at this dry-and-dustily pedantic hour!

NEVILLE CARDUS

Rabelais's Lost Gift

IN WEBSTER'S New International Dictionary of the English language one can read: "Rabelaisian: . . . marked by, or manifesting, a gross robust humour, an extravagance of caricature, or a bold naturalism, similar to that distinguishing the satire of Rabelais." It is a sure symptom of the greatness of a writer that out of his name should be coined a universal adjective. The word "Shakespearean" is understood all over the world. Of the very great French writers Rabelais is the only one who has risen to that honour. Neither Corneille nor Hugo has. "Balzacian" is not in Webster.

Rabelais died on April 9, 1553. We do not quite know when he was born; some time between 1490 and 1495 probably. So we celebrate his death and not his birth.

He was born in Touraine and became a monk; when he died he was curé (rector) of a parish near Paris. Professionally a cleric,

he gave little of his time to clerical work. He studied medicine all his life, qualified, and held a position as a doctor in a Lyons hospital and was entrusted with several diplomatic missions, being present when the Emperor Charles V met the French King Francis I at Aigues Mortes in 1538. He was at times a favourite at Court, and at times he was virtually in exile. He lived in Rome both as an Ambassador's secretary and as a person under suspicion. He had leanings towards the early kind of Protestantism but turned away from Calvinism—rigour and puritanism being utterly alien to his nature. He died in Paris, apparently at peace with the powers that were.

His great book *Gargantua and Pantagruel* is the story of a dynasty of kindly giants who ruled over a fabulous kingdom somewhere in France. The education of the first giant prince is particularly amusing and is still the ideal presentation of what education should not be. Rabelais's ideas of educational reform are still ahead of our twentieth century. The giant kings are great pacifists and therefore get into a perfectly stupid war, which, however, they win easily. They celebrate victory by forgiving everybody and building a wonderful abbey, whose sole rule is: "Fais ce que tu voudras"—"Do what you like."

The next generation (four hundred years later) raises a gigantic intellectual, Pantagruel, who also wins a great war and then, with his friend Panurge, goes on a world-wide expedition to solve the great problem: Should a man marry? The argument ranges all over the geographical as well as the intellectual world, and the solution is given by the greatest of oracles in one enigmatic word—"Drink." The priestess of the oracle maintains that this is to be taken spiritually, but the reader is not so sure.

The quotation from Webster gives an admirable summary of Rabelais's literary qualities: a gross robust humour, extravagance of caricature, bold naturalism. But a few historical considerations help to understand the world-wide fame of Rabelais, and chiefly his importance, even in the world of to-day.

Perhaps the greatest flaw, even to-day, in our so-called

Christian civilisation, such as it is, is our failure to look normally at the fact of the human body, its needs and its functions. The rise and spread of psychoanalysis in all its various schools is surely a proof that we have not solved the problem. We have inherited from some unknown festering corner of our heredity an uneasy understanding that the human body is dirty—not so much physically dirty, since that can be remedied, but spiritually ignoble.

During the Middle Ages a great effort of purification had been made—the celibacy of priests; the exaltation of chastity had held attention for centuries because, for centuries, debauchery of all kinds had been everywhere patent. Rabelais comes at the end of this period, and with tremendous humour, and often grossness, and yet with good, sound, obvious naturalness, brings two great ideas into the controversy. First of all he maintains that there is in the human body nothing to be ashamed of. Secondly, that we need not take it so seriously as all that. Somewhere in the fabric of the universe there is a huge joke: let us participate in it. The human body must be let free to exercise its normal functions. Only then can the human mind develop its powers. And then the human mind also must be left free to range where it will.

It sounds very simple. But after this came Calvin and John Knox. And after them came Cromwell in England and Louis XIV in France. And nothing of the Rabelaisian solution could be put into practice under them. The evils of repression and suppression grew worse and worse. Rabelais was totally ignored. Then came the eighteenth century and a great part of it (not the whole by far) went too far in the other direction. The showmanship of dirt became a profitable trade. Rabelais is never dirty; he is only natural. Didcrot and his compeers, and often Swift and his like, are frequently “dirty”—that is to say, there is a sort of ignoble low moral tone about their pleasantries, whereas in Rabelais there is only healthy grossness. Even the nineteenth century and the twentieth have got caught up with Rabelais: Joyce or D. H. Lawrence or Sartre never convinces us that it is

all very natural and very funny. The innocence of vulgarity is not theirs—it is Rabelais's unique achievement.

Perhaps one of the reasons is that Rabelais also brings a great mind to considering the matter. In the middle of his terrible jokes he can argue on the subtlest questions: theology, ethics, geography are mere hors-d'œuvres to his feast, but they are there; and his knowledge of human nature is the real substance of his book. The highest of man's mind is present in Rabelais's work, as well as the most evident of man's natural incommodities. Perhaps there is no other book in which the whole of human nature has been presented. The word "exquisite" has been applied to some of its passages by La Bruyère, one of the sharpest critics that ever was.

Two miraculous pieces of luck have befallen Rabelais since his death. His French is undoubtedly very difficult. Early in the seventeenth century Urquhart and Motteux published an admirable rendering of the great book, which thus became one of the elements of English culture. Urquhart's language is in architecture and fluency as good as Rabelais in French, although many liberties are taken. Then in 1948 another great English writer, John Cowper Powys, published a *Rabelais* which contains all there is to know of Rabelais: his biography, his spirit and influence, and chiefly one hundred and fifty pages of translations of the most amusing and important parts done with great love and complete success so that even Urquhart is bettered. So no one who can read has any excuse for not being a Rabelaisian.

DENIS SAURAT

Pursuit of Happiness

"WE ARE orange-trees that have sprouted up, by the strength of their seed, in the middle of a pool of ice, in Iceland." Even at

Smolensk, caught up as he was in the mire and disorder of the Grand Army's thrust towards Moscow, Henri Beyle could not forget his membership in the society of the "happy few" whose qualities of passion and intelligence left them uneasily stranded in the boring nineteenth century. The chase after happiness—the transfiguring experience that is to be got from love, art, and the society of the elect—is the theme that runs through this correspondence¹ as it does through the great novels published under the name of Stendhal. The acute sensibility is there, matched with the critical self-consciousness that could try to make the study of love an exact science. But Beyle was nothing if not spontaneous in his feelings and honest in noting them. If a toothache prevented him from paying much attention to the fire of Moscow he did not mind saying so. It is his freedom from the Romantic sin of self-importance that makes the letters delightful. They are modern.

In his early letters to his sister Pauline Beyle was still the young provincial seeking fortune in Paris, the Julien Sorel who tried to live by rules whenever he was not debating in agony whether to take or not to take Mme. de Rênal's hand. He lectured Pauline on the anatomy of head and heart and scientifically proved to her the advantages of a marriage of convenience; but he could not resist boasting of rather more mistresses than he had. Even when his Brunswickian Minette threw him into a jealous "turmoil of the soul" he managed to remember "the influence of the physical upon the moral": "I took a great deal of tea, and partly recovered my reason. . . ."

Later love affairs were more lasting. In his poignant letters to the unassailable Métilde Beyle was the original Stendhalian hero, as in all his other (mostly unsuccessful) plunges into love, until in his last years, a consul at Civitavecchia, gouty, gravelly, and bored, he could find solace in the friendship of a young "marchesa"—"to me she is like a comfortable sofa." Then there was England, the enlightened land of Shakespeare and the

¹*To the Happy Few: Selected Letters of Stendhal.* Translated by Norman Cameron. Lehmann. Pp. 384. 21s.

Edinburgh Review: "I feel towards her as the late M. Jesus Christ felt towards mankind," but she was sadly given in her manners to "a tinge of Hebraic ferocity," and ruled by a "secret principle of unhappiness" (the Evangelical movement had been at work).

Last, and best, there was Milan, or more precisely the box at the Scala where love, society, and Cimarosa fused into a single happiness. But here too the ice barred the way in the person of Herr von Metternich. An old Bonapartist who needed "three or four cubic feet of new ideas per day, as a steamboat needs coal," was suspect. One must dye one's hair chestnut, spatter one's letters with more or less English phrases, and sign them "Baron Dormant" or "Old Mummums." . . . But in the end, whether yearning in Paris for Milan or at Civitavecchia for Paris, the "brute" knew that his "real business was to write a novel in an attic." His later letters, lively as fireworks still but purged of the intermittent gravity of his Imperial days, are like a tuning-up for the Mozartian felicity of *La Chartreuse*.

This dry and colloquial translation is almost perfect (but "Princesa" is neither French nor Italian; and it is not really necessary to render "c'est" as "'tis"). Mr. Cameron has done good work. The book is a delight.

JOHN ROSSELLI

A Child's Guide to Paris

THE FIRST condition of visiting Paris successfully with a child is that both old and young should be amused. If the grown-up is bored so will the child be. That is why I mention only things I like myself.

The functional approach is not a bad one. Paris is a shippers' town by origin and by a still living tradition. Her oldest monu-

ment (at the Musée Cluny, not at present on show) is an altar to Jupiter found just to the east of Notre Dame and put up by the Nautae. The town coat of arms is a ship. Her motto boasts that she rides on the waves and does not sink. Her barges go west and south-east on the Seine, north-west on the Oise (just another Ouse), north-east on the Marne and the St. Martin canal. This canal comes into the Seine a little below the Pont d'Austerlitz. In the old days the main place for tying up shipping must have been a little lower down at the Place de la Grève (Beach Place), now the Place de l'Hotel de Ville.

It is upstream, towards the canal mouth, that you find first of all the city rubbish being dumped into barges from lorries under ingenious showers to keep down the dust; then the quays where sand and gravel are landed, and piled high in enormous boxes from which they pour out into lorries run beneath them; and finally the tugs and barges moored along the quay each with a cheerful family on board, often with a canary in a cage and a dog to bark at you if you go past at night.

The barges for inland traffic are mainly moored against the right bank while the sea-going ones that travel to Rotterdam and London and elsewhere tie up alongside the Gare d'Austerlitz on the left. You can scramble across the canal over the lock gates if you want to go farther upstream to where the timber is stacked, or you can turn inland to the long basin beyond the lock which leads up to the Place de la Bastille, where the canal mysteriously disappears underground, running right beneath the Column of Liberty. You cannot follow it there, unfortunately, but you can find it again when it comes above ground at the far end of the Boulevard Richard Lenoir. Here the canal is almost at road level, and as the road climbs the barges are above the traffic when the locks are full. There are lots of benches to sit on while you watch great barges pass on their way to the Meuse and the Rhine. It is one of the nicest and least-visited parts of Paris.

The idea that the Louvre is not interesting to children is mainly due to the widespread opinion that it is principally a picture

gallery. It is difficult, of course, to concentrate children's attention sufficiently on one picture in a long row for enjoyment. But the picture galleries are only part of the Louvre. The best place to begin on our tour is probably the Galerie d'Apollon with the magnificent remnants of the Crown Jewels and other precious toys. The younger you are the more you are likely to admire the King's table ornaments cut out of lapis lazuli and jasper and beryl and rock crystal and all the mysterious stones mentioned in the Book of Revelation. Even Louis XV's crown of paste diamonds is fun, and Louis XI's crown-shaped reliquary with its angels is an enchantment if you will stop and look at it. The great advantage of visiting with children is that you have to stop and look properly if you are going to look at all. In the cases along the side are the magnificent "Sword of Charlemagne," only two centuries younger than its name implies, the fifteenth-century sceptre and "Hand of Justice," some preposterously agreeable festival armour from the sixteenth century, and all sorts of other trinkets.

Coming out of the Galerie d'Apollon, turn your back resolutely on the pictures unless you know exactly what you intend to show your companions and go (still on the first floor) either for the ancient bronzes or through the long series of Egyptian rooms. The former room contains a great collection of jewellery from early Greek to the Barbarian invasion, armour, many figures which generally give pleasure, as well as buckets and mirror-backs with engraved scenes. You will find Perseus killing an excellent dragon with lots of dolphins and sea serpents about on an Etruscan bucket in the far left corner. In the middle of the room is a naked Cupid with a curiously Kate Greenaway Psyche which generally arouses applause.

The Louvre's Egyptian collection contains very few mummies and no colossal statues. It is thus more cheerful than the British Museum's. There is a lovely collection of rouge boxes in the shape of ducks held by beautiful girl handmaids in the cases in the embrasure of the window exactly half-way down the gallery. (This is always a success with one if not both sexes.) Near the

far end of the gallery is a beautiful little blue hippopotamus covered with water weeds.

The real reason for going down the long Egyptian Gallery is to turn left at the end into the room containing the robes of the Knights of the Holy Ghost, bespangled with the flames of Pentecost. Beyond them are the rooms officially described as containing "Objets d'Art" of the Middle Ages and Renaissance with one of the most enchanting collections of carved ivories in the world as well as a wonderful array of tapestries ending with Emperor Maximilian's twelve great hunting scenes, one for each season of the year. You can end with Palissy's extraordinary plates covered with frogs, newts and serpents in high relief, if you like that kind of thing. You will probably emerge more tired than the younger members of the party. If this last part of the visit has been a success, you will certainly have an almost equal success with the Musée Cluny which, amongst other things, contains a tapestry telling the highly moral story of a horse-thief who, however, escapes punishment by the timely intervention of St. Quentin in the last scene.

Paris parks were specially equipped for the young long before George Lansbury thought to do likewise with Kensington Gardens. There are donkeys in the Champs-Élysées and the Tuileries, puppet shows in the Tuileries and the Luxembourg on Thursdays and Sundays, and toy-sailing boats you can hire on the ponds of most parks. Whole caravans of entertainment wander round the chief open spaces away from the centre of the town according to the rhythm of ancient long-extinct fairs.

Do not be led into contempt for the Paris zoos. There is the big spacious modern one in the Bois de Vincennes, with its extraordinary array of artificial rocks but no longer, alas, with a sea-elephant; and the small old-fashioned one in the Jardin des Plantes whose animals may be rather middle-aged but which has the great advantage of being compact. Anyway, the Jardin des Plantes is a very pleasant place. Neither zoo is just a re-edition of Regent's Park.

With the present level of prices in France you will perhaps

want to avoid the toy booths in the parks, several of which often have very entertaining wares. But even if it means a terrible wrench to go away with your hands empty, do go to the tin soldier shop near the corner of the Rue du Vieux Colombier and the Place St. Sulpice. It is the only place I know where you can buy Nebuchadnezzar or Saladin or Joan of Arc, Napoleon or Louis XIV or General Ulysses S. Grant, a pterodactyl, a plesiosaurus, or a polar bear, a guardsman, a postman, or a milkmaid. You will probably end by buying a small lamb or duck, but you will have had your run for your money by pretending you were interested in Napoleon's wedding coach.

DARSIE GILLIE

Life in Luxembourg

"AND SO the pretty, sturdy-looking Princess married the pleasant, serious-looking Prince in the cathedral with three spires like navy blue needles, and as it was raining most of the capital's fifty thousand people and the day's hundred thousand visitors spent the holiday in cafés and restaurants, and that was good for business."

So the literal-minded Luxembourg story-teller could end the story of the Princess Josephine-Charlotte of Belgium and Prince Jean, heir-apparent of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, who were married here yesterday amid pealing bells, saluting cannon, and—the weather being too bad for the scheduled Belgian fly-past—the loyal low-level groaning of one or two more elderly aeroplanes.

The real enthusiasts spent the day outside the Grand Ducal palace, built in a narrow street under Spanish influence. It is flanked by No. 15, a religious statue shop, and by the semi-detached Chamber of Deputies, with "19" on the door; there

is an ironmonger's just opposite. They made many beginnings with "Mir wolle bleiwe wat mir sin," a national song summing up most of the Luxembourg spirit. It means "We want to stay what we are"—a rallying cry for glorious national obstinacy in the past, but nowadays taking less dynamic forms. In politics, for instance, the same two principal Ministers have been in power since the early 1920s. In merely domestic matters the spirit of independence seems to consist in seldom fulfilling an arrangement. Just now, linked by telephone with similarly house-bound wives, I am waiting for three different workmen, all a week overdue.

But why should the Luxembourggeoisie wish to change? The capital is charming, placid like a polyglot Tewkesbury, with Dutch, Flemish, Italian, and increased English imposed by the Schuman plan's advent on its usual trilingual life of French, German, and Letzeburg (the last, the national Low German dialect, makes many deferential bows to French, which is the official language—"Merci Vielmatz," people say, and words like "parapluie" come through the consonants). In the pleasant northern hills most of the Duchy's 38,000 agricultural workers are growing food and rearing first-rate meat, caten in memorable quantities. In the Moselle Valley a thousand hectares of vines make wine, not so good as the Germans make in their part of the valley, but good enough, and cheap.

And in the southern industrial tea-cup—basin seems too big a word—another 21,000 workers are engaged on the steel output which, as one chauvinistic guide-book puts it, "ranks immediately behind that of the United States, the U.S.S.R., Britain, Germany, France, Belgium, and Italy." (Japan has entered the field since, making Luxembourg ninth.) The output annually yields ten tons per head of the population, fourteen times more than American output per head. In a country of just under 1,000 square miles with 300,000 inhabitants, the effect of such huge wealth is felt everywhere. Apart from having no evident slums or poor, and an average of twelve people receiving unemployment benefit at once (20 per cent of labour, indeed, is

imported), Luxembourg feels able to allow itself several indulgences—among them one civil servant to every fifty people, and about one motor car to every six.

The cars are a kind of index of Luxembourg living standards. Many may not be quite paid for yet, as extenuating natives sometimes plead, but all of them are long, wide, and glossy: the Luxembourg idea of the Volkswagen is probably the Studebaker. Roughly speaking, only nuns drive anything so modest as Citroëns. In the narrow town streets the cars collide mildly, like dodgems at a fair, and are sorted out by the police, who are not usually taken up with more violent matters: a case of house-breaking becomes a national outrage. Yesterday only 186 police could be mustered to line the route of the wedding procession, and were supplemented by soldiers in tin hats, douaniers, and firemen.

It was not always so idyllic. Through centuries of European skirmishing the garrison of the capital city, built on a rock, passed from hand to hand like an inter-European challenge cup for generals: its fortifications, brought to ultimate refinement by Vauban, made taking it a matter of prestige as well as strategy. One result is a scarcity of houses earlier than the eighteenth century: and in the agricultural North, von Rundstedt's offensive of 1944 put paid with cruel comprehensiveness to whatever time had left or later effort achieved. The Treaty of London in 1876 settled the obdurate little Duchy at one-fifth its original size (typically, substantial areas of Belgium and France that belonged to it still speak its dialect) and made it permanently neutral. The railways, however, remained Prussian, and invasion in 1914 was delicately organised by decanting civilians from a train at Strasbourg and substituting German soldiers. The next war was harsher. The exact extent of the general strike staged by Luxembourg in 1942 is very hard to determine, but the gesture, unique among occupied countries, is certain. Most Luxembourgers make inquiries about it difficult, by preferring to stress that eating was still good, even in the war—presumably because inter-marriage brings at least one farmer into every family.

Eating remains a notable national passion, but the cost of living has increased by 22 per cent since 1948 and of food by 30 per cent, and the Luxembourgers probably eat a good deal of lentils and spaghetti behind the shutters pulled down so promptly and bleakly at dusk. Most markedly, the price of rents has taken a sharp upward turn in the last eight months, since the High Authority of the Schuman Plan chose Luxembourg as its first seat, and introduced a staff now approaching four hundred (20 per cent translators, the technocrats are quick to say). On grounds of prestige as well as business, Luxembourg very much wants the High Authority to settle here permanently. It has lent it a fine new building, completed this year, which was designed and built to house its own scattered Government offices, and proposes to offer it a large number of flats still being built, if it will promise to stay.

The High Authority, with diplomatic coyness, refuses to commit itself. "Difficulty of communications" is cited, rather vaguely, as a likely obstacle. Personally, the technocrats from larger capitals lament the lack of cultural cushioning for life here. They lament this in unfair excess, but apart from its countless changes of management, one native painter, and one poet writing in Letzeburg, the history of the Duchy has certainly been peripheral, and remains so. "Jean Racine" is carved in large letters on a tablet in an old house in the capital, and, hurrying across to see why, you find he spent a fortnight there.

Victor Hugo, more notably, spent some holidays in the North, and "Victor Hugo and Us" was the title of a recent article in *Les Cahiers Luxembourgeois*, the Grand Duchy's intellectual magazine. In form the *Cahiers*, with no parallel in England, makes brilliant and beautiful experiments with type, layout, and lithography; in content they are hampered acutely by having to deal only with subjects about Luxembourg. "Otherwise," one of the contributors assured us, "nobody would go on subscribing."

ANNE DUCHENE

The Italian in England

A TRAVEL agency's guide has an adventurous life: the sort of guide, I mean, who takes a party of thirty across Europe in a bus. I once knew a girl of the frailest possible constitution, who fell sick if she touched shellfish or mushrooms or even eggs, who managed to survive this strenuous existence for two years. The time all thirty were violently sick near Lucca; the time the Indian lady was hit on the head with an umbrella by an angry fellow-passenger from Wells; the time she—the guide herself—fainted by the roadside at Nice: all these were just daily incidents in a life of almost monotonous variety.

Perhaps, for all that I can eat outlandish food, unboiled, unpasteurised, and even unwashed, without bad results, I am not tough enough for the nervous strain of such a life. But I am sure it is what I was born for, since nothing fascinates me so much as to take people into places foreign to them and watch their reactions to the strange and new: to see an American in Paris, a Swede in Rome, a Levantine in London, and watch what he thinks of Parisians, Romans, and Londoners, and what the natives think of him.

Lately I have had plenty of scope to indulge my favourite pastime, being unofficial guide to some Italians who were in England, in fact out of Italy, for the first time. Sensitive, intelligent, though not too indulgent, their comments had the freshness almost of ignorance; certainly they came with few preconceived ideas. And I began to notice things with Italian eyes. First, that we in England are—far from cold—over-responsive, over-polite: so polite—here is the famous English hypocrisy in a new guise—as to be effusive. The English

"Thank you" in particular made them roar with half-malicious, half-delighted laughter. On a bus, they said, the echoing "Thank you" of conductor and passengers never stopped; and, once you begin to listen out for it, how true you find this is! The conductor thanks you for the money, and you thank him for the ticket; often he thanks you again. Very right and proper, you may say; but no, said the Italians, it cheapens that most gracious of expressions to bandy it about as we do. In Italy thanks are heartfelt because seldom given; but why have we not in England some attractive way of warding off a barricade of thanks, some graceful substitute for the half-churlish "Don't mention it" or "Not at all"? "Prego," the Italian answer to thanks, has all the qualities of civility and grace. It is a gentle-sounding word, and has an even gentler inflection; Prego, I beg you, I pray you . . . not at all, in fact, but with so much more delicate a tone.

Our much-used "Sorry" came in for more derision, derision tempered with a certain liking for the way it was used. Once I granted it was used too often I began to notice that, as the Italians pointed out, English people apologise for sins they have not committed. Certainly it is the first word that rises to many people's lips at disturbance of any kind, whether they have caused it or not: a general apology to the world in general for the sins of the world in general, a sort of cosmic regret.

I saw one of these Italians one day fall heavily down the stairs of a London bus, landing almost at the bottom on a young man who broke his fall and got a hefty knee in the small of his back. The young man turned round in dismay. "I'm terribly sorry," he said, "really." ("Accidenti, questo 'really' . . .") And the same sort of thing began to happen to me, or perhaps it was just that I noticed it for the first time. I dropped a sixpence, and the man beside me said "Sorry" at once, as he handed it back. "Troppo gentile," they said, and it was not quite a compliment.

Paris under the same severe though at first friendly scrutiny was immensely worth seeing, too; and there the English

amiability that at home had seemed excessive began to be regretted. On the tower of Notre Dame two Italians met volubly after two years apart, and I made a listening third. Both had been in England. "Il famoso 'sorry' . . ." they said, and laughed till they cried; and then, suddenly remembering that they were in France, both clutched one another's arms and cried: "I francesi. . . ." I waited; and both, with the same thought exactly, with the same intonation, the same gesture of despair: "Ma . . . sono *impossibili*." The Italian stoutness and sincerity that they had pitted against English guile were no match for a city in which the sharpest elbow and the biggest foot are arbiters of bus and Métro. Somewhere between English softness and French brawn must lie a happy mean: manners not idiosyncratically gentle nor bravely assertive; manners, it was implied (and I think perhaps I too feel), such as you find in Italy. Is it a lingering of the Roman Empire in them that makes Italians, charmingly insular as they are, set up as test and standard all things Italian against the rest of the world? We English have grown cosmopolitan by comparison, because—I think this is the reason—we are apologetic.

ISABEL QUIGLY

Stalinallee

I FIRST heard of Stalinallee from a group of West Berlin architects. They spoke disgustedly of neo-Hitlerism, of Social Realism, and of People's Baroque, and they insisted that I should see for myself whether or not they were right. I asked if they knew the East sector architects who were doing this work; they said they did once but now no longer. They might have been speaking of traitors, so bitter was their tone, and in a sense they were, for it appears that the democratic architects responsible for

the vast East Berlin programme were once "moderns"—some were even said to have had connection with the pre-Hitler Bauhaus; one had worked for a while in Walter Gropius's office.

But to do them justice their first scheme for Stalinallee, the great processional way lined by tall tenements, Berlin's "first Socialist street," was contemporary in the Western sense. One small block of flats, built earlier than the rest, seems somehow to have slipped through in the originally intended manner, but only one. When the main plans for the Allee were submitted they were returned by the authorities as being decadent bourgeois, not Socialist, architecture. (Hitler would have rejected the same plans for the opposite reason.) So the four architects were told to try again, and the story goes that they were given seven days (or seven weeks—I heard two versions) to complete a new party line scheme; with tongues in cheek they handed in the new plans two days (or two weeks) later.

It was snowing heavily when I went next day to the Russian sector to see this show-piece of Eastern reconstruction, but, snow or sun, Stalinallee was teeming with life. After the desolation that lies east of Kurfürstendamm and west of Marx-Engels Platz this was a new world. I was reminded of some school-room print of the building of Babylon or the Pyramids with myriads of insect figures lifting, carting, digging, and labouring. The scaffolding too looked primitive, for it was all of wood, irregular and ramshackle to an eye accustomed to tubular precision, but rising to great heights.

And everywhere was the flush of Red slogans stretched out on banners or painted across hoardings or on blank walls in the side streets; where no slogan could be written loud-speakers took over the task of exhortation and encouragement. It seemed that the whole population had turned out to hasten this project through, old men and boys, old women with shawls and carpet slippers, even young children armed with spades and shovels or pushing barrows; and in the centre of each group were blue-shirted youths setting the pace, while behind, on the great build-

ings themselves, worked an army of white-overalled bricklayers and tradesmen.

Speed and size seemed to be the watchwords in Stalinallee. Several great blocks ten storeys tall, some hundred windows long by twenty deep, were already finished and lived in; others were nearing completion, but they too seemed to be already inhabited. In the side streets rusting old railway locomotives, standing high on brick plinths in the middle of the road, testify to the pressure for accommodation; families move in before the heating systems are installed, and these veterans provide the steam meanwhile; when they are no longer needed they are left to rust.

As far as the eye could see down the wide, straight Allee, block after block was rising on either side, each stepping up in wedding-cake tiers to some central eminence, each almost mirroring the one opposite, as monumental and axial a piece of town-planning as any dictator could desire. A fine dust seemed to rise into the falling snow, hovering like a mist over this scene of fantastic industry.

But what of the building? The price of speed is clear even to an untrained eye: rushed brickwork, haphazardly bonded, faced with a slick-tiled skin as hastily applied; lintels and sills, cornices and mouldings all out of true; but no matter, for the walls and roofs give shelter, and even if cracks are appearing inside and door jambs are breaking away from the plaster these are new homes for the needy.

But they are something else as well, something less admirable, more sinister. They are three-dimensional propaganda, architectural circuses for the proletariat, people's palaces of the tawdriest, most deceptive kind; primitive in shape and size as was Hitler's architecture, but tricked out with trivial ornaments culled from commonplace textbooks or with moulded motifs of the most obvious topical symbolism. In spite of their size they have little scale, being a multiplication of small units and details, an infinity of little windows set in grandiose frames, rising above street-level arcades of distantly Doric derivation; from these synthetic travertine bases the waxy tiled walls soar from one pastry-cook

enrichment to another as if to prove that cats may look at kings and workers have as much right to classical paraphernalia as had the Hohenzollerns or the Romanovs.

Inside the dwellings there are no such pretensions. The flats are sensibly planned with reasonable rooms and generous lobbies; the kitchens are efficiently equipped with cupboards and working tops. It is only when you enter the living-rooms of the furnished show flats that you meet again the same vain effort to keep up with preconceived notions of bourgeois standards, the sort of spit and polish that one sees at our own furniture trade exhibitions; the parallel is close, even to the regulation furnishing colours—rust and green and autumn tints.

In the last show flat one room was set aside as a thanksgiving shrine to Stalin, whose huge portrait, flanked by flowers, stared at a wall of displayed statistics. The ground-floor foyer, finished in ersatz marbles, recalled our pre-war Corner Houses, so near to Strand-palatial is this new Social Realism, and so far, too, from the sane, forthright modern buildings of West Berlin and the Western zones. If architecture is a true expression of society we need not look far for the real seat of reaction, however disillusioning that may be.

PAUL REILLY

The Kikuyu Tragedy

IN THE grassy valley below Nyeri I watched a pitiful sight—the impounded cattle of the Thethege people. They were taken away a week ago because the people would give no information about the murder of Chief Ndefi, who was killed when he interrupted a Mau Mau meeting in their midst.

The cattle have been penned here since in two great pounds of wire netting—they look like six or eight acres apiece—cows and bulls in one, sheep and goats in the other. The former stood un-

moving and silent as dusk came on. That day they had been taken out to graze: we had passed in the morning a detachment of two hundred or so cropping the untidy grass fringing a banana plantation. The day before they had been penned all day, I was told, and their restless wandering had trodden the pound bare of all herbage. The sheep and goats had not been let out. Long grass and reeds had been cut for them by the Chania River, and they seemed to relish what they got. The goats were lively, but the dull brown sheep plodded wearily round a big circle in the middle of the pen, round and round, as if it led home. They usually sleep by the huts or in them, and the great open enclosure must have been strange and bewildering to them. The ground was still pale with close-cropped grass, but this circle stood out like a race track. They were bleating all the time, as one hears the sheep bleat in a Westmorland farmyard when they are brought down for shearing.

Four men in scarlet cloaks moved round the pen watching the sheep. They were herdsmen of the Boran tribe brought down from Isiolo, north of Mount Kenya, for this operation. Sometimes they climbed over the fence and moved among the sheep, picking out any that seemed ailing. A few have died, but not many. A score of vultures wheeled watchfully overhead. The cattle seem in quite good condition, by local standards, but the K.A.R. troops who helped to round them up and bring them in, and who come from a pastoral tribe, thought little of them. There are about 3,700 cattle here and perhaps 6,000 goats and sheep.

The Thethege people have not been shaken out of their silence. Whether the roundup has hardened their hearts one cannot say: they were as silent before. They have still a chance to recover their stock if on Wednesday they come forward with a reliable witness to establish that they were not present at the Mau Mau ceremony at which Nderi was killed. They do not have to inform on the murderers. They have only to establish their own alibi. There is no sign yet how many will come. Mau Mau influence may be strong enough to deter even the innocent from recovering their cattle by alibis which might by implication

indicate the guilt of those who stayed away. The unclaimed beasts will be driven away and sent probably by rail to the slaughterhouses. There has been no attempt at rescue. Armed police mount guard over the pounds at night and the Kikuyu know that there is a detachment of the King's African Rifles close at hand and another of the Lancashire Fusiliers, whose patrols one sometimes sees along the roads in their black berets with cheerful yellow hackles.

* * *

I went with the District Officer to Muhoti, some twenty miles west of Nyeri, where the Church of Scotland Mission maintains a primary school. In the last few weeks attendance at this school has become so poor that it may have to be closed. The Mau Mau make a point of telling all their people not to let children go to the mission schools. Children are met on their way to school and diverted. A malicious rumour has been circulated that the authorities are planning to inoculate all children, the boys in the head to make them mad and the girls in the navel to make them barren.

The District Officer had called a meeting of parents to tell them that the future of the school was endangered. Actually about a quarter of the children enrolled had come that morning, which was better than for some time past. The children, of course, would say nothing of why they had stayed away, or murmured unconvincing excuses. The head teacher was uneasily at a loss too. Two African clergy, members of the school committee, were in no doubt of the reason but could not name the people responsible.

About eleven o'clock nearly fifty men and a dozen women came and we all sat down in the largest schoolroom—a long building with mud walls built on a frame of poles and a high thatched roof lifted clear of the walls so that light and air came in through a sort of clerestory. Most of them were elderly people, many wizened in patched or ragged garments, but all grave and dignified in bearing. The younger men had stayed

away. The District Officer (a most humane and devoted man, heartbroken by the defection of a people to whom he has given years of willing service, though he has been in this district only a few months) spoke to them now sternly, now almost pleadingly, not only about the future of the school but also about the danger of the movement to the Kikuyu at large.

He was heard for the most part in impassive—one would not say sullen—silence. One point at least seemed to go home with some force. "The Mau Mau claim," he said, "that they will get you more land. But what happens when you listen to them? Many of your brothers live among other tribes or on European farms. These others will say, 'We want no Kikuyu living among us' and will tell your brothers to go. Then they will come to you and say, 'Let us share your land,' and you will have less land than before." This is a very real danger to the Kikuyu and the wiser heads know it. It was finally decided that fathers must for a time escort their children to school. It remains to be seen whether they will.

Driving up to a place like Muhoti one could understand how Mau Mau has been able to cow the people into submission. In this queer, tangled country one feels as if the forces of law and order were in another planet. I have seen nothing quite like it. The eastward slope of the Aberdare range is cut by innumerable streams converging into the Tana River. Their upper courses dissect the country into innumerable twisting valleys and narrow ridges, some cultivated, some chequered with straggling woods. The fertile bottoms are thickly planted with maize, sugar cane, bananas, and other crops. The steeps are sometimes planted, sometimes left for grazing and closely cropped, sometimes clothed with spinneys of wattle trees. Almost every hillside is scored with horizontal lines, the famous terraces built with so much effort and friction to check erosion—Britain's providential but long unwelcome gift to the Kikuyu. But that sight alone recalls the orderly power of the West.

In this crowded country, wrinkled like a brain, the thatched Kikuyu huts are everywhere. But there are no villages. Each family has its own little cluster, two or three big huts each with a little hut on stilts beside it—the maize store lifted out of reach of the white ants. Each cluster is barely, if at all, within earshot of the next. What is a man to do if a gang of a dozen or so come at night and say he must take the oath or suffer for it? He cannot call his next-door neighbours to his help, even if they dared come. If he escapes and goes to his headman, the headman has no effective force. He can tell the police, and until the emergency brought reinforcements there was one African policeman for each five thousand people in the reserve (and one European police officer for each 125,000).

If a man still held out, Mau Mau could work on the weaker men until they could enforce a social boycott. Anyone holding any official position, like a district councillor, would hear people talking in raised voices outside his hut: "So and so is practically a European. He will have to go when the Europeans are driven out." I have never seen a region so well adapted to a campaign of intimidation. In any case, many people believe Mau Mau's specious promises of more land for all. The resisters here are like lamps flickering in a gale.

* * *

There are so many people to be sorry for: The decent scared peasants badgered and tricked into this barbarous oath. The foolish nursing their disastrous illusion. The missionaries and District Officers who have seen their life work crumble away before their eyes like an erosion of the soil. The children plucked from the ladder they had begun to climb. Nor would one forget the poor beasts from Thethege, who might have lived out their lives as an ambulant currency, securely if leanly, by the familiar sheltering eaves of thatch, if they had not been caught up in this tragic clash between human philosophies.

PATRICK MONKHOUSE

Free Little Girls Are We

ON MAY 3, 1947—the day the new Japanese Constitution with its “MacArthur freedoms” went into effect—I was invited by two venerable Japanese gentlemen to a celebration party at a fashionable Tokio geisha restaurant. It was quite a party, and as the rice wine flowed I inquired of my hosts just what it was they were celebrating. “Don’t you know?” replied one (who to-day occupies a high position in the Japanese State). “To-day, by decree of General MacArthur, Japanese men have been declared equal to Japanese women.” What he meant, of course, was that Japanese women had been granted equality in the eyes of the law, and Japan had ceased—at least on paper—to be a “man’s country.”

The emancipation of Japanese women actually began long ago, but the movement towards sex equality never reached far beyond the educated and travelled few, and found no reflection in Japan’s laws. In those days decent husbands behaved decently and feudalistic husbands behaved like feudalists—and the only difference between Japan and other countries was that the percentage of arrogant husbands who treated their wives as no better than servants was higher in Japan than in most places. Thus, up to the time of Japan’s surrender, Japanese wives possessed no civil rights whatever. They could not own property; their husbands were chosen for them by others; they had no vote; they could not, under any circumstances, divorce an unsatisfactory mate. And their husbands normally addressed them not by name but by the word *Omae*, a term meaning “follower” or “you”—also used in calling servants.

The experiment in “emancipation by ukase” began with the

grant of votes for women in October, 1945. Japanese women exercised their right to vote for the first time in the general election held on March 11, 1946, when 13,767,300 women (or 67 per cent of those eligible) went to the polling stations and elected 39 out of 82 women candidates to the Diet. It gathered impetus—on paper—following the coming into force on May 3, 1947, of the new S.C.A.P.-written Constitution, Article 24 of which decreed:

“Marriage shall be based only on the mutual consent of both sexes and it shall be maintained through mutual co-operation with the equal rights of husband and wife as a basis. Laws shall be enacted considering choice of spouse, property rights, inheritance, choice of domicile, divorce, and other matters pertaining to marriage and the family from the standpoint of individual dignity and the essential equality of the sexes.”

To-day Japanese wives are—in the words of Mrs. Shigeko Tanabe, Councillor of the Tokio Family Court—“recognised by husbands and the law as human beings. Women no more need to endure intolerable conditions in the home. If a wife owns property in her own right her husband cannot take it from her. And if the worst comes to the worst she can apply for a divorce.” (According to Judge Bunaji Isuneda, of the same court, there were 120,000 divorces in Japan in 1951.)

Japan's Family Courts, established in 1949 to hear cases concerned with domestic relations and juveniles, are busy places these days, handling—by adjudication and conciliation—around three hundred thousand cases annually. But it still remains true that in such matters as divorce and family disagreements and paternity cases many Japanese women have not yet got used to the idea of claiming their legal rights. Some thoughtful Japanese now fear that the high-water mark in “women's rights” has been reached and that a reverse trend may set in.

It is true that the main obstacles to a real emancipation of Japanese women—the complexities and anxieties of daily life in

overcrowded homes virtually devoid of any "conveniences" save perhaps a cold-water tap and a charcoal fire for cooking; the feudal ideas of husbands; and over-large families—still act as brakes on progress in raising the status of women. Mrs. Shidzue Kato—the former Baroness Ishimoto, a well-known Japanese feminist leader who was imprisoned by the militarists for her democratic views and who is now a member of the Upper House of the Diet—made this point when I talked with her recently. "Economic factors still restrict the exercise of women's rights and will continue to do so until the conditions of domestic work can be ameliorated. The outlook is for slow progress."

To which I would add that many informed observers in Japan remain of the opinion that on the day that Japanese men rise and offer their places in overcrowded buses and trams to women real emancipation for Japanese womenfolk will have come considerably nearer than anything achieved so far.

HESSELL TILTMAN

T. & M.

GOING TO the pantry for a slice of bread and butter sounds easy enough, but according to Mr. Brian Branston most of us are wasting a power of time in doing it the wrong way. In his new book, *Time and Motion on the Farm*, he explains why. Apparently we dodge back and forth like scalded hens, taking bread out and putting it back, wasting our energy left, right, and centre. What has to be done is to analyse the process with a Time and Motion study (T. & M. for short), and then amend things from the results. Mr. Branston's "flow process chart" follows everything from "Storage (in bin)" to "Storage (in stomach)." The answer is a sliced loaf—or else you wolf it all in the pantry. It was Mr. Frank Gilbreth who invented T. & M. He broke

work down into its basic elements, in fact into things he affectionately called therbligs—after himself, but modestly spelled backwards. There is a “search” therblig, a “find” therblig, a “grasp” therblig, and so on. Mr. Branston extends the principle to milking cows, turning-out cows, mucking-out cows, and all sorts of other homely jobs around the farm. As a result of using a T. & M. study a saving was made for one man alone of four months’ work and 730 miles’ walking a year. That was in America. Results here have not been quite so startling, but all the same it looks as if efficiency might improve by leaps and bounds. Mr. Branston’s enthusiasm is infectious to the layman at least, even if the mind boggles at the thought of ranks of stolid rustics wiping eggs by numbers. Everyone could learn a thing or two from T. & M.—especially women. If they applied T. & M. to their meanderings in the bathroom marital adjustment would improve no end. And as for the kitchen, words are not adequate. How often have we told her that greasy pots should be left till last? Mr. Branston’s book is significantly dedicated to his wife.¹

LEADING ARTICLE

R. H. Tawney

BRITISH SOCIALISM, as is well known, is a great rambling tree whose roots are planted in ethics; to its great good fortune it has never been cut back to conform with a theory of economics or a “scientific” analysis of society. Pained by this undisciplined growth, the late Professor Laski sought to bring it under control by grafting the doctrine of pluralism and parts of Marxist theory on to it, and his activities in the Labour Party which brought him wide publicity made him the target of Conservative criticism. But the Conservatives were really hunting the wrong

¹ *Time and Motion on the Farm* is published by Faber and Faber at 15s.

professor. For if anyone wants to challenge Socialist thought he will have to square up to Professor Tawney, who more than any other single individual gave socialism in Britain a coherent creed on which its policies are based.

The creed rested upon an interpretation of modern English history which was infinitely more acceptable than the rigid Marxist theory. This was simply that in the seventeenth century men forgot that property contains a function and is not merely something which increases their own individuality; and that the doctrine that a man might do what he would with his own was responsible for most of the miseries of our society. Man's desire to acquire wealth and power was natural enough; but institutions, in particular the Churches, which should have checked this desire had not done so by failing to preach the social implications of Christianity, which proclaims that we are our brother's keeper. Property, then, confers on its owners power which should be used for the benefit of the whole community; and since capitalists have shown that they seldom consider anyone but themselves, large concentrations of property should be transferred to public ownership. The evil desire to acquire more wealth at the expense of others can be dispelled only by an advance towards greater equality.

Tawney's *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism* and *The Acquisitive Society* have been among the most influential books of our time and are largely responsible for the fact that socialism has captured the history of the past fifty years. Now that much of what Tawney for so long advocated has come to pass, the tide of opinion is beginning to turn and his assumptions and conclusions are beginning to be challenged. Skilled Conservative apologists are defending their party's past record; the necessity to transfer power from the hands of capitalists to public ownership is no longer so self-evident; and even some of Tawney's generalisations about seventeenth-century capitalism are being assailed. This book of essays¹ is therefore timely.

¹*The Attack and Other Papers.* By R. H. Tawney. Allen and Unwin. Pp. 194. 16s.

Timely because it gives a portrait of the man as well as his ideas. Socialists are accused of treating society as a conglomeration of impersonal groups, but Tawney never forgets that society is composed of individuals. He likes people and is particularly ironical when some people try to persuade the rest that they are superior because they possess titles or wealth or advantages. He hates the corruption of spirit which success breeds and the fraud which is practised by so-called Society upon society. He is very much of that pre-1914 revolt against the pretensions of the upper classes in which such diverse figures as Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, Lawrence, and Mr. E. M. Forster took part.

Tawney retains an Arnoldian belief in education and an Arnoldian hatred of material success being taken as the measure: he would define a gentleman as one who put more into society than he took out of it. In reading one becomes imperceptibly aware that his gentle reflections evoke a vision of society which is neither utopian nor doctrinaire and is more durable than those of other more voluble writers because it is founded on common sense and knowledge of how human beings can reasonably be expected to behave. Laski is easily ridiculed and dismissed; but these essays, stretching from the First World War to the present day, contain an ethos, simple, unpretentious, and not without nobility, which is far harder to deflate.

NOEL ANNAN

Day Lewis on Tour

“WE DID not, you will remember, come to coo.” Thus Mr. Lewis on himself and other poets of the earnest thirties—“Dour though enthusiastic, horizon-addicts and future-fans. . . .” The thirties are out of fashion now, yet here is Mr. Lewis distilling their methods to write what has become rare—a successful long

poem.¹ The fuss and the fury are gone by; the effort to bring all things into poetry from the psyche to the dustbin and to work out forms fit for them all has paid.

Parts of *An Italian Visit* have been published before, but the complete work shows with what ease Mr. Lewis can take in all moods from the flippant to the elegiac and yet keep them within a foreseen unity. Some of it is descriptive reporting, and very good too. It is not "original"; "Rome," as Mr. Lewis says, "is quite beyond that." His Rome is everyone's Rome, his "Flight to Italy" every flight. This is what oft was felt, but (at any rate) seldom so well expressed. Still without strain, he moves on from a series of smiling mimics (they are not exactly pastiches) of Hardy, Yeats, and other modern poets to the gravely beautiful "Elegy before Death at Settignano," a poem of love and a meditation (one might say) on the text, "Death destroys a man, but the idea of death saves him," a theme that runs beneath the surface of the whole work.

It would take a discourse to point out how well acclimatised, too, are the techniques of the thirties, the use of sprung-rhythm, off-rhymes, and so forth. The sudden dip from these into Fitzgerald's strict quatrain matches the sobriety of "Florence: Works of Art" as happily as the Anglo-Saxon tetrameter (discreetly used) matches the exhilaration of air travel.

What it all comes to—the illuminated commonplace, the form easily worn—is that there is about this kind of poetry a classical decorum. It lacks incantation and pure fun (also, fortunately, the banshee wail and the tin horn). It lacks the flash of the unforgettable line. To quote bits of it would be to do it an injustice, for its virtue is in its continuity and in the sense it gives of a mind at a thoroughly human exercise. It is, in modern terms, what Johnson called "regular": its felicities are diffused, its breathing even.

JOHN ROSSELLI

¹*An Italian Visit*. By C. Day Lewis. Cape. Pp. 77. 7s. 6d.

Napoleon's Last Days

THE "gospel of St. Helena" has many volumes; yet, surprisingly, here is a new one. General Bertrand, "Grand Marshal of the Palace," was the most faithful and least jealous of Napoleon's attendants at St. Helena. His papers were discovered only in 1946; and their crude shorthand has been laboriously deciphered. The present volume¹ is devoted solely to the early months of 1821; it ends in May with the death and burial of Napoleon. There is nothing of elegance or literary skill, and Napoleon was already a dying man when the year opened. The memoirs can be recommended without reserve only to those who, in the words of the editor, welcome anything which brings them "closer to Him whose aspect posterity is never tired of scrutinising while striving to penetrate all His secrets." Others, who find Napoleon rather less than divine, will find principally the pathetic record of a very ordinary sick-bed, with symptoms and physical details described at perhaps excessive length.

Still, there are a few points which shed light on Napoleon's character and historic achievement. There is, for instance, the endless interest in detail, the flow of questions which—as he grew weaker—went over the same ground, until finally he asked: "What is my son's name?" again and again. The same mastery of detail comes out in Napoleon's will—no one and no scrap of property forgotten. The dying man still sought to order the lives of his family; some should live at Rome in order to become Popes, others should enter themselves in the Golden Book at Berne. And he tried to console himself that his worthless brothers

¹*Napoleon at St. Helena. Memoirs of General Bertrand. Deciphered and Annotated by Paul Fleuriot de Langle. Cassell. Pp. xxvii. 292. 21s.*

were abler than they really were. At one moment Napoleon imagined himself as still the equal of kings—the Bourbons, he thought, would be glad to bury him at St. Denis. At another he hoped that his tomb in Westminster Abbey would be the symbol round which the English revolution would gather.

Then, from his high and wild speculations, he would slip back to personal intrigue—showing his unattractive character at its least attractive. He insulted all his attendants and set one against another. It was surely the pinnacle of devotion when Bertrand records the elaborate (and unfounded) insinuations which Napoleon made against Mme. Bertrand's chastity. No doubt, this is an important historical document, but it will not increase admiration for Napoleon.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Parish Churches

IT IS sad enough when we hear of another of the ancient beautiful mansions of the country being stripped and mutilated or wholly destroyed because there are no longer people rich enough to maintain them even if staffs were available. Far sadder it is when we hear of our old parish churches, not only the witnesses but the very tissue of English life through thirteen centuries, perishing through poverty, neglect, and changed local circumstances, and through the decline in organised religious belief. For these are everyman's national heritage, still fulfilling a living function, part of our happiness of mind and eye. The war years and their aftermath brought destruction and much decay through lack of repair, but by efforts within the Church, the formation and the report of the Bulmer-Thomas Committee, and now the establishing of the Historic Churches Preservation Trust, to put the work on a practical basis with the right architectural assistance,

new hopes are raised. All—and it is a big all, as much possibly as one day's war expenditure—that is needed is the raising of four million pounds in the next ten years.

Mr. Graham Hutton, the economist (whose own ideas on the raising of the fund it would be helpful to hear), with the inestimable aid of that rare and subtle photographer Mr. Edwin Smith, here shows how nobly precious these churches are and how essential to our nationhood is their preservation. This is no ordinary good book¹ of architectural photographs with the usual scholarly notes on its subject. It is a deeply considered work in fine conjunction by the two through the years it has taken to find the perfect day and the moment when the light fell so that what was wanted could be revealed and the structure of shadows be there to heighten its meaning. And again in the hard final selection of the churches, balancing quantity and quality, style and history, rarity and culminations. Then there was the reader question. To whom should the book be addressed? It was a labour of love intended to arouse, broaden, and deepen public concern in our parish churches, our oldest communal buildings, in which every change in our history—social, cultural, military, and religious—is reflected. The two collaborators have made a book in which every thinking person can be interested and many entranced.

Mr. Graham Hutton, learned in ecclesiology and architecture, has his own views and preferences. His introduction with its inclusive sweep and his notes on all the churches illustrated in the book are models of their kind, weaving the whole theme together with imagination and wit and, for all their brevity, giving freshly the facts and links that make these fanes unique of their kind in the world. How many Lancastrians even, one wonders, have ever entered St. Leonard's, Middleton, with its "Flodden Window," "surrounded by Lancashire's smoking 'pine forest' of chimneys but bravely wearing a wooden tower from an earlier age when out of the neighbouring forest also came

¹*English Parish Churches*. Text by Graham Hutton and photographs by Edwin Smith. Thames and Hudson. Pp. 64, 226 photographs. 42s.

the bows and arrows that won the Battle of Flodden Field"? He thinks that the late Gothic, glorious though it is, "breathes the ambivalent vainglory and terror combined of the new rich with uneasy conscience, the breaking down of the earlier unity of Church and State, the consecrating of great possessions."

The selection of the 159 churches must have been hard—Surrey, for instance, has only one church thought worthy of inclusion—but it is grandly illustrative of all periods till the end of Tudor, with perhaps a bias for the Anglo-Saxon, and naturally there was not much room left for Wren and his followers, though their signal works are given, as are a few Victorian churches. How rich and what infinite variety there is in this heritage here so finely portrayed: the slender-windowed mystery of the Saxon churches with their strange forceful carvings; the massive columned Norman work with capitals that seem, in Henry James's phrase, to have been hewn by battleaxes by masons roused by the sound of trumpets; the shining melody of the Early English with their lancet beauty and soaring spires; the glories of the Decorated and the Perpendicular; and so on through the centuries to the Gothic Revivalists whom Mr. Graham Hutton treats with justice and mercy.

Mr. Edwin Smith's photography is a thing by itself. One has never seen a collection of photographs of one class of subject, exteriors, interiors, and detail, so varied and impressive as pictures; and he carries a quality akin to tenderness in his camera. "The tale of beauty, the voices of stones, and the talk of the past can only be heard," the author says, "by those who take pains and patience. When heard, they are unforgettable." In this book, a credit to English publishing, Mr. Graham Hutton and Mr. Edwin Smith have greatly helped us to reach that state.

JAMES BONE

Old Wales

"CUSTOM," wrote Adam Smith in 1776, "has rendered leather shoes a necessary of life in England. The poorest creditable person of either sex would be ashamed to appear in public without them." In Scotland, he noted, they had become a necessary "to the lowest order of men; but not to the same order of women, who may, without any discredit, walk about bare-footed." Scott's Jeanie Deans set out to walk from Edinburgh to London bare-footed but at Durham began to attract attention and thereafter "she conformed to the national extravagance of wearing shoes and stockings for the whole day." In the 1780s well-to-do young Scots women (Glasgow ones among them) would set off for a fair in a neighbouring town, carrying their shoes and stockings and stopping towards the end of their journey to wash their feet and shod themselves again.

The same thing happened in Wales. Edmund Hyde Hall, whose *Description of Caernarvonshire* in 1809-11 has just been printed from the original manuscript, describes how the custom survived in the Llyn peninsula. At least, he thought, it contributed to cleanliness.

"The practice is for the females coming to market, church, etc., to bring with them in their hands their shoes and stockings until they reach the stream nearest their place of destination. There they sit down, perform their ablutions, and clothe their feet, which have thus the advantage of going to the assembly fresh washed."

There was, however, a qualification.

"Naked feet indeed seem to have an allowance in their

favour, but naked legs I understand to be disreputable. A stocking therefore, footless, but with a loop going over the middle toe, saves this quantum of character whatever may be the reason for the distinction."

This is only one of the sidelights on changing social customs thrown by this *Description of Caernarvonshire*, which Mr. E. G. Jones has edited.¹ The author has also much to say about the state of agriculture, forestry, industry, roads, and local legends. He was not a local man—he came from Jamaica—and he did not speak Welsh, but he was conscientious. He saw many things that were out of the way. "The peaches, nectarines and plums raised within the walls (of Conway Castle) possess a flavour and a richness superior to what I have elsewhere tasted in Great Britain. The quality of the honey also (of which there is a regular annual fair) is peculiarly excellent." At Capel Curig he saw for the first and only time in the county "a coracle, the original British boat made of wicker and covered with leather. The name, however, is no longer descriptive, for pitched canvas is now used." At Llanberis he noted that Snowdon "is throughout the summer a source of considerable revenue to the adjacent villages, where reside the guides to whose care strangers commit themselves in order to visit the peak."

He was not fond of the Methodists and particularly disliked the "Jumpers" whom he saw at Caernarvon.

"Once and only once I have beheld the fantastical proceedings of these religionists, whose first care seems to be the erection of a pulpit, tribune and a due provision of preachers, able-bodied and having good lungs. As fatigue or any other calls succeed, the haranguer leaves his place, which is immediately occupied by a successor, and thus the stimulus of fanaticism is kept in full action until its effects are spread throughout the congregation. Ejaculations and sighs are first

¹*A Description of Caernarvonshire (1809-1811)*. By Edmund Hyde Hall. Edited from the original MS. by E. G. Jones. (Caernarvon: Gwenlyn Evans, Ltd., for Caernarvonshire Historical Society, pp. xv. 383, 15s. to members; 21s. to non-members.)

heard, then succeed an accruing murmur of groans, until at length the mass assembled swells into a storm of prayers and wild expression and jumping. The passion endured, the excitement and the fatigue ultimately produce an effect debasing to our nature and most disquieting to the bystander. Some are sick, some faint, some fall; and as they are led off, the women more particularly, the imagination seizes what may be supposed to be the appearance of a knot of witches exhausted by the orgies of their Sabbath's celebration."

He lamented the decay of old customs. Maypoles and May songs had gone. Some impropriety attended celebrations at four o'clock on Christmas morning, but the appearance of the minister for a service at six brought them to an end. "These meetings are called *plygain*, or the 'congregations of the dawn,' and one of their occupations is the swallowing a mixture of boiled treacle and ginger, in the preparation of which much of the preceding evening has been expended. Among the consequences of this early revelling at such a season of the year may be ranked colds, toothaches, 'fierce catarrhs and asthmas and joint-racking rheums.'"

The "sour spirit of Methodism" had induced a more orderly behaviour at fairs and "has in this country expelled very nearly that most disgusting and absurd and unnecessary of all vices, swearing. A Welshman's oath is now in general the innocent asseveration of 'Indeed!' set to the degree of emphasis which he supposes the occasion to call for." But "the powers of Methodism have not yet been able to set quite at rest the influence of witchcraft."

On Welsh morals he noted that major thefts were rare but wrecking was a "foul blot upon the national character." "Openly and without pretext a pilot has been known to lose the friendly intercourse of his neighbours for warning a stranger vessel of a dangerous situation out of which his experience contributed to extricate her." But the scandal that most attracted the surveyor of Caernarvonshire was the custom of "bundling,"

on which he casts a cynical eye and while admitting that the practice was " unquestionably declining " hopes that the force of opinion will soon end it.

On Welsh sports, he says that fighting is rare, presumably in contrast with England. " Quoits and skittles I have sometimes, though not often, observed; but fives may be almost termed a national pursuit, in which both boys and men very generally and eagerly engage. To this sport the churchyard is commonly resorted to, and on this account it is that the windows of the churches are seen to be so frequently secured with shutters." It would be interesting to know whether this addiction still survives.

A. P. WADSWORTH

End of a Manor House

FITZHARRIS HOUSE, Abingdon, is not as notable a building as Chatsworth or Blenheim, but it is (or was) a beautifully English mixture of Georgian additions to an Elizabethan manor house, the whole standing on a site with a continuous history going back to the Conquest. If it had stayed in private ownership the Government would have compelled its preservation as a scheduled building. Its fate—described in the annual report of the Friends of Abingdon—was to fall into the hands of the Ministry of Supply. The ineptitude of the Ministry of Supply and the Ministry of Works between them in leaving Fitzharris House to become a ruin is a sad example of the kind of waste that goes unpunished only in Government departments. Supply acquired the house by accident because it bought the grounds to build dwellings for the staff at the atomic energy research establishment at Harwell, a few miles away; because it belonged to Supply, Works did nothing about protecting it as an ancient monument.

When it bought the place in 1946 Supply, of course, soothed local misgivings by promising that it would keep some rather lovely trees there and preserve the house. The trees were felled and the house left to the rain and the kind of visitors who think it fun to throw stones through windows. Since several Government departments were then (and are now) still squatting in other houses in Abingdon the Friends suggested that Fitzharris House should be used as Government offices. That could have been done at the time for about £5,000. Nothing was done, and when questions were finally asked in Parliament last year Supply said that it would cost £20,000 to put the house in order. Works, at last prodded into action, regretted that it could not spend so much money from the Ancient Monuments Vote. So Fitzharris House is now being pulled down, and the Government is still spending the taxpayers' money on maintaining local offices which could easily have been transferred there. Perhaps, as the Friends of Abingdon hope, the fate of Fitzharris may at least prevent further "unnecessary and wasteful destruction of our English heritage."

LEADING ARTICLE



A Country Diary

ENDURING STONE

WE FOUND the stone axe-head two thousand feet above the valley floor among a tangle of bilberries and looking for all the world as if it had been chipped out last week. Not a sign of weathering on the lovely grey-green surface, the edges still sharp enough to demand careful handling, and just two tiny stains of lichen on one side. Yet the experts tell us this rough fragment of Lake District stone had lain on this scree slope for four thousand

years, and that it was fashioned by some hairy, prehistoric man not many yards away from here two thousand years before the dawn of Christianity.

Probably this was the district's first industry. Somewhere just above this steep, sliding slope of splintered scree—possibly on that platform where chippings have been found and where the squared boulders might have been used as anvils—the Stone Age men had their “factory.” These naked craftsmen of long ago probably worked up here throughout the spring and summer roughly fashioning their crude weapons and tools, and in the autumn carried the jagged stones over the passes into the more sheltered valleys for polishing and sharpening. My axe-head was faulty and, with several others, was thrown away as unfit for export.

And that is the real romance behind these axes. They were carried out of Westmorland and bartered among distant tribes, even with people from across the seas.

Westmorland, July. A. H. G.

BIRD SONGS

One of the deterrents to getting up early these raw mornings is the pleasure of lying and listening to the birds singing once again. Robin, song-thrush, and blue tit are the performers here, and a friend who lives in Surrey has already heard a blackbird. Bird song, with its promise of spring, is particularly cheering just now, when, though the evenings are drawing out considerably, the mornings are still dark and dreary. During the past few days there has been much activity among the local birds. Yesterday a charm of goldfinches, nine of them, flew twittering into the garden, and one perched on a post and sang its full song; and up in the woods a sparrow-hawk, which I had not seen for months, flew silently down a ride and into an oak tree, causing consternation among some blackbirds gathered there. It is the woodpeckers, however, that have been most conspicuous. The

call of the green one has been ringing out daily over the fields, the great spotted has been tap-tapping on the posts in the garden, and the lesser spotted has been frequenting a couple of elms within sight of the windows. One normally sees little of the lesser spotted woodpecker, which is no bigger than a sparrow, owing to its habit of keeping largely to the tops of tall trees. This one obligingly came down to the lower branches, enabling me to see how warbler-like many of its movements are as it flits from twig to twig or hangs upside down in order to scrutinise the under-side of a bough.

London, January. J. K. A.

SWANS AND MUMMERS

Four Bewick's swans, two old and two young birds, which a friend of mine had found on the marsh a week before, were waiting for me when I reached the flooded land a mile away. This family party, as it evidently was, rested for as long as I was there on a narrow bank of turf which still remains above water. All of them lay there in unruffled sleep until each in turn lifted its neck for a brief moment to allow me to see the characteristic pattern of their bills. These small swans, which at one time were seldom seen in the county, now come here almost every winter. Does this indicate an increase in swans or merely in bird-watchers? Scores of birds have come back to the heronry, filling the tree-tops or standing like statues in the meadows beside their favourite trees; nor are they alone among birds to return to their nesting-sites. For some time two pairs of shepsters (as we invariably call starlings) have been busy at the nest-boxes from which they had been absent for months.

I have been privileged to see a colour-sound film of a band of Dorset mummers and to compare their play with that of the Cheshire Soul-cakers. Not only are they performed at different seasons, but the Dorset men were more gaudily dressed and, not

content as we are with one death and resurrection, killed and restored to life no fewer than four of the players; there were also many other differences, but it was entertaining to hear some of the very same phrases we know so well spoken in the Dorset voice and to be told how Saint George (we call him King George) "fought the fiery dragon and brought him to a slaughter and by these means won the King of Egypt's daughter."

Cheshire, February. A. W. B.

LAMBING

Sheep are just now the main concern and anyone who looks on them as all alike and just a flock is in a state of comfortable delusion. They are as individual as, and as difficult as, a rest-house of old ladies. It is etiquette to keep with the flock, but each ewe has her personal friend—aunt, grandmother, or sister—and she does not mix with the rest; each little group holds together. Then there is the nursing stage. One very small ewe lamb with a large brother was about starved out in the sense of the North Country "starved," which denotes cold as well as hunger, and one foggy, frosty morning I brought her in and revived her with warmth and gave her glucose and brandy and hot water in a teaspoon. She remained for a night by the fire, but, unlike most lambs she loathes a bottle. She seems to survive with her mother now. Triplets are doing all right, and they, too, fight against any extra help. Then another one of triplets has to manage with a restless, dissatisfied foster-mother ewe. To start with, the ewe had perforce to be tethered in the courtyard grass plot, and when put in the field with others we had to keep the rope on her for a bit. The tiny lamb ran in and fed the moment it saw one of us put a foot on the rope which kept the ewe stationary—pretty clever for an infant, but there is nothing "silly" about sheep. They know the time of day and when to come down to be ready to go into the lambing orchard. In the winter an

ancient "ewe" who is still called "Lamie," (she was once a "bottle lamb") leads the flock up each afternoon, when she thinks fit, to the hay racks.

Hereford, March. G. MCB.

A FOX-TRAP

The return of the cold weather has thrown a fresh covering of snow over the tops and yesterday hail bounced on the new green tassels of the larches and trickled through the needles of the Scots firs. The water lay in hollows at the foot of the scree and the red flower cones of the bog myrtle were ready to open. I had gone to look at none of these things but to find an ancient fox-trap which stands a little way up the scree. No one ever goes there now, but I am told that sixty years ago it was in use and most of its strong wall still survives. It is built cleverly beside a great boulder which runs in from the scree to make a platform from which a hungry fox could look down into the trap, and is a massive and curious thing of dry walling, starting with big boulders and finishing with smaller stones and slabs above. It is about twelve feet across at the ground level, tapering with a batter on the wall to much less at the top; even the boulder leans inwards at its edge and the whole height is ten feet. An old hen used to be put in and fed on corn. Presumably, scenting it, the fox would sniff round the outside, walk on to the platform and jump down inside, only to find that the overhang prevented any escape. I have often passed near the old trap and did not know of its existence; the maze of rocks and the tangle of trees hide it so well. I have never seen another like it in these valleys.

Keswick, April. W. E. J.



HOW TO TEAR ALLIES APART.

CATS, RABBITS AND FLEAS

Farm cats that in winter have craved for domesticity, mewing for household scraps, have at this time reverted to the natural hunting condition. Young rabbits abound, and there is no food that a farm cat enjoys so much as a warm, freshly killed young rabbit. Young rabbits are easy to catch, and cats are marvelously proficient in extracting the flesh and innards from the skins. Cats, I believe, account for the deaths of more rabbits than do any other creature, including man. The sight of one returning from the woods with head held high and carrying a rabbit half as large as itself is expressive of the simple joys of the natural hunter. But in this, their heyday of prosperity, they suffer a great disadvantage. The fleas that abound on the rabbits find their way to cats and, in particular, to the cat's ears. The rabbit flea, although it will only occasionally bite a human, will bite a cat, and no doubt they bite the tender interior of the cat's ears, and though the cat may shake his head ever so hard he cannot dislodge them. It is indeed quite a difficult task to clear fleas from a cat's ears. Kcatings and D.D.T. are of little avail. The only cure is to pick out the fleas individually with a pair of forceps—a ticklish task in every sense of the word. My own cat understands what is happening, and will submit with great patience; but when all the fleas are extracted off he goes for another rabbit and a fresh infection.

Devon, April. E. L. G. W.

DAMSONS

*The average man or woman from these parts—and many others as well—considers that the best damson in the world is the Westmorland damson, grown in or near the Lyth Valley, that quiet, winding, softly wooded byway which is perhaps the best

entrance to the Lake District. Sometimes you can drive along this lazy road for miles without seeing another vehicle, but next week-end the valley may be bustling with visitors come from miles away to see the damson blossom in all its glory on a thousand trees.

In a normal year April 18 is about the date when the blossom is seen at its best, but this year, with the recent biting east winds and frosty nights, it may be a little late. Some of it in sheltered orchards is out already, while on other farms you can see bursting buds newly flecked with white. Normally the Westmorland damson blossoms without the leaf, but after a savage winter the leaf comes with the blossom or before it, which means that the blossom is partly hidden and the picture not quite so fine.

Damson-growing can be an intricate business with many snags, but some farmers can produce ten or twelve tons of the fruit and the controlled price used to be £60 or £70 a ton. But I can remember Westmorland damsons being offered at twenty pounds for threepence and still without a buyer. Which, when you consider the perfect bloom on a Lyth Valley damson and its sharp nutty flavour, is very strange.

Westmorland, April. A. H. G.

Free Seats

THE CONTROVERSY regarding the "free order" system, under which the metropolitan daily papers are allowed to frank an unlimited number of persons to theatres and other places of amusement, bids fair to end in a complete reform of this gigantic abuse. The origin of the controversy was a dispute which the theatrical critic of the *Morning Chronicle* had with Mr. Charles Mathews, of the Lyceum. Everybody who knows anything at all of theatrical criticism in London is aware that it is mixed up with

a great deal of favouritism and jobbery, in a thousand different forms. Leigh Hunt, who was one of the first newspaper writers who introduced an independent mode of dealing with the stage, gives some interesting notices in *Lord Byron and his Contemporaries* of the way in which the newspaper men of 1805 obtained consequence in the green room, plenty of tickets for friends, and invitations to dinner at amusing tables. . . .

Of the rate at which this privilege has been gradually extended, some idea may be formed from the statement of Mr. Mathews, that, during his five years' tenancy of the Lyceum Theatre, 100,000 individuals have been admitted by press orders, "whose money, had they paid for their tickets, would have amounted to £25,000." This is rather a large sum to pay for favourable notices; but those who are best acquainted with the way in which one theatre has been backed occasionally, and another run down, are doubtful as to how the independent system would work out. Whatever the consequences, I think it is high time that some reform were made; and the present controversy is pretty sure to end in that, so far as the order system is concerned. I see that the *Morning Chronicle* has taken the first step, by sending circulars to every theatre and place of public amusement in London, stating that "gentlemen connected with the *Morning Chronicle* have received instruction to decline all tickets of admission forwarded to them by the proprietors of any place of public amusement." As for the more subtle mode of bribing the critic, by buying his farces at a liberal price, I do not see how that can be reached. The only consolation is, that that kind of bribery can only comprehend a very small number of the critics.

January 15, 1853

100 YEARS AGO

Graham Greene's First Play

GRAHAM GREENE has a stern theme for his play, a first play; and a novice may be forgiven an occasional touch of defiance. In spite of that it is, if not a great play, a fine and challenging moral drama. *The Living Room* has been out on tour and has been run in with the now-fashionable pre-first-night trials at Wyndham's Theatre, its London home. It is not strictly quite a novelty, the more so since the problem is one which Mr. Greene, together with such other Roman Catholic writers as Claudel and Mauriac, has propounded before: a "happy" adultery in conflict with a sense of sin; a finally desperate awareness that "it will not work"; and a solution found by one of the partners committing suicide. This suicide will be to the ordinary eye of reason a sordid solution at best: to the eye of faith it will represent perhaps a blessed release from sin, an act of contrition, and a return to God.

The suicide in this case is an innocent twenty-year-old orphan, a Roman Catholic who has fallen deeply in love with a married man her elder by twenty years or more (a psychiatrist-unbeliever). As the play opens, the guilty pair have come back to the house of the girl's great-aunts: fierce, almost crazy old spinsters living in the most macabre circumstances with a crippled priest, their brother, condemned to a wheel-chair and the moralising which goes with that melancholy article of furniture. It was the more dominant aunt's foible to close all the rooms of the house in which a death has taken place, so that the action is fiercely concentrated into a living-room on the third floor, with every squalid appurtenance which Mr. Greene in his anger and exasperation could call for.

This plan is not unpractical from a theatrical point of view,

because it will serve finally to tell us that the girl, though dead by her own hand, is not eternally dead: she died with a blubbered childish prayer on her lips—prayer which she had so fiercely rejected as a solace when she knew, seeing her lover and his wife together for the first time, that her case was hopeless. The twitch upon the thread has taken the erring child back to Mother Church at the last moment. Henceforward, we are to understand, the old aunts can still use the living-room: it is not “a room of death.”

However Mr. Greene's symbolism may strike non-Catholics, it will be recognised that the unfolding of this story is achieved with a steady grasp of dramatic as well as moral issues. The study of the girl herself, passing from unknowing happiness to feel again the stab of the conscience she has as her birthright, is an acutely moving one, and it is played with a candid, agonised sincerity by Dorothy Tutin, so true and painful that it racks the heart at the end. She won an ovation. A most beautifully judged performance comes likewise from Eric Portman as the “useless” priest who (as he thinks) fails even at the end to persuade the child to renounce what is to him a sin. It is this slow battle of a hard confession between man and child which carries the play.

In other matters Mr. Greene's touch is not always so sure. The adulterer himself and the wronged hysterical wife who forces her way into the house to feign a suicide are creatures with whom Mr. Greene seems to feel less sympathy; they are not particularly well played as it happens, but the play would be more of a play and less of a sermon if they could have been given a more generous and individual point of view.

And the old aunts? Some of to-night's audience found them most difficult of all, though Violet Farebrother gives a terrifying intensity to the implacable boss-sister and Mary Jerrold flutters touchingly between absurdity and pathos as the weaker one. But it is these, presumably symbols of a sort of Roman Catholicism which is involved in hate and a “death wish”, which will probably put off the average man, believer or not. Or will it be found that Mr. Greene's attitude of saying, “These people's

wrongness is righter than your rightness " savours, just now and again, of smugness? He is sometimes a little too certainly on the side of the angels. Nevertheless, the play grips attention and moves us considerably. It is finely produced and mounted by Peter Glenville and Leslie Hurry respectively.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Miss Hepburn on the Rampage

MANCHESTER HAS already seen the revival of *The Millionairess*, which went off like a clap of midsummer thunder at the New Theatre last night. London had not seen the play officially at all, though some of us recall Dame Edith Evans in the part and also a gallant resuscitation at Kew. One was predisposed to question the wisdom of this posthumous honour to Bernard Shaw: in 1936 "G. B. S.," crowned G.O.M. of the English theatre, could not be saved from himself. But it is a different matter to rake up now the rather irresponsible horse-play of his banter at that time, which was full of praise of Mussolini and admiration for ruthlessness in general.

Next to *Geneva* this must be his feeblest play: it never even makes the point, and among the rambling and ramshackle turns of a didactic farce it treats us to some most embarrassing asides. The heroine of the play represents Shaw's new admiration for the tycoon blended with his old predilection for the predatory female of the species, the doughty suffragette who trounced the weaker sex and strewed her puny admirers on the mat. It is, or is meant to be, a star part, but one doubts if it can ever be made very rewarding. Epifania has a moment or two of Shavian wisdom at the end of her rampage, but mostly she is merely a comic termagant in action—an unedifying, if not a downright embarrassing, spectacle. However, it proved to be quite suitable for the first

London stage appearance of Miss Katharine Hepburn, allowing her a stamping ground for her own brand of exhibitionism without providing a masterpiece in the background which might get damaged in the process.

The debt the success of the evening owes to the producer Michael Benthall simply cannot be exaggerated; he helps us not to notice that the whole point of the play is missed, the question begged; he skates over the embarrassments, picks up the threads wherever possible, poses the other loyal performers at the right distance from the star, and allows Miss Hepburn to get on with it, which she does in no half-hearted manner. Miss Hepburn has been with us in shadow, so to say, ever since the miracle of the talking film brought that harsh, flat, cawing voice into our lives. Reproduced in the flesh it is even flatter, harsher, and louder than one had supposed. It seems so to have no inflexions, no gradations, or variety of any kind, and yet, such is Miss Hepburn's strident, domineering stage personality that all these defects are forced to seem to us virtues. One only wished the speeches were longer; one listened in stunned delight to every syllable. It is the same with her histrionic technique. You would say it was horrible, if you had breath left to do so.

In short, Miss Hepburn is that rare thing, the number one size star personality, and everything she chooses to do is right if only because it works triumphantly on the audience. We are not merely bounced into accepting, we are bulldozed into belief. One result is that we seem at times to be watching not Miss Hepburn, but a breath-taking impersonation of Miss Hepburn; and another result (a pleasant one, by the way, for admirers of the author of *Saint Joan*) is that the play, and the other players, with such artists among them as Cyril Ritchard and Robert Helpmann and Meriel Forbes, become about as important as the words and the music of a song sung by Mr. Danny Kaye. Perhaps after all, it is Mr. Kaye, but in that case who is the understudy?

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Bridie's Last Play

JAMES BRIDIE's last play, *The Baikie Charivari*, which has its first production at the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre, may be thought to say very little with enormous theatrical eloquence. Not that Bridie ever wrote the sort of play that can be boiled down into a few pawky words. If this one fails it is at the point where the theatrical eloquence fails; and that is where the talk rises to a flood on the damping subject of what we shall do to be saved. To whom shall we listen: churchman, scientist, anarchist, planner? Bridie seems to be apologising for this dramatically profitless argument when he makes his hero say "There's nothing here I can't get in a third-class carriage," and we agree. Fortunately he can find no answer and proceeds to redeem the whole thing with a brilliant display of shock tactics, ending as he began on a note of high fantasy.

Leaving out that one wearisome intrusion, it would be hard to find the play's equal for sheer audacity of pattern. It starts with Pontius Pilate, sometimes reputed to have been a Scotsman, who in the modern guise of a retired Indian civil servant brings his simplicity and his out-of-work nobility to Baikie, a town on the Clyde estuary where stockbrokers go home to sleep in their sham baronial mansions. Pilate changes before our eyes into Punch, who finally strikes out right and left in furious bewilderment, knocking down the arguers like ninepins because none can give him the answer he seeks. All the characters are modern versions of the traditional Punch figures, and for full measure we get a ripe Devil and some other lesser demons. Verse and an amusing excursion into gibberish are brought in, too, leaving us with the curious impression that Bridie, all on the same day,

had been reading Kipling, James Joyce, the *Ingoldsby Legends*, and one of the more severe weeklies. These ingredients are mixed with far more versatility than one would have believed possible.

Peter Potter is the producer; Donald Eccles and Ursula Jeans have the chief parts. The difficult acting was not to be fairly judged on last night's spirited though patchy showing.

NORMAN SHRAPNEL

The Gentlemanly Catcall

THE "BOOS" of which Mr. Churchill complained in the Commons the other day are admitted and generally regretted. But the "catcalls," spoken of in newspapers' descriptions of the incident would be even more regrettable—if they had ever been heard. It is to be doubted whether anyone now living has heard a genuine catcall let alone produced one: they were rare enough a hundred years ago for a correspondent to *Notes and Queries* of 11 December, 1852, to inquire the reason for their virtual disappearance among theatregoers of the time. The word "catcall" is applied both to the noise and to the instrument that produces it. This is a narrow tube about half an inch long with a circular piece of tin about the size of a shilling at each end. It could be concealed in the mouth—this, by making detection difficult, was one of its recommendations—and by breathing rapidly in and out a "fearful screech" resulted.

The theatre was the catcall's natural home: Fielding in *Joseph Andrews* refers to "the pit whose ancient inhabitants were exalted to the galleries where they played upon catcalls." The lines from Charles Lloyd's "Law Student"

*Florio's a gentleman, mark him in the pit
With critic catcall sound the stops of wit*

suggest that in the eighteenth century the practice could be indulged in without impropriety, unlike its present-day successor, the indisputably vulgar "raspberry."

H. E. GRIME

Chaplin in England

THE CLIMAX of Charles Chaplin's present visit to his native city is to-morrow, when his film *Limelight* is shown for the first time in Europe. Later it will be seen in other capitals, and the object of the Chaplin family's journey will have been achieved. One thing about the visit has been overlooked in the fuss caused by Mr. McGranery, the American Attorney-General—that Chaplin is here on business, the business of selling his film.

The publicity clamour has been much less than last time Chaplin visited England, but less of it has turned sour. So far there have been no meetings like those with Ramsay MacDonald, Lloyd George, and Winston Churchill; no speeches at political salons as there were in 1931; nor any repetition of the trouble when Chaplin threw roses into the crowd from a balcony at the Ritz in 1921 and had to be asked by the police to stop. On the other hand (apart from a brush with the Lord Mayor of Birmingham), Chaplin has avoided giving offence as he did 21 years ago by missing a dinner with the Prime Minister, by refusing an informal "command" to appear at the Royal Variety Performance, and by letting down a party of school-children he had had specially gathered so that he could give them some of the fun so lacking in his own schooldays.

Perhaps the fact that Chaplin has had almost exclusively "good publicity" this time can be attributed equally to British bewilderment at the apparent underhandedness of the American Attorney-General's threat and to the higher creative level now reached by

the new art of public relations. His public appearances, at a Press conference, at theatres and concerts, and on television, have been discreet and he has been warmly applauded everywhere, though not so far mobbed.

The story has been going round that before a dinner party to which the Chaplins were asked the other guests (distinguished enough people in their own way) were given the host's permission to withdraw if they felt compromised, even at second hand and at three thousand miles' distance, by Mr. McGranery's threats. Most of the guests turned up. If this is not a true story it may at any rate be accepted as an allegory. Sound and fury from the Hearst papers and from politicians whose minds are just now on other things will signify nothing in this country until somebody provides something that looks like proof—proof of some unpunished misbehaviour on Chaplin's part that deserves punishment. His goodwill is so powerful that the crime would have to be a substantial one, something more grievous than publicly demanding in 1942 the Second Front which the commander-in-chief and his generals believed necessary and possible. We have some actors on this side of the Atlantic still not excommunicated who were slow to realise when the Second Front campaign became a Communist stunt.

But the warmth of feeling here for "Charlie" is much more than could be explained by such British abstractions as "Fair play" or "Don't hit a man when his back's turned." Could it have to do with what the actuaries are always telling us—that we are becoming a nation with a disproportionate number of elderly people?

In the first ten years of his screen career (1914-23) Chaplin made seventy pictures. Then in the last 27 years he appeared in only six, and in two of them he did not play "Charlie." True, his early two-reelers are always to be seen somewhere and are popular at cinema clubs for children. As the intervals between his films stretched from two to five to seven years and as the memory of Chaplin as "Charlie" (last seen in 1936) faded it might have been expected that the Chaplin enthusiasts

would become a small stubborn band of specialists like roller skaters.

But no. The Chaplin enthusiasts have renewed themselves from decade to decade, feeding on the rare new films, the occasional revivals, and the mythology of Chaplin worship. All this for a music-hall hoofer turned clown who refined his clowning into comedy and his comedy into satire to become the greatest figure in the world cinema.

A mere glimpse of Charles Chaplin at close quarters, one look into the dancing dark eyes, is enough to show that he is no common man and to hint that the sadness behind them is not the sadness of one man but of his ancestors too. Such glimpses are not easily to be caught even by the most devoted fanatic, so the literature of the Chaplin cult is important to the worshippers. It expands slowly but has now reached a dozen substantial volumes by the publication of two this month in London. Theodore Huff's *Charlie Chaplin* (Cassell, 25s.) is full of facts, Robert Payne's *The Great Charlie* (Deutsch, 16s.) full of fancies. Huff reveals a lot about Chaplin, Payne reveals a lot about Payne.

If the direct contradictions between the two books are ignored they might be considered complementary. Huff has Chaplin born in London of French-Jewish-Spanish-Irish blood. Payne says that Chaplin was born in Fontainebleau, that his half-Spanish mother was the granddaughter of a French general who "may have fought under Napoleon." Both authors agree that the date of birth was April 16, 1889. Chaplin firmly asserts that he was born in London. The records at Somerset House are neutral. They record no birth on that date which fits any of the several possible names. Mystery, but not motiveless mystery any more than Kean or Ada Menken were aimless in their vagueness about ancestors. Chaplin will explain that so long as he could avoid it he would have no personal publicity. He wished to defend the universality of "Charlie" and sought to suppress the character of Charles Chaplin. Hence his vagueness. A theory if not an explanation. Certainly as Chaplin films developed they showed a strong tendency to use indeterminate backgrounds

which might be accepted in any country without giving the audience a pang of unfamiliarity.

If over-interpretation is a danger, so is over-gravity—too much Kierkegaard and Kafka can eclipse Chaplin, who once wisely said (quoted by Huff) that the making of comedies was a serious matter but not to be taken too seriously. There were other attempts to make a clown as universally acceptable to film audiences as “Charlie” or “Charlot.” Clyde Cooke was “Dudule,” Larry Semon “Zigoto,” Hank Mann “Bilboquet.” But Charlie alone prevailed everywhere, his only serious competitors being Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton.

GERARD FAY

The Three-Dimensional Film

THREE-DIMENSIONAL FILMS, or “3-D” or “the deepies,” are not new. With the aid of pink spectacles they were to be seen at a London cinema on at least one occasion before the war: they were again on show two years ago at the then Tele-cinema on the South Bank during the Festival of Britain. What, however, is new about them is that they have now become a weapon in the American film industry’s counter-attack on television. It must be added that they are unlikely to turn the tide of battle. It is at least hard to see how they can add much to the cinema as a means of artistic expression.

Some recent “deepies”—the Cinerama, for instance, which is apparently the rage in New York—do not require the spectator to wear spectacles. But spectacles are needed for looking at the more thoroughly three-dimensional types, such as those so far shown in London. And spectacles are required for *Bwana Devil*, the film made in “natural vision” and in colour, which was first shown in London to-night. The special point of this, the latest

arrival, is that it is the first of all three-dimensional feature films.

The story told by this film is about the building of a railway through Central Africa some fifty years ago. Undoubtedly the novelty of "natural vision" adds enormously to its entertainment and will continue to do so—so long as the novelty lasts. Yet, even from one's first experience of this particular three-dimensional process it seems obvious that "the super-realism," which, after all, is the justification of this and other such formulas, is not maintained when the object photographed is near the camera.

The distant views are splendid, but the close-ups show rather less mastery of perspective than that known to, say, Paolo Uccello some four hundred years ago. Besides, films, whether two-dimensional or three-dimensional, must ultimately depend on the quality of the stories which they tell. By this final standard *Bwana Devil* cannot be called a success. It must be classed among the numerous second-rate works which generations of film-making have brought us from Darkest Africa.

J. H. MONAHAN

Television and the Family

"THE PATTERN OF MARRIAGE" has now gone from gloomy to grim, and in the third episode, on Monday, after one crowded hour of every conceivable quarrel, strain, misunderstanding, and heart-break, David and Peg have parted. Peg, of course (how did you guess?), has taken the baby home to her mum. Some people might be inclined to blame the baby for the break-up, for he would cry at night when teething, and everybody knows that is very fretting to the nerves of the parents. It is difficult to say by now what is wrong with "The Pattern of Marriage," because much of it is what can actually happen, yet the sum total is such

a pile of dramatic misery that one wonders just what the intention behind it is.

An irate reader has written in protest against criticism of this programme, because, he says, it is so true to life. Yet this does not really excuse the programme, for it is called "documentary" but it is not a balanced view of young married life. Monday's piece gave us every cliché in speech and situation that a satirist could have invented. Quarrelling parents-in-law, tired young wife, husband working for exam., husband going to the pictures with the "other woman," wife nasty to husband's friends, nag and snap, tears and moaning; only the baby sometimes smiled. Poor pet, he little knew how hard he had made life for his parents! What can be left for the fourth and last episode can hardly be imagined now; but the thing has come to have a macabre fascination, only intensified by the ingenuity with which every stock character is made to trot out the stock phrases in rotation. A special cheer should, however, be reserved for Peg's father, who at one moment very properly called Peg's mother a "stupid woman" and then, having got the bit between his teeth, ended up by calling Peg and David very stupid, too. The start of the broadcast was delayed for twenty minutes by camera trouble; even the bravest camera may be forgiven for shrinking from the prospect.

MARY CROZIER

Dance and Decalogue

SQUARE-DANCING becomes ever more popular. Many people who do not count activity on the dance floor among their social assets have been keeping warm and swinging their partners at the behest of the caller, with the result that one school-teacher near Gloucester got an unexpected answer. Giving a class of seven-

year-olds some early instruction in the Ten Commandments, she had reached the fifth.

"Now, Rachel, what does it mean to honour your father and your mother," she asked of one of her charges.

"It means like in square-dancing," she was told. "You bow to them."

C. J. BROWN

Ignorance is Bliss

[Fifty per cent of the children of fifteen at rural secondary schools are backward readers.—Ministry of Education report.]

A simple dunce, dear brother Jim,
Who does not feel the need,
A schoolchild sound in wind and limb,
Why should it learn to read?

I met a backward cottage girl,
Just turned fifteen, she said.
Her teacher often itched to hurl
Her primer at her head.

I asked how she had come to be
The bottom of her class?
She answered, "They are all like me,
And very few will pass."

"In secondary schools of State
Is then book-learning nil?
Are you a mere illiterate,
Or low-grade imbecile?"

She upward peered with eye half-shut.
Replying with a wink,
" You can lead a horse to water, but
You cannot make it drink.

" My little sister, I've been told,
Her A B C could say
And learned to read at five years old,
Then pined and passed away.

" But now with modern visual aids
Like school films and TV,
We can move up through all the grades
Without our A B C.

" And when I reach school-leaving age,
With my illiterate brother,
We'll both receive a living wage
Like my illiterate mother.

" So if you can, I pray you tell
What have I to regret,
Though I can neither read nor spell
Nor say my alphabet? "

Since then my thoughts, dear brother Jim,
To this conclusion lead;
That cottage girl was not so dim
Although she could not read.

MERCUTIO

Cleaner Travel

WHEN WE published at the beginning of the year a series of photographs of the state of waiting-rooms and entrance halls at a number of railways stations the Railway Executive reacted with notable public spirit. No attempt was made to disclaim what the camera had shown, and a member of the Executive, General Sir Daril Watson, was asked to undertake a special investigation to see what could be done to improve matters. Publicity itself did something. After visiting some three hundred and fifty stations Sir Daril reported yesterday that on the whole stations were well swept and, as far as railway staff were concerned, looked after fairly well. But an army with brushes and pails would lose heart over the filthy habits of the public. The walls of a lavatory repainted one day were found scrawled over with obscenities the next. And "great numbers" of women's lavatories were found to be as disfigured with scribbled indecencies as men's. Litter is dropped everywhere, and Sir Daril confessed yesterday that he can think of nothing which is likely to have much effect in persuading people not to throw down newspapers, empty cigarette packets, and half-eaten sandwiches wherever they feel like it. Malicious damage in slashed upholstery, broken glass, and damaged light-fittings is widespread: the only counter Sir Daril can suggest to this is the replacement of upholstered furniture by hardwood seats, and of glazed fittings in waiting-rooms by unglazed ones. The walls of lavatories will gradually be re-covered with surfaces on which it is harder to write, but while this may reduce the number of obscenities some will continue to be scratched with knives. The condition of public rooms at railway stations is distressing evidence of dis-

gusting behaviour by a considerable slice of the community. The railways cannot do much to improve the manners of their customers, but Sir Daril's investigation is encouraging proof that they are really trying hard to keep their own house in order.

LEADING ARTICLE

An Execution

AT FIVE minutes past two this morning, seven hours before Derek Bentley went to the scaffold in Wandsworth Prison in South London, a taxi-driver in Birmingham was dozing lightly at the wheel of his machine, which stood at the head of the rank. He was awakened by the approach of two men and two women, hurrying through the chilly darkness, and then by a curt voice which said simply: "Wandsworth Prison, London. Can you get us there by half-past eight?"

Later, standing on the outskirts of the great half-circle of people massed in front of the main gates of the prison, the cabby nodded in the direction of the passengers he had just delivered and remarked that they were the "queerest four fares" he had ever handled. But they were no more queer than the other five hundred people who pressed forward, eyes straining, heads craned upward, vigilantly awaiting the appearance of the warder with the notice that would mean that the death sentence had been carried out.

It is very hard to determine what it is that brings five hundred men and women by bus, bicycle, and taxi to this melancholy place, to huddle on the damp grey cobbles in the chill of dawn for one, two, or even three hours. Sympathy for the family of the boy who is to die? In a few cases, perhaps, but random questioning of several dozen of the spectators failed to turn up even one in this category.

Morbid fascination is the conventional phrase that is used to explain it. But does that explain the fierce outbreak of physical violence, the flailing arms, fisticuffs, and bloody noses that followed the appearance of the death notice—a semi-riot that it took the combined efforts of fifteen police to quell?

Yet not all these people by any means were angry demonstrators protesting against what they considered an unfair sentence. Many could be found who talked volubly of the dangers of “cosh” boys. And there were others who remarked that this was the third, fourth, or even fifth execution at Wandsworth they had “attended.” In the word and deeds of this queerly assorted crowd this morning there were touches of pity and anger, of hysteria and self-righteousness, of sympathy and sadism. It was human nature in the raw, and it was not a pretty sight.

Perhaps the simplest way to set out the story is to record things as they happened:

7-30 a.m.: A small knot of people has already gathered in front of the prison. In the grey light they look tiny in contrast with the massive double doors of brown oak, topped by a black iron portcullis. Great ugly sandstone blocks form an arch which frames this portal and high above the heads of the crowd are the impassive gilt hands of the prison clock ticking off the ninety minutes which remain to the prisoner within.

8-30: The crowd has grown to four hundred. Cars line the street on both sides. Taxis deposit loads of new-comers. Police are everywhere. Mrs. Van der Elst, a campaigner against capital punishment, arrives in a Rolls-Royce. There are cheers, which she ignores, as she thrusts her way to the front rank. “This is murder,” she says to the crowd in a firm voice. Some women weep; others shout back: “Save him, save him.”

8-55: The Press photographers begin to unfold portable wooden ladders. First one bobs up above the crowd and starts focusing, then there are three, then seven, then the last one, number thirteen.

9-0: Mrs. Van der Elst gives a signal and a dozen people at the front break into the hymn “Abide with Me.” Few join in.

Men's hats remain on, many eyes turn upward to the clock face which shimmers golden in the fitful sunlight. A clanking of metal sounds from within the prison. Over the voices of the hymn-singers a Cockney accent breaks in, "They aren't 'anging the Nazi war criminals!"

9-12: There is a rattle of keys. One of the great doors edges open and through the crack comes the arm of the warder, bearing an ugly notice-board with a black wooden border. From five hundred throats comes a single vast booing sound. Before the board can catch properly on the eye-hooks on the door an angry hand swings up and catches it a blow. It is the signal for a demonstration of violence that lasts fifteen minutes.

After two false tries the warder gets the notice into place. Another great, rolling jeer. The struggle now is to prevent the warder from getting back inside the prison and pulling the door shut. Fists are flailing, one woman kicks a constable's shin, another punches his nose. Foremost in the fight is a moon-faced youth who crashes time and again against the cordon of ten white-lipped police officers standing back to back with linked arms. A fist swings again at the notice-board: there is the crash of splintered glass and a cheer from the crowd. A grey-haired man with a Scottish accent is pinioned by two constables just as he is about to crash through the crack in the door.

A volley of coins rattles against the shattered glass of the notice-board. There are shillings and half-crowns among the pennies. A group of schoolboys nip in and start retrieving them. Arms and fists are still whirling as the police, aided by the warders, fight to close the great door.

9-30: The door is forced shut. Abruptly the fight collapses. A Cockney woman's voice is heard in the hush, "It isn't only Mrs. Bentley who is suffering this morning. Think of all the mothers all over the world whose sons have been hanged. They must suffer all over again every time." A few faces flush with embarrassment: most of the fighters continue to look surly as they reclaim hats, shoes, and coat belts torn off in the mêlée. The Birmingham taxi-driver goes in search of his four queer fares. A

burly man who has not shaved observes: "Pretty small turnout, all considered. Haven't missed one of these in fifteen years. Nice fresh June morning and a little more sun, that's what you want, really, to get the crowd out."

10-10: A yellow van draws up in front of the prison gates. Two newsboys leap out with big armfuls of papers. The crowd, now reduced to 150, presses around them, holding out pennies and sixpences. The boys call out: "Bentley—First Story of Riot!" The prison doors are now deserted except for a grey-haired woman in a black coat who had been waiting all through the fight at the edge of the crowd. While a warder sweeps up fragments from the cobbles at her feet, she stands on tiptoe and reads through the shattered glass the name of a boy whom she once knew in her neighbourhood—Derek William Bentley.

PATRICK KEATLEY

House in Notting Hill

It is only five minutes by car from Kensington High Street to Rillington Place, London, W. 11, but the two streets might be in two different worlds. In the past 48 hours a good number of Londoners, most of them journalists, have been making a sudden forced acquaintance with Rillington Place, thanks to what the papers are now referring to as "the Notting Hill House of Murder."

The event centres on the discovery of the bodies of three women in an alcove of a deserted flat and of another body under the floor-boards. All four women had been strangled with cords at different times during the last three months.

The police spent most of to-day working with prising hooks and claw hammers in three floors of the house. During the day

a van drew up, and two large sieves were unloaded and carried through the house to the garden behind, where several detectives in their shirt-sleeves were hard at work with spades. These scenes were not lost on the residents of Rillington Place, and on the children in particular.

"Hey, Johnny, let's play dig up the body," called out one boy, aged six, to his companion. In a moment the pair had salvaged match sticks from the gutter and were busy gouging the greenish mouldy earth between the worn sandstone blocks of the pavement. Their game was roughly interrupted by the opening of a front door and the appearance of a stout woman in worn carpet slippers and a dirty dress. She pointed angrily at a collection of metal biscuit tins piled up near where the boys were playing.

"Get these out of here," she shrieked at the children, grasping the tins and hurling them across the roadway where they piled up in a heap against a brick wall. "How can I keep this place respectable? Murders and dirt and filth all day long." The boys waited until the noise died down and went back to their game, interrupting it only when the door of Number 10 opened briefly and three blue-coated constables could be seen carrying something out in a bag.

Rillington Place is a tiny cul-de-sac, too small to appear on any of the London street maps, just off St. Mark's Road. Every few minutes the tube trains rumble by on a steel viaduct at the top of the street. From here the visitor has a prospect of two identical rows of Victorian terraced houses of rain-worn yellow brick. At the bottom is the house of murder, adjoining a sagging brick wall which blocks the street. There is not one blade of grass, no trees, no window-boxes; nothing. Over the wall at the end is a fearsome brick chimney shaped like a great milk bottle which belongs to a factory in the hollow below.

This slope in the land has affected the terrace, for the houses are now subsiding and going badly askew. The stone balustrade along the skyline, which must once have been a knife edge when the terrace was new, in 1868, is now collapsing. The panes of the

bay window of No. 10 have gone awry, into a sort of twisted leer.

Notting Hill is taking it all in its stride. A tubby man in a brown hat appeared in the rain this afternoon, leading his small daughter down the street of death for a look. The little girl, wearing a blue raincoat with a riding-hood and clutching a book of animal stories, arrived at the peeling sandstone portals of No. 10 in time to see the sieves unloaded. Daddy bent down beside her, evidently explaining the significance of this.

Perhaps the youngsters in this part of town have stronger stomachs than the rest of us. A twelve-year-old boy, wearing a battered opera hat and smoking a "butt" picked up in the gutter, volunteered a few details for three reporters gathered by the snack-bar at the corner. He talked quite off-handedly of prostitutes and abortioners in the neighbourhood with whom he claims to be acquainted.

In spite of this apparent off-handedness the people of Notting Hill have time, nevertheless, to expend quite a bit of sympathy on two neighbours. One is now dead. He was Timothy John Evans, a 25-year-old lorry driver, who also lived at No. 10. In December, 1949, his wife and 14-month-old daughter were found dead. Like this week's victims they were strangled and, like them, they were stuffed into the washhouse alcove. He was hanged for murder in 1950—after admitting having lied during his testimony but protesting his innocence.

The sympathy of the people of Rillington Place is going out this week to another neighbour, a young woman who lives just a few doors from No. 10. She is expecting to be married on Saturday, and the wedding party were to have assembled at her house. She is wondering if there will still be police cars, reporters' cars, dozens of onlookers and children playing games when she sets out in her bridal gown for St. Mark's Church.

PATRICK KEATLEY

Rise Again, Rumbelow

ROUND ABOUT the year 1912 my family used from time to time to visit a relative who lived opposite the village school. In spite of rural surroundings the school looked like a prison, dark and cold, with Victorian Gothic windows set high above the children's heads. Its small, asphalt yard, partly revealed through a barred gate, was surrounded by a ten-foot wall of dark brick. Into this yard the children were turned every morning at eleven o'clock for ten minutes' "drill." As we played in our uncle's garden opposite we listened fascinated to the piercing voice of the schoolmistress. "Arms—bend! Arms—upward stretch! On toes—rise! Knees—bend!" And at this point we waited for the magic words which almost never failed. The teacher's prim tones, exasperated, rose sharply. "Rumbelow, rise again! Rise again, Rumbelow!" For a long time we thought the words denoted some refinement of the drill instructions outside our own experience, but gradually it dawned on us that Rumbelow was in fact the name of one of the pupils.

Now, the schoolmistress we knew well by sight and could easily imagine, standing there before her drill class, her grey hair neat as cardboard above her severe features, the pince-nez perched on her pink nose. But Rumbelow? Which of the children who came from all directions each morning to the summons of the school bell was he? We knew that he must be a boy, for the girls were called by their Christian names, and by no stretch of the imagination could Rumbelow be classed with the ranks of Winifred and Dorothy, Doris, Alice, and Muriel, as a possible name for any little Edwardian girl. I always pictured him a bewildered, bespectacled boy in the knee breeches and long

stockings afterwards made familiar unto the third and fourth generation by Bernard Shaw, but in those days the normal wear of little boys. Oh, poor, poor Rumbelow! Why was he alone singled out for the repetition of his failure? Why could he never rise successfully? Had he tight boots, or corns, or was it simply that his strange name compelled the teacher's attention as it did ours?

No athlete myself, even in my kindergarten days, I grieved in my freedom for the boy in the hidden schoolyard, and rose on my own toes in a sort of anguished sympathy, until finally I, too, got rather cross with Rumbelow, as one will with people who do not improve in spite of one's goodwill. In due course Rumbelow and I both grew up and he faded from my memory.

But recently I went back to that village, now grown into a bright dormitory suburb. The poky cottage which used to sell newspapers in the front parlour is now a poky teashop where the local ladies sit knee to knee at rickety tables in a haze of tobacco smoke over a mid-morning cup of coffee. Of the two large houses, the one with the magnolia-covered front is converted into flats with dustbins on every landing; out of the other twice a day pour hundreds of girl clerks, the handmaidens of government.

On my way from the bus to the churchyard, to visit the family graves, I was brought up sharply by the transformation of the school. There was the building itself, forbidding as ever, but the great brick wall had gone, so that for the first time I saw the schoolyard, now embellished by the inclusion of a neighbouring field. In the sunshine a group of five- or six-year-old children were at what is now called "organised play," directed by a young teacher in bare legs and a cotton frock. Under her instruction the children were skipping—arms open, arms crossed, backwards, forwards—with ropes distributed to one and all from gay, scarlet boxes provided by the nation. Little girls in flowery frocks, little boys in cotton suits, with bare arms and legs, they were as charming as the blossoming hedges now open to their view.

The teacher's voice was low and pitched in that key of professional gentleness common to the contemporary teacher, which seems to reflect more pride in its own patience than genuine good humour, but she looked pretty and light-hearted enough to enhance the gaiety of the scene as she called her directions:

"That's right, Diana. Very nice, Sandra. Good, Peter. Carefully now, Christopher!"

I stood rooted to the spot by this vision of progress. But, even as I pondered the joys of the Welfare State, the teacher's well-controlled voice hardened a little. "Christopher, on your toes, dear!" I heard her say, and then, "TOES, Christopher!" and, finally, on a more human note of irritation, more familiar in the happy home nowadays than in the school, "Oh, for goodness' sake, Christopher, get on your toes!" Rumbelow had risen again with a vengeance.

There was a difference, however. I could look at Christopher as I had never been able to look at poor old Rumbelow. He was an earnest child in blue cotton shorts and shirt, with his feet, in large white sandals, hopelessly entangled in the rope and planted firmly on the asphalt. Christopher's feet, no doubt, if they continue to cling heel and toe to Mother Earth on all occasions, will be led to the foot clinic and the orthopaedic surgeon. He will be given exercises and special shoes and all the paraphernalia with which conscientious parents and the modern health services wage the battle for perfection. But now, under the summer sky and the teacher's eye and the smug, indifferent glances of his agile schoolfellows, is he any happier than Rumbelow was behind the high, dark wall in his heavy boots? Who but Christopher and Rumbelow can say?

MARGARET RYAN

The Invincible English

MR. COWARD has noted that only mad dogs share the Englishman's habit of going out in the midday sun, but not even mad dogs are ready to brave a heat wave in quite so many clothes. On a sweltering day at Blackpool it is not at all uncommon to see a worthy citizen sunning himself in his full winter kit of thick tweed trousers, jacket, and waistcoat (though it is an accepted convention that his tie may be removed). The English hero whose adventures were reported yesterday from Copenhagen made no concessions to a temperature of 86 degrees. He preferred to faint rather than cast a clout. And when he was taken to hospital for treatment the admiring Danish doctors peeled off one after the other overcoat, jacket, and trousers, woollen waistcoat, cloth waistcoat, shirt, woollen vest, and long wool underpants. After treatment he was restored and, no doubt buttoning his overcoat, went on to continue his holiday. It is worth remembering that English soldiers won battles in India long before there was any khaki drill: they marched and fought in the same uniforms they wore on winter days at home. Of course they occasionally died of heatstroke; but it needs more than the hottest of terrestrial suns to part an Englishman from his cherished woollen underwear. Our compatriot in Copenhagen has worthily upheld a great tradition.

LEADING ARTICLE

Ant Palaces

THE ODDEST family business in England, and, it is believed, the only one of its kind in the world, is gradually closing down. Mrs. May Briant, of Houghton Road, Bedford, who has been making and selling formicaria, or "ant palaces," at the rate, when her trade was at its peak, of almost a hundred a week, is tired of ants. In future only favoured and old-established private customers can hope to obtain from her one of the colonies of amber-coloured meadow-ants, which for nearly forty years have been as popular in class-rooms as in the homes of amateur naturalists.

Mrs. Briant owes both her interest in and her knowledge of them to her husband, the late Mr. Robert Briant, an entomologist who made a special study of the meadow-ants and gave illustrated lectures. About 48 years ago he learned to prepare soil in which they would thrive in captivity, and began, at first on a relatively small scale, to prepare the "palaces" in which, between two sheets of glass held together as in a picture-frame, the colonies could be seen going through their cycle.

When Mr. Briant died in 1919, leaving his widow, then aged 30, with three young sons, she saw the opportunity of the growing market for formicaria, and what had been a hobby became a livelihood.

It was far from easy. The ants are not bred, but caught in the fields. A queen must be included with each colony, and the queen may be as much as three feet below the surface in the nest from which the ants are dug. Mrs. Briant learned that the best time for the hunt was between midday and three in the afternoon, when the queens are fairly near the surface, and that the soil must be dry, which, for weeks at a time, the heavy Bedfordshire clays

are not. As the boys grew up they all helped with the work though only one became an adept.

One room of Mrs. Briant's house, equipped with tables and benches, was given over to the ants, each colony laid out in its own tray. When production was at its height she employed outside help in digging up the ants, but found that this could be a doubtful benefit. Not every jobbing gardener or casual labourer takes to ants; some brought back stuff that, according to Mrs. Briant, "was just rubbish," with never a queen among it; there was always the problem whether they should be paid on time or piece rates, and what happened when they were rained off? So the secret of preparing the soil remained in the family.

"It's no good just using any sort of soil," says Mrs. Briant. "It has to come from a special place to start with, then it must be cleaned and washed and dried." The finished product will tempt the ants away from the soil of their own ant-hill, and remains so inviting that they will not stray, even if either of the two entrances to the palaces (through which owners put a little water and less honey each month) are left open. It will not grow mildew or fungus. Treated with the minimum care the palaces are warranted to last at least two years.

Orders came in quantity, both from schools, which Mrs. Briant supplied for thirty-five shillings, and from the London stores, which found a ready sale, largely to parents, who thought it worth two guineas to enable their children to "watch the active habits of the ants."

The climax came three or four years ago when one customer took an ant palace to America. Thereafter inquiries crossed the Atlantic in droves. Baltimore and Chicago wanted ant palaces, so did Philadelphia and Detroit. The amber meadow-ants seemed well set as dollar earners when a sort of agricultural McCarran Act was invoked to prevent their import—it was thought that they might carry soil infection. One firm tried to rise above this by importing Mrs. Briant outright, but Mrs. Briant, well in her sixties and rooted in Bedford, wanted only "to go on as I have been doing," and sensibly stayed at home.

To-day her attitude towards the ants is rather that which one might adopt towards neighbours who have been dropping in to supper every Tuesday and Friday for thirty years—one has nothing against them, but it would be nice to have different company for a change. Did she make any palaces at all these days, one asked. Well, just very occasionally to oblige . . . Her glance dropped to floor-level and, for the first time, one noticed a green enamelled tray seething quietly under the sideboard. It was lifted on to the table and a magnifying glass produced: "It's not a lot of fun watching them without one."

The wooden frame had still to be fastened to the sheets of glass, which were held in place by clothes-pegs, but already the colony was settling in. In the corner of a gallery the queen was installed, surrounded by attendants; through the magnifying glass the quiver of life resolved itself into platoons of workers, burrowing, hauling, disposing of the larvæ which had been scattered when the nest had been disturbed.

"They throw out the males and the 'princesses,'" said Mrs. Briant. "The males are no good after they've fertilised the few females that they do, and a 'princess' is a senseless creature."

The workers continued to trot up and down their corridors, without pause, without haste, without noise, the myriad embodiment of the civic virtues. Modest and tireless, neat and null, how could they fail to provide an example from which humans might profit? If not in one way, in another.

All three of Mrs. Briant's sons have adopted the relatively gay and individualistic vocation of theatre management.

NESTA M. ROBERTS

To a Promiscuous

Busy, curious, thirsty bee,
Why neglect my apple tree
Just to sip a dandelion?
Every time you dust your thigh on
Some debased and futile weed
Helps to propagate its breed;
Whereas, if you'd patronise
Blooms the expert specifies
And improves for cultivation,
Thus to feed this hungry nation,
No whit less your nectar sac
You would fill ere getting back,
And the pollen on your bristles
You'd implant in worthier pistils.
So the human race you'd aid,
Who your little chalet made,
Sheltering you the winter through—
Fed you on their sugar, too.
Such appeals can you resist?
Ingrate deviationist!
Go astray, then, haunt the weeds;
Fertilise their noxious seeds.
•As regards my apples' blossom,
With a mohair brush I'll cross 'em;
Ersatz honey, •glucose-wise,
In the lab. we'll •synthesise.
Dronesome and superfluous bee,
Science will dispense with ye.

R. A. PIDDINGTON.

THE NOT PROMISCUOUS BEE

The bee that sipped a dandelion, to the neglect of an apple tree, may seem to have justified the poetical invocation recently addressed to her, but not the epithet "promiscuous." A correspondent who knows his bees better than that, comes to the defence of "the least promiscuous of females."

The bee (writes "K. H. H."), having selected her source of nectar, sticks to that flower alone, hence her supreme value as a pollinator. She is, however, an expert business woman, with a palate at least as fine as that of a wine taster, and her attentions are directed to bringing home the nectar with the highest percentage of sugar. The nectar of fruit blossom is not nearly as sweet as that of dandelion. So if the orchard grower permits dandelions below his trees, he can hardly expect the bee to choose the less attractive yield.

But the interests of beekeeper and fruit grower seem to be identical, for the dandelion nectar, though sweeter to the bee, produces honey inferior to that from the fruit blossom—so we all like to see well-cultivated ground. But promiscuous? No! Just a worker with a sound sense of bee economics. Does "R. A. P." really prefer his mohair brush operations to simple grass cutting?

K. H. HORSFALL

Hogan's Amazing Victory

THE VICTORY of B. Hogan (United States) by four strokes, in one of the finest open golf championships ever played, was a magnificent performance and in every sense fitting, for Hogan

beyond dispute is the supreme golfer of this generation, if not of all time. D. J. Rees, A. Cerda, P.W. Thomson, and F. R. Stranahan tied for second place.

Hogan was so immeasurably the greatest golfer here not only because his technique is absolutely perfect but because he has the finest and most ruthless competitive temperament in world golf. From the moment he arrived in Britain Hogan was under considerable strain. Not since R. T. Jones had one man been made such an overwhelming favourite and although Hogan's confidence, which, incidentally, was never expressed, in his ability must be immense, he was facing a tremendous test of his powers. The knowledge that the whole golfing world was expecting him to win must have been disturbing even to his cool brain. This great old links also was a true test and its nature was one to which he was not accustomed. If Hogan never wins another championship—and the possibility of his retirement is not remote—this was a triumphant ending.

The still, grey afternoon was fraught with the presence of great deeds, for after an absorbing morning Hogan and Vincenzo were a stroke ahead of Rees, Thomson and Cerda, with Stranahan one behind them. Hogan had missed a great chance of having the championship won by taking his only six of the week at the seventeenth, where his four wood was cut into a bunker and three putts followed. Brown, of the overnight leaders, had faltered. He does not yet appear to have the temperamental stability or consistency of the highest level. Vincenzo had played beautiful golf all morning, but as he quaintly said, "The hole is too small for Roberto." Frequently he just failed to hole putts for better than par figures. His 71 nevertheless was good enough to lead with Hogan. Rees also had played finely and Cerda, who began each half with a pair of three, and who had the unenviable experience of following Hogan's vast gallery scored superbly. •

Thomson, too, that splendid young athlete, with such a sensible cool approach to the game, had played strict par golf. Locke was not at his best and when he had reached the turn in

37, it did not seem that he would challenge further. He plodded round in comparative loneliness after lunch and must have reflected on the ephemeral life of a champion. Thus it was all to play and a round to go.

All the leaders, save Hogan and Cerda, were out early and their steady progress to the turn was an encouraging sign that Hogan's path was not going to be made easy. Rees looked composed and determined, for once like his old attacking self. He reached the turn in 35 and started home splendidly. He was unlucky when, after under-clubbing to the fifteenth, he played a good chip and then saw a nine-foot putt hit the hole and stay out. He missed the sixteenth green as so many have done and lost another stroke, but there was nothing faint hearted about two brave fours which gave him the lead with Stranahan.

Stranahan just previously had completed an extraordinary exhibition of competitive putting under pressure. On each of the last six holes he needed but one putt and his finish of 3, 4, 3, 3, was the finest of the week. Vincenzo's driving was having wayward moments and it was clear that the slightest mistakes by anyone were going to cost dear.

Hogan by now had started with four perfect fours. Then came, if it is possible to find one, a turning point. For the second time to-day Hogan missed the fifth green on the left, but chipped from the rough straight into the hole for a three. Again he struck two unforgettable wooden-club shots to within 30 yards of the sixth hole, ran up perfectly, and holed the putt. Then one sensed finally and with conviction that the iceman was coming for the others. The greatness of Hogan's golf for the remainder of the round merits detailed description, but space forbids. It suffices to state that only two strokes failed to achieve their object. Hogan played the first twelve holes in nine fours and three threes without holing one missable putt. Then for the second time he holed out at the thirteenth for a two and although he slightly under-clubbed to the twelfth and fourteenth, only the latter cost him a stroke.

In many of his great championship victories Hogan's last round has been the most telling. The reason for this is that when two rounds are played on the final day it means that he has had two opportunities of locating the position of the pins. To a golfer of his class, who can call the shots almost as he pleases, this means a great deal. Another remarkable feature of his golf was the ability to produce great length whenever he required it. Frequently to-day without any wind, his drives measured between 280 and 300 yards.

The scene as Hogan played the last two parallel holes with strokes and strokes to spare will be etched for ever in the minds of those who saw it. Some twelve thousand people lined the 500 yards on both sides of the fairways. His four to the seventeenth was perfectly played and then down came the last long drive towards victory. The crowd stood motionless and the air was filled with a resounding silence as the slight, grey figure struck his pitch to the green and holed out. Hogan stood bowing impassively and raising his hat as the crowd roared its tribute, and an unforgettable championship was over.

No apology need be made for devoting most of this report to Hogan. It seems unlikely that he will visit Britain again and there will be many opportunities to do justice to the golfers who acquitted themselves so splendidly in this event. Among those whom one saw playing finely were H. Thomson, whose swing is still a thing of beauty and who had the privilege and pleasure of playing with Hogan. Then there was S. L. King, unnoticed and unsung, who rarely fails to do justice to the Open, and, perhaps most important of all, the performance of P. Alliss, whose total of 291 showed that he has the ability to do justice on a testing course to his strength.

The memory of watching Hogan play golf will never die and one is proud to possess it. Not even Cotton at his finest surpassed the authority, power, and accuracy of his strokes. Imagination strains at the thought of the wonderful co-ordination of mind and body expressed in the beauty of his swing; of the will-power and courage which created and then rebuilt his

technique to a pitch of perfection that probably will never be equalled. Hogan made a great impression also because of his gentle bearing and quiet charm. He dresses as modestly as he talks and only the piercing deep-set eyes reveal the force of character behind them. Imagine him as he scrutinises a long difficult stroke, with arms quietly folded, an inscrutable quarter smile on his lips, for all the world like a gambler watching the wheel spin. And then the cigarette is tossed away, the club taken with abrupt decision, the glorious swing flashes and a long iron pierces the wind like an arrow. That was Hogan. We shall never see his like again.

282—B. Hogan (U.S.A.), 73, 71, 70, 68.

286—F. R. Stranahan (U.S.A.), 70, 74, 73, 69; D. J. Rees, (South Herts), 71, 70, 73, 71; P. Thomson (Australia), 72, 72, 71, 71; A. Cerda (Argentina), 75, 71, 69, 71.

PAT WARD-THOMAS

The First Test Match

AUSTRALIA WON the toss and batted first at Trent Bridge Ground, Nottingham. Under what Neville Cardus called 'a sultry sky' they set carefully and, on the whole, safely about their task. (Play is far too light a word for these occasions.) The result was 167 for 3, before the light became too bad.

Then, after lunch on the second day, things began to happen, both sides losing wickets rapidly. Australia scored only 249, England 92 for 6.

On the third day fortunes swayed. England's first innings ended for 144 but Australia replied with only 123, leaving England with 229 to win and a score of 42 for 1 already made. Then rain washed out the fourth day and delayed a start until late in the afternoon of the fifth. England then were 120 for 1. It was certainly possible to talk of a moral victory.

Here are some of Neville Cardus's reports, beginning with the second day.



NOTTINGHAM, FRIDAY

The first Test match took a sudden and feverish turn after lunch on an afternoon of improving visibility at Trent Bridge. During the morning the play was as slow and inert as the pitch itself, and the pitch was as alive and responsive as a doormat that had been out in the porch all night in the rain. Then before the taste of the cheese had left our palates the game was galvanised.

The new ball might have been an atomic bomb of cricket. The Australian innings not only crashed at a speed that probably turned the dressing-room into a scurry and panic of pads put on wrong legs with buckles complicated and obstinate: also the England innings began in ruin against a fiery, vehement Lindwall. Kenyon, Simpson, and Compton were removed for 17 all told, Compton marvellously if voraciously caught by Morris at fifth, sixth, or eleventh slip—I could not count them all. And Compton's stroke was not too bad, at that.

The crowd rose from the dead. Six Australian wickets down in three-quarters of an hour, then, in startlingly swift sequence, three of England's best batsmen overwhelmed. Events were electrical: the Australians were desperate to retrieve their dubious state. The rapid contrast between the morning's indecision and the afternoon's climax; a climax without crescendo, baffled composed and coherent description. These lines are written instinctively; to be read much in the same way.

At lunch Australia's score stood menacingly at 243 for four wickets, and three-quarters of an hour after lunch Australia were all out for 249. Bedser took four wickets for two runs, and put into the new ball tremendous vitality and all the arts of which he is master. The Australian opposition, once Hassett

had gone, was pathetically frail: none of the others could make even a show of resource against quick late swing. Bats were thrust out as though in fearful supplication: I have never before known an innings collapse so suddenly, so incompetently, so shockingly as this. I do not decry great bowling: Bedser deserved the challenge of informed technique. Hassett, alone of the casualties, was defeated with the dignity which comes when the very good needs make place for the very best.

And Benaud fell to a superb catch by Evans. The others, Davidson, Tallon, Lindwall, and Hill were either empirical or agricultural; hypnotised or goaded to naïve cleavings of the air. Lindwall put his bat to a wide ball from Bailey as though he, of all men, had never seen fast bowling before.

Throughout the period from half-past eleven to lunch I could not feel that Hassett and Miller were playing the kind of cricket which fortune in the long run encourages or approves.

Hassett at one end of the wicket was the image of permanence, a small cricketer sometimes apparently concealing himself behind a very broad bat. Once when he went down on his knee to hook Bailey the stumps seemed almost to rise above him.

In an hour between half-past eleven and half-past twelve Australia scored 36—Hassett 15 and Miller 21. At this stage Bedser, handicapped by a damp old ball, was obliged to labour as diligently as Bailey, who for more than an hour attacked steadily and like a cricketer of heart. In the grey atmosphere the green light on the scoreboard pointing to the players' names was as a will-o'-the-wisp flickering in a marsh. The boundary was so far away so the batsmen gave us to understand that the Ordnance survey was needed to locate it.

A pull off a long hop from Wardle, and a full toss in the same over, enabled Hassett to arrive at a most estimable century after he had been on view six hours or getting on that way: something in the nature of a time-machine is necessary for a proper measurement of an innings as durable as this of Hassett's, for it was achieved by durability of mind as well as of skill, a



THREE OF 'EM! GAD, SIR. •
NOW WE SHALL SEE SOME REAL CRICKET

HOPE OF THEIR SIDE.

metaphysical affair almost. But the value of it to Australia is not to be measured by any economical reckoning, and a whole text-book might have been compiled from it with pictures and diagrams to scale, done by an engraver with the finest point. Hassett is easily the most organised of all the batsmen in the present Australian team: he might do worse than open an academy for some of his colleagues.

NOTTINGHAM, SATURDAY

The wicket was entirely docile when England, 92 for six, continued with Bailey and Evans against Lindwall and Johnston on a sunless morning. No vitality was put into the old ball: even Lindwall could be played from the pitch with reasonable comfort: and the left hand of Johnston came over like an artificial limb.

Yet little effort was made either by Bailey or Evans to score precious runs while circumstances favoured safe hits down the line of flight. It was hard to understand this show of dilatoriness, known nowadays as science in batsmanship, while every over was bringing us nearer to the moment when the new ball would be available to recharge the Lindwall dynamo. It was as though Bailey and Evans were two condemned men declining to eat a hearty breakfast on the morning of an execution.

When at last Evans let fly with his bat he chose to experiment with a slashed off-drive at a spacious out-swing from Davidson: and when Bailey succumbed leg before to Hill not more than 38 runs had increased, or substantiated, England's total in eighty minutes: now Hassett could ask for the new ball which he at once handed to Lindwall. I must praise the extraordinary bounce obtained from the easy pitch by Davidson, whose left-arm action is free, loose, yet strong and determined.

When Australia batted again, Morris immediately attacked Bailey with the decision and carefully directed power of a great batsman so much in form and sure of himself that he can think of human error and fallibility only by close abstract thought.

He cut for four, pulled with a sweep of grandeur for four, and drove for three to the off, running into the stroke gracefully. But Hole played over nearly a yorker from Bedser and Hassett received a ball from Bedser that rose up alarmingly and un-geometrically, so that though he countered it with a technically correct bat he sent a catch to short leg.

A ravenous roar of the crowd at Hassett's fall had scarcely died in the afternoon's veiled sky than Harvey was most brilliantly caught at leg not far from the bat, which hooked a rising ball from Bedser, a stroke as electrical and clever as the catch itself. This was wretched luck for Harvey, and wonderful fielding by Graveney. None except a great batsman could have made the stroke at all.

Attacking like a man inspired by success and devotion to his team, Bedser utterly defeated and confounded Benaud's leg stump, a glorious in-swinging which left poor Benaud in a vague state, mentally and physically, so that apparently somebody had to tell him by word of mouth that he was out.

Australia were now 173 in front and five wickets down, Morris still in command and Bedser still bowling his heart away. He had taken all these wickets for 20-odd runs. There was an enchanting contrast between the cricket at one end of the pitch and the other while Morris was batting and Bedser bowling. Mastery and distinction, then labour or empiricism. The others were so many capable stooges or supers. At a quarter to four Bedser was obliged to rest himself, after an hour and a half of as finely sustained bowling as this grand old ground of Trent Bridge has ever witnessed. He played a lone hand, but it was directed by what a strong arm.

As a fact it was Tattersall, taking Bedser's place, who advanced England to a point from which victory might be seen from a sort of Pisgah height, not, let us hope and pray, as a mirage. He pitched a nicely flighted off-break and Morris for the first time in an innings of isolated splendour fatally faltered. Davidson showed sensible fight until Graveney caught him at

long-on from a splendid drive, even if it was risked against the spin. By means of two admirable catches, Graveney he served his side to the value of many runs in a situation where they were at a premium for both and all opponents.

The England catching was really astonishing: Australia had reason to suppose that some imp of misfortune was dogging them. Tallon swung a ponderous bat to Tattersall, and the ball soared high and away beyond square leg to the on, but Simpson chased it and held one-handed the catch of a season, if not of a lifetime. And it was taken with an ease that was entirely deceiving.

An all-out score of 123 would be considered mediocre on a wicket definitely a bowler's. I am not disparaging the attack of England, especially that of Bedser: I am directing my criticism, in cricket values, against Australia.

After Lindwall had bowled four balls in England's second innings which needed to get 229 for victory, an appeal against the light was lodged, and the game interrupted for nearly a quarter of an hour. All afternoon there had been periods justifying such an appeal by the Australians. Lindwall's first ball crashed into Hutton's pads and another and more audible appeal was dismissed with a promptitude which synchronised with the verdict of the crowd packed in all places in the ground.

At the resumption Kenyon somehow emerged intact from a terrifying over of Lindwall's of perfect length, the pace just missing the edge of a bat drawn into the danger zone as though by some irresistible fascination. Next over Kenyon glanced a four to leg off Lindwall, or at any rate the ball flashed in that direction, by a stroke apparently intuitive. Then he drove Lindwall to the off for three with commendable firmness and the Australian attack began to look worried.

Hill came on for Johnston and began with a capacious wide. Next he sent Kenyon a long-hop which was summarily sent to the boundary: next ball, a full toss, Kenyon lifted to mid-on and was out, a foolish gift to Australia, who obviously needed encouragement just now.

With Hutton still in possession the odds are now definitely in England's favour.

NOTTINGHAM, TUESDAY

Not until half-past four was play in the first Test match proceeded with, and only after several examinations of the wicket, much manual labour by the groundsmen, with rollers, sawdust, mats, and probably blotting paper and warming-pans. There was also a certain amount of argument between the two captains.

When play began, two hours remained for cricket, and then England could scarcely hope to score 90 runs an hour to obtain victory, but there was just a bare chance that Australia in the time might take nine wickets. Hassett began his attack with Johnston and Hill: the ground was too soft and greasy for Lindwall. Five successive maiden overs were wheeled up until Simpson cut Hill for four.

But England obviously were not intent on runs: the onus to force the game miraculously to a decision was on Australia. After all, it was Australia, not England, who wanted to play at all so late in the day on a piece of sodden turf with something perhaps to gain and nothing to lose: meanwhile we had all missed our trains and paid our hotel bills, ready to depart from Nottingham hours ago.

In an hour 38 runs were registered on the books of the scorers, who had nothing else to do and so were much in the same situation as the players and the rest of us. It was all a waste of time and leisure. Yet the Australians performed several superb bits of fielding: a pick-up by Morris was brilliant. Hutton battled as easily as a great pianist rehearsing, running over the keyboard of his strokes at half pressure, so to say, as though as much for his own study and self-scrutiny as for any other purpose. At the wicket's other end Simpson conscientiously defended and was satisfied to frustrate the Australians, who,

after all, brought on themselves the superfluous postlude to the match.

A strange sight at ten minutes to six was Lindwall's field near the wicket, no slip and four short legs. With not more than forty minutes left for play, Davidson came on for Lindwall: he might as well have been Hassett for what point the change of bowling had now. Hutton received cheers as he reached 50: and subsequent proceedings interested me, and many people else, no more.

The drawn match though a disappointment, has had its valuable uses, England should go into the second Test match at Lord's, next week, with a moral ascendancy, as they say; and that, against Australia, will be a change and an asset.

NEVILLE CARDUS

AUSTRALIA—FIRST INNINGS.—249 (A. L. Hassett, 115; A. R. Morris, 67; K. R. Miller, 55; A. V. Bedser, 7 for 55).

ENGLAND

FIRST INNINGS				SECOND INNINGS			
L. Hutton, c. Benaud, b. Davidson	43	not out	60
D. J. Kenyon, c. Hill, b. Lindwall	8	c. Hassett, b. Hill	16
R. T. Simpson, l.b.w., b. Lindwall	0	not out	28
D. C. S. Compton, c. Morris, b. Lindwall	0					
T. W. Graveney, c. Benaud, b. Hill	22					
P. B. H. May, c. Tallon, b. Hill	9					
T. E. Bailey, l.b.w., b. Hill	13					
T. G. Evans, c. Tallon, b. Davidson	8					
J. H. Wardle, not out	29					
A. V. Bedser, l.b.w., b. Lindwall	2					
R. Tattersall, b. Lindwall	2					
Extras (b. 5, l.b. 3)	8		Extras (b. 8, l.b. 4, n.b. 2, w. 2)	16	
Total	144	11		Total (for 1)	120	

BOWLING—FIRST INNINGS.—Lindwall, 20.4—2—57—5; Johnston, 18—7—22—0; Hill, 19—8—35—3; Davidson, 15—7—22—2.

SECOND INNINGS.—Lindwall, 16—4—37—0; Johnston, 18—9—14—0; Hill, 12—3—26—1; Benaud, 5—0—15—0; Davidson, 5—1—7—0; Morris, 2—0—5—0.

AUSTRALIA—SECOND INNINGS

G. B. Hole, b. Bedser	5	R. R. Lindwall, c. Tattersall, b.	
A. R. Morris, b. Tattersall ..	60	Bedser	12
A. L. Hassett, c. Hutton, b. Bedser	5	J. C. Hill, c. Tattersall, b. Bedser	4
R. N. Harvey, c. Graveney, b.		W. A. Johnston, not out ..	4
Bedser	2		
K. R. Miller, c. Kenyon, b. Bedser	5		
R. Benaud, b. Bedser	0		
A. K. Davidson, c. Graveney, b.			
Tattersall	6	Extras (l.b. 5)	
D. Tallon, c. Simpson, b. Tattersall	15	Total	123

BOWLING—SECOND INNINGS.—Bedser, 17.2—7—44—7; Bailey, 5—1—28—0; Wardle, 12—3—24—0; Tattersall, 5—0—22—3.

The Second Test Match

THE SECOND TEST MATCH, at Lord's, was left drawn after both Australia and England had been in grave danger of defeat. Both sides proved themselves better at extricating themselves from trouble than at defeating the opponent. Here are extracts from Neville Cardus's account of the play, on Monday and Tuesday, June 29 and 30.

LORD'S, MONDAY

When the fourth day began with a soft wind blowing in the blue sky the situation of the match was exquisitely balanced: and the crowd simmered nervously as they waited for the Kettle to boil over. Apparently the lid of the kettle was too loosely fixed: the steam could get out and evaporate without risk of any Australian's getting scalded.

I have seldom before seen an attack as torpid and amiable as this of England's in a crucial moment at the beginning of a day. The game, and perhaps the rubber, might depend on the happenings of the first half-hour: a quick dismissal of Morris and Miller would swing the advantage the way of England once more. I prepared myself for a passionate onslaught by Bedser and Statham.

Statham was quickly taken off for Wardle at the Pavilion end: Bedser was not asked to go into action until the new ball was available at a quarter to one. He then bowled four overs before lunch: indeed, he bowled only these four overs in the first two hours of a morning on which a Test match hung in a balance. Morris played comfortable cricket and scored 53 in 45 minutes, while Miller scored seven.

Miller disciplined himself in a way that I found as amusing as admirable. He was like a naughty boy mightily pleased at his own good behaviour. He combined in proportion his upright back foot defensive and his far-reaching and not always elegant, forward pushes. On the whole though, he looked now an organised batsman, with as much of skill at his command as glamour.

At lunch Australia were 209 for two, Miller not out 93, and he had so far been on view in this innings for nearly four and a half hours, always good to watch and fascinating as much for what he suggested he was thinking of it all as for the highly principled batsmanship he showed to us. A short-armed forcing stroke to the on, from a really fine ball of Bedser—new ball at that—was in itself the sign of a cricketer richly gifted. Harvey could not discover touch yet again, and Bedser clean bowled him not long after lunch and after Miller had scored his century, his first in a Test match at Lord's, of recognised and historical status.

Australia were 201 in front at the fall of Harvey's wicket, the third down. There was just a bare chance left for England, some will o' the wisp of hope—if Bedser or somebody else could rapidly crash through the supposedly dubious middle part

of Australia's batting represented by Hole, Benaud, and others.

Wardle pitched a clever length hereabout, and both Hole and Benaud lunged rather myopically forward. A poor stroke by Benaud, a catch to the on near the umpire off Bedser, accounted for Benaud, who though naturally gifted is not yet a Test match batsman.

With five of the opposition out of the way for 248, England after all were back in the game: a state of affairs which supports the view that England's attack before lunch should have been far more determined and purposeful than it was.

The fall of Australian wickets after lunch stirred the crowd to huge delight, but an old pessimist on the pavilion, not a bishop this time, only a dean, said that the sooner Australia got out the more time would be left for them in which to win.

Lindwall drove Wardle for four high to the pavilion cluding straight deep, swung him for six on the on, and pulled him for four in the same over: he is a dangerous and quite beautiful driver who would rather score a century any day than take six wickets. England batsmen might possibly share this preference.

In these days it seems quick bowlers are of little use on hard wickets except while the ball is new: once on a time the hotter the weather the more fast bowlers were seen in hot and ravenous action. The art and science of the game would enjoy a fresh lease if a new ball were available, according to custom in MacLaren and Grace's period, only at the beginning of an innings.

Lindwall smote Bedser for six into the Mound stand, a mighty and confident blow: his hitting, while Langley stopped the few balls he was called on to cope with, was responsible for the ninth-wicket stand of 54 in less than half an hour, a typical Australian rally of last-minute defiance and disdain, as much as though Lindwall were saying to us, "Now win if you can."

Not Miller, but Johnston bowled when England at twenty-five minutes to six began the long climb. But Lindwall, as though stimulated and not at all exhausted by his batting, attacked like a hound fresh from the leash, and soon removed

the unfortunate and outclassed Kenyon, who lobbed an easy catch to the on side; then a few minutes afterwards Lindwall sent his most brilliant late outswinger of lovely length to Hutton, not short but imperiously demanding a stroke as counter. Hutton had no choice but to play the ball, which found the bat's edge, whence it flashed to Hole. And Hole gripped a lightning catch in a way that was a compliment both to Lindwall and to Hutton.

Next, almost before Hutton could have unbuckled his pads, Langley avidly caught Graveney amid such a cluster of close fieldsmen, and to the accompaniment of so triumphant a noise from them, that Graveney seemed at a loss, and waited for the umpire's sentence. The Australians exulted greatly in the way I have known and dreaded, boy and man, a lifetime.

By dint of struggle and stress, Compton and Watson staved away for a while a terrible load of impending trouble: and the crowd went away quiet as lambs.

LORD'S, TUESDAY

In a terrific closing period this evening there was still a chance for Australia to win. As six o'clock approached a heroic match-saving stand by Watson and Bailey was broken. Soon after this mishap to England Bailey got out. Now, with less than half an hour to pass, Australia strove to capture four wickets. England 246 for six.

Panic gibbered on the ground when Evans was nearly stumped off Benaud. Brown sent the temperature to fever point by massive hell-for-leather drives, powerful and ponderous and brave. Evans stood his ground impertinently, aggressively. So all the alarums died away in the evening's lovely mellowing sunshine.

It had been an afternoon of intense strain. We could suffer no further tug on the nerves when Brown was out after 25 minutes past six, except to feel he should have survived, because plainly he wanted to stay in the fight to the last.

The result, I think, did justice to both teams: neither quite deserved to win, and Watson's and Bailey's stand was not made of the stuff of which lost causes are compounded. It was a stand of noble martyrdom, and at the end it was the martyrs who each had been crowned with a laurel wreath.

Lindwall began bowling from the Nursery end at half-past eleven; compared with the Lindwall of Monday evening he could be likened to a volcano which having erupted was content to sleep a while.

In little more than an hour 53 runs rippled over the field, like background-music at a funeral service. Johnston crossed over to the Nursery (or Pigeons') end, and without fair warning, perhaps because he himself had not received due notice, a quicker ball from him kept a little low, trapping Compton leg before wicket. England 73 for four, as surely doomed in this match as could be said of any team in a world so ruled by uncertainty as that of cricket.

Even so grave a relapse as this in the England innings did not obviously enliven the Australians, whom we could at this point think of only as a number of expectant relations affecting sympathy as the end apparently drew near, and also affecting to have no interest in the will and the bequests. True, Milier tried offspin, low-armed speed, and other devices presumably hostile. But Bailey and Watson remained undisturbedly in possession at lunch, England 114 for four.

Oxygen, in the shape of the new ball, was administered at three o'clock, not to the allegedly expiring England innings but to the so-far frustrated Australian body-snatchers.

England here were 140 for four, with rather less than three and a quarter hours left for play. Watson, sound sometimes as a rock and truly straight of bat, with strong pulled drives for short stuff, was playing so coolly that it was beginning to be possible to encourage hope in our breasts that England might after all save themselves, for Bailey continued to defend in spite of a blow on the hand or arm from Lindwall.

At twenty minutes to four Lindwall went out of action; the

only question which tormented me now was what he would be able to recapture of his true fire after tea. But Watson and Bailey, in spite of recurrent vicissitudes, seldom suggested a fatal error.

A curious fact about Watson's batting was that he played the good balls with more certainty than he played the amorphous spin and slower stuff of the day. At tea Watson and Bailey remained obdurate and not out: England 183 for four.

It would be a poor compliment to Watson and Bailey to say that they batted better than the Australians bowled for the Australian bowling woefully lacked resource. This gallant stand really called for an ethical as much as a technical evaluation. It was a triumph of character, all the more to be extolled, because recently the middle part of an England innings has hinted of weakness of fibre and of skill alike.

Watson was nearly caught near the wicket on Monday, and from time to time he missed his aim and more than once approached near to error. None the less, his cricket was always pleasing to the expert eye, while the essential stuff of it was of the soil of Yorkshire.

Bailey, not less than Watson, must have this tribute. Frankly the sight of Bailey coming to bat for England fourth wicket down is not stimulating to pride or confidence; to-day his duty was to persist, to survive whether fit or not. By patience, a cricketer's instinct, and any amount of ability with a straight bat he won through not only the ordeal of his four hours' innings but to a permanent page in large print in the annals of games between England and Australia.

Bailey reached fifty in three hours 40 minutes, and Watson reached his century in five hours and a half. Then, at ten minutes to six, Watson gently but fatally touched a leg break to the slips and the four hours' vigil was over, with even yet time for Australia to snatch the prize. What a see-saw of a game, defying augury, upsetting the press box, where pages of copy had to be torn up and thrown away, especially as Bailey, just on six o'clock, drove mistakenly and, as he realised he was out,

threw his head back, put a hand to his brow, the living image of remorse and self-disgust.

At the end of the match the thought occurred to me that the occasion's obsequies should really have been prepared not for England but for the Lord's wicket. It certainly "did nothing" to-day; at any rate, the Australian bowlers had no power over it, in life or in death.

NEVILLE CARDUS

AUSTRALIA

FIRST INNINGS				SECOND INNINGS			
A. L. Hasset, c. Bailey, b. Bedser	104			c. Evans, b. Statham	3
A. R. Morris, st. Evans, b. Bedser	59			c. Statham, b. Compton	89
R. N. Harvey, l.b.w., b. Bedser	59			b. Bedser	21
K. R. Miller, b. Wardle	..	25		b. Wardle	109
G. B. Hole, c. Compton, b. Wardle	13			l.b.w., b. Brown	47
R. Benaud, l.b.w., b. Wardle	..	0		c. Graveney, b. Bedser	5
A. K. Davidson, c. Statham, b.							
Bedser	76	c. and b. Brown	15
D. Ring, l.b.w., b. Wardle	..	18		l.b.w., b. Brown	7
R. R. Lindwall, b. Statham	..	9		b. Bedser	50
G. R. Langley, c. Watson, b.							
Bedser	1	b. Brown	9
W. A. Johnston not out	..	3		not out	0
Extras (b. 4, l.b. 4)	..	8		Extras (b. 8, l.b. 5)	13
Total	346	Total	368

FALL OF WICKETS—FIRST INNINGS.—1—65, 2—190, 3—225, 4—229, 5—240, 6—280, 7—291, 8—310, 9—331.

BOWLING—FIRST INNINGS.—Bedser, 42.4—8—105—5; Statham, 28—7—48—3; Brown, 25—7—53—0; Puley 10—2—55—0; Wardle, 29—8—77—4.

SECOND INNINGS.—Bedser, 31.5—8—77—3; Statham, 15—3—40—1; Wardle, 40—18—111—1; Brown, 27—4—82—4; Bailey, 10—4—24—0; Compton, 3—0—21—1.

FALL OF WICKETS—SECOND INNINGS —1—13, 2—168, 3—227, 4—235, 5—248, 6—296, 7—305, 8—308, 9—362.

ENGLAND

FIRST INNINGS		SECOND INNINGS	
L. Hutton, c. Hole, b. Johnston ..	145	c. Hole, b. Lindwall ..	
D. J. Kenyon, c. Davidson, b.			
Lindwall	3	c. Hassett, b. Lindwall ..	
T. W. Graveney, b. Lindwall ..	78	c. Langley, b. Johnston ..	

D. C. S. Compton, c. Hole, b. Benaud	57	l.b.w., b. Johnston	33
W. Watson, st. Langley, b. Johnston	4	c. Hole, b. Ring	109
T. E. Bailey, c. and b. Miller ..	2	c. Benaud, b. Ring	71
F. R. Brown, c. Langley, b. Lindwall	22	c. Hole, b. Benaud	28
T. G. Evans, b. Lindwall ..	0	not out	11
J. H. Wardle, b. Davidson ..	23	not out	0
A. V. Bedser, b. Lindwall ..	1		
J. B. Statham, not out	17		
Extras (b. 11, l.b. 1, w. 1, n.b. 7)	20	Extras (b. 7, l.b. 6, w. 2, n.b. 6)	21
Total	372	Total (for 7)	282
FALL OF WICKETS—FIRST INNINGS.—1—9, 2—177, 3—279, 4—291, 5—301, 6—328, 7—328, 8—332, 9—341.			
BOWLING—FIRST INNINGS.—Lindwall, 23—4—66—5; Miller, 25—6—57—1; Johnston, 35—11—91—2; Ring, 14—2—43—0; Benaud, 19—4—70—1; Davidson, 10.5—2—25—1.			
SECOND INNINGS.—Lindwall, 19—3—26—2; Johnston, 29—10—70—2; Ring, 29—5—84—2; Miller, 17—8—17—0; Benaud, 17—6—51—1; Davidson, 14—5—13—0; Hole, 1—1—0—0.			
FALL OF WICKETS—SECOND INNINGS.—1—6, 2—10, 3—12, 4—73, 5—236, 6—246, 7—282.			

The Third Test Match

INTO DEEP WATERS

THE THIRD TEST MATCH at Manchester (July 16-21) was ruined by frequent and drenching rain. During the first day's play Australia scored 151 for 3.

On the second day, there was only an hour and a half's play. Australia raised their score to 221 for 3, Harvey being 105 not out at the close. The crowd struck Neville Cardus as more interesting than the cricket. 'The match,' he wrote 'was apparently rudderless, drifting nowhere.'

On the third day, Australia's innings ended at 318. England made 126 for 4.

There was no play at all on the fourth day, but the fifth yielded plenty of surprises. England's first innings total was 276. Then Australia lost 8 wickets for 35. England had no chance to reply and the answer on such a wicket could not have been taken wholly for granted. A *Guardian* caption announced 'Skittles at the Wake. Old Trafford's Final Joke.'

The Fourth Test Match

THE FOURTH TEST, at Leeds, was also spoilt by the July rains. But the fifth day provided a bitter struggle and then some glorious excitement. Ninety-nine runs behind on the first innings England had first to escape disaster; in doing that successfully Edrich and Compton, scoring 64 and 61 respectively, gave the greatest aid. When play started on the Tuesday England's score stood at 177 for 5. With the possibility of a broken wicket both sides had a chance to win. But England chose to play for another draw and Australia's spirited reply was, in the end, defeated by the clock. Here is Neville Cardus's account (and criticism) of the last day's play.

LEEDS, TUESDAY

The fourth Test match ended in another draw, with the Australians batting against time. To say the truth England scarcely deserved to escape a thrashing, for after Laker and Bailey had rallied a desperate situation, made next to hopeless

by the injury to Compton who could bat only with a crippled hand, the England innings after lunch showed no spirit at all.

There was a time when some display of spirit might even have beaten Australia or at any rate pressed them hard. Quite apart from competitive values Test match cricketers owe something to the game as a challenge to character and the sportman's readiness to take a risk in the cause. The onus to win the rubber, let us repeat, is on England. England at lunch no more than Australia were losing this match. They lacked vision and spirit alike—and both would work miracles, even in contemporary cricket.

The large crowd was very quiet at half-past eleven. Evans continued England's innings with Bailey, in Compton's absence. Silence deepened to mute anticipation of the worst when Evans gently propelled a slower ball from Miller straight to the hands of square mid-on. A more pleasing sight was the way spin jumped up when Benaud bowled instead of Lindwall at noon. He bowled it to Laker, who no doubt was not at all depressed by signs that the wicket was developing a certain resilience. At the morning's outset Bailey hooked Miller with a flourish and against Lindwall resisted, with quite austere self-denial, the temptation offered by a sudden bouncer to suffer concussion. Benaud could not again root out the spot on the pitch that had caused us to raise our eyebrows; and on the whole the Australian attack once again seemed lacking in power to make a quick end with an old ball to an innings fairly far gone.

Laker, in spite of a narrow escape in the slips when 13 from a short ball by Lindwall suddenly and surprisingly fast, played with much confidence and tranquillity. Bailey was clearly not thinking of losing his wicket for hours, given a single sound limb or breath in his body. The stand of Laker and Bailey must have caused as much exasperation and frustration to the Australians as the stand of Bailey and Watson at Lord's. So easily, indeed, did Laker play that we could only deplore that Compton, or some other performer of positive strokes, was not in action at the other end.

Still, it was a truly gallant stand, considering the modest technical scope of the two batsmen who achieved it. Some of Laker's hits to the off had an assurance and style which might well have been envied by one or two of the young Australians who chased them as they flashed to the off side with a speed that told of perfect timing. Bailey defended on principle, half volleys or good ones; he patted the pitch violently several times an over, Laker, who made nearly all the runs, hardly patted it at all. Lindwall with the new ball came on before lunch and he and Miller sought desperately to put an end to a piece of resistance which to them must have seemed so much anticlimax, offensive to their dignity. But Laker drove Lindwall for four with a calm, classic forward poise—comical considering the circumstances.

At lunch Laker and Bailey were still in possession and England 135 ahead with four wickets in reserve. It was a left-handed spinner from Davidson that ended the partnership just after the interval with Laker caught from it at slip. The seventh wicket fell at 230, and Laker and Bailey had scored 57 together in a few minutes under two hours. Laker played Lindwall admirably moving forward to him. Frankly, Lindwall to-day was often far-removed from a great fast bowler. He seems very much dependent on the new ball. Lockwood and Richardson bowled fast and brilliantly with the same ball throughout the longest innings.

Compton came in to the sound of heartening cheers; a doctor's injection had been given him to alleviate pain in his wounded hand. He was loudly appealed against for a catch in the slips off Lindwall before he had scored again, a low fast chance to Hole. But the umpires after consulting gave Compton in; maybe the ball hit the ground. The Australian appeal was rhetorical enough, almost like that of a losing side, it must have been a near thing.

Another spinner from Davidson lifted itself up vertically to Bailey, who withdrew from it as if stung. But he looked at it as though at an intruder on his devotions; for he was now

batting with a ritualistic defensive push, runs for him obviously mere vanity and earthly dross. Compton was totally leg before at ten minutes to three, and now England's position and Australia's were at the mercy of the pitch—England eight wickets down and 145 in front. And none of us could tell yet how the wicket would behave.

In three-quarters of an hour following lunch England scored 9 runs; I here got the impression that if England were hoping for victory it was in the way that a poor relation, himself not in the best health, hopes to inherit the goods of somebody who might somehow pass away sooner.

The policy of England's innings after lunch was inexplicable. In 75 minutes no more than eighteen runs were added. Such methods were not safeguarding England from defeat or leading to a win, for time was running out. Then Lock struck an unannounced four and, the same over, was well caught on the leg side from a really swashbuckling sweep of the bat. This cricket and Bailey's belonged to another dimension, in which possibly two and two make five. At ten minutes to four Bailey to-day had made 24 runs in rather more than three hours and a half. He was not so much patience on a monument as the monument.

But all the England batting after lunch was so deliberately protective, with no effort at runs, that we are obliged to conclude that it was done to orders, orders lacking the imagination to grasp at the far from outside chance looming England's way to get a grip on the rubber. Such negation is removed from sport; a dreary bore and a belittlement of cricket. Up to lunch England's tactics had been sensible, but the persistent stonewalling after lunch while the game hung in a nice balance potential of rare sport, is, I think, beneath discussion.

Needing 177 to win in 115 minutes the Australians began with a bravery and swift precision of strokes that quickly dispersed the gloomy atmosphere of England's innings, which had suggested that the spiritual brokers were taking possession. Morris attacked like a cultured and manly cricketer; 27 runs

raced over the field in less than a quarter of an hour; then Hassett played a spinner from Lock into his stumps. Lock proceeded to bowl two really vicious balls at Hole, confirming the optimistic view that England could have thrown some hazard to fortune and batted like players of heart and faith. Though twice beaten as soon as he came in Hole pulled the first short ball he received from Lock for four.

I would sooner lose a match this way, playing as the Australians did now, than win a whole rubber by England's fearful protectiveness. When Laker bowled instead of Lock away from the stand end Morris pulled him high and beautifully for four, and Bailey leapt like a harlequin trying to catch the ball as it soared above him. The same over Morris was stumped playing forward, an abrupt end to an innings which had burned with gem-like flame. It is because cricket was originally played in the manner of Morris this evening that poets have written about it. Played in England's way of batting during this match, cricket might have occupied the attention of Karl Marx and the like.

Hole pulled Bedser with panache; Harvey drove Laker to the off, then waited for one to pitch and reveal itself, whereat he cut it deliciously. Runs were attempted with application of skill and freedom of style. Almost every ball. Lock returned for Laker, and Harvey pulling against the spin "foozled" his stroke dangerously. Always bat with the tide, as George Gunn says and has always said. Hole risking his life in the cause skied Bedser to leg, but nobody could catch the ball. With an hour to go Australia wanted 99.

The spirited batting apparently brought out the sunshine. For the first time since Thursday the place and the scene appeared to have some connection with pleasure and animation in life. The first hour of Australia's second innings produced 88, whereupon Hole glanced Bedser twice for fours to leg from consecutive balls, strong rhythmical strokes on swiftly circling feet. A splendid on-drive, a snick, and a square drive plundered three fours from three balls from Lock all to Harvey. It was as if

a bottle of champagne had been opened by the pressure inside, cork and vintage and all.

With 66 to get and 50 minutes left Harvey was leg before to Bedser trying a quick turn to leg. Davidson, in next, was delivered a capacious wide by Bailey, a risky bowler to put on in the circumstances, except that he pitched often where he could not be reached and did not get through an over too quickly. From Bailey Hole was caught easily and with excellent judgment on the leg boundary just as a grand hit was going for six. Sixty to make, four wickets taken, 35 minutes remaining.

At this point Hutton took the precaution to rearrange his field; not once, not twice, but several times. Why the left-handed Davidson should have been sent in instead of Miller must be counted amongst the various unaccountable doings in this game. De Courcy struck Bedser for a colossal six to leg at five minutes past six. But this was the last kick in the match.

At the finish Australia were only thirty runs from their goal, but they had won on points and by the value of the pleasure given. The last cheer though was for Bailey. The English usually take to heart those who thrive on vicissitude and come through the strait gate. A plucky cricketer.

NEVILLE CARDUS

ENGLAND

FIRST INNINGS				SECOND INNINGS			
L. Hutton, b. Lindwall	..	0		c. Langley, b. Archer	..	25	
W. J. Edrich, l.b.w., b. Miller	..	10		c. de Courcy, b. Lindwall	..	64	
T. W. Graveney, c. Benaud, b. Miller	..	55		b. Lindwall	..	3	
D. C. S. Compton, c. Davidson, b. Lindwall	..	0		l.b.w., b. Lindwall	..	61	
W. Watson, b. Lindwall	..	24		c. Davidson, b. Miller	..	15	
R. T. Simpson, c. Langley, b. Lindwall	..	15		c. de Courcy, b. Miller	..	0	
T. E. Bailey, run out	..	7		c. Hole, b. Davidson	..	38	
T. G. Evans, l.b.w., b. Lindwall	25			c. Lindwall, b. Miller	..	1	
J. C. Laker, c. Lindwall, b. Archer	10			c. Benaud, b. Davidson	..	48	
G. A. R. Lock, b. Davidson	..	9		c. Morris, b. Miller	..	8	

A. V. Bedser, not out
Extras (b. 8, l.b. 4)

o not out
12 Extras (b. 1, l.b. 8)

Total 167 Total 275

BOWLING—FIRST INNINGS.—Lindwall, 35—10—54—5; Miller, 28—13—39—2; Davidson, 20.4—7—23—1; Archer, 18—4—27—1; Benaud, 8—1—12

SECOND INNINGS.—Lindwall, 54—19—104—3; Miller, 47—19—63—4; Archer, 25—12—31—1; Davidson, 29.3—15—36—2; Holc, 3—1—6—0; Benaud, 19—8—26—0.

FALL OF WICKETS—FIRST INNINGS.—1—0, 2—33, 3—36, 4—98, 5—108, 6—110, 7—133, 8—149, 9—167.

SECOND INNINGS.—1—57, 2—62, 3—139, 4—167, 5—171, 6—182, 7—239, 8—244, 9—258.

AUSTRALIA

FIRST INNINGS

A. L. Hassett, c. Lock, b. Bedser	37
A. R. Morris, c. Lock, b. Bedser	10
R. N. Harvey, l.b.w., b. Bailey	71
K. R. Miller, c. Edrich, b. Bailey	5
G. B. Hole, c. Lock, b. Bedser	53
J. de Courcy, l.b.w., b. Lock	10
R. Benaud, b. Bailey	7
A. K. Davidson, c. Evans, b. Bedser	2
R. Archer, not out	31
R. R. Lindwall, b. Bedser	9
G. R. Langley, c. Hutton, b. Bedser	17
Extras (b. 4, l.b. 8, w. 2)	14

SECOND INNINGS

b. Lock	4
st. Evans, b. Laker	38
l.b.w., b. Bedser	34
c. Graveney, b. Bailey	33
not out	13
not out	17
Extras (b. 3, l.b. 4, w. 1)	8

Total 266 Total (for 4) 147

BOWLING—FIRST INNINGS.—Bedser, 28.5—2—95—6; Bailey, 22—4—71—3; Lock, 23—9—53—1; Laker, 9—1—33—0.

SECOND INNINGS.—Bedser, 17—1—65—1; Lock, 8—1—48—1; Laker, 2—0—17—1; Bailey, 6—1—9—.

FALL OF WICKETS—FIRST INNINGS.—1—27, 2—70, 3—84, 4—168, 5—183, 6—203, 7—203, 8—208, 9—218.

SECOND INNINGS.—1—27, 2—54, 3—11, 4—117.

Queen Mary Lies in State

QUEEN MARY was brought from Marlborough House to Westminster Hall this afternoon, where she is now lying in state. After the coffin had been laid upon the catafalque and the candles lit the Archbishop of Canterbury conducted a short service in the presence of the Queen and the Royal Family, members of the Houses of Lords and Commons and their wives, Court dignitaries, and distinguished visitors.

Three-quarters of an hour later people began filing past the catafalque. Queen Mary lay where her son was laid a year ago and her husband seventeen years ago.

In the hall the peers and peeresses had formed down one side in morning coats and black dresses, members of the Commons and their wives down the other. The guns began booming each minute. On the south steps the choir formed with a great golden cross held before them and the new memorial window behind. Yeomen of the Guard and Gentlemen-at-Arms came in and took up their positions. Big Ben struck half-past two.

The Archbishop of Canterbury came and stood by the north door and ventured outside, but the wind was strong and cold and he came in again. The group around the door, the Archbishop, the Lord Great Chamberlain, Black Rod, Mr. David Eccles, and others bending their heads to catch each other's conversation, looked like a conversation piece by one of the lesser masters of the Flemish school.

A gust of wind forced the doors open and blew in a phrase from the procession coming down Whitehall. Another gun. And another. The congregation stiffened. The music could now be heard. The drums rumbled in the hall. The Queen and other

members of the Royal Family had come in and retired to the grand committee-room where they watched the procession draw up in New Palace Yard. Big Ben struck quarter to three.

Another gun sounded. The great hall waited. Slowly the little pieces of conversation dissolved. The Archbishop went outside to receive the coffin and the Queen, with Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent and her daughter, and the Countess of Harewood came down and stood inside the hall. All except Princess Alexandra were deeply veiled.

The Queen stood apart from the rest looking very young and appallingly alone. Then, infinitely slowly, the coffin was brought in. The mood was solemn now. The hall was sombre, the mood also, but the grief remained private, uncommunicated. The Queen followed the coffin up the long hall, the other royal ladies followed the Queen, and the royal Dukes who had headed the mourners found themselves mingled with them in a curiously uncertain, unrehearsed fashion.

The other mourners shuffled in and with infinite slowness the coffin was laid upon the catafalque. Three o'clock was striking and the candles round the coffin were lit.

Then suddenly the hall and the ceremony bloomed into beauty. The voices of the choristers, perfectly clear, rang out singing: "O Saviour of the world, who by Thy Cross and precious Blood has redeemed us: Save us and help us, we humbly beseech Thee, O Lord."

The Archbishop of Canterbury led the congregation in the Lord's Prayer, spoke some short prayers, and then "Abide with Me" was sung.

*"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see. . . ."*

Benediction was said. The Archbishop's voice succeeded the choristers' voices. His was amplified and came at one from behind. Theirs had sung their way down the hall. The transition

was an ugly one. Even if some words had been lost it would have been better not to have had the microphone among the candlesticks on the catafalque.

Then the Queen and the other mourners¹ prayed silently and slowly left the hall and the Lords and Commons and their wives began to pass before the coffin, the men bowing, the women curtsying. Slowly the hall emptied, and photographers and carpenters moved in, the photographers to take their pictures with sudden huge flashes, the carpenters to lay down the paths along which the public were to file past. Shortly after four o'clock the people began to move through Westminster Hall.

The coffin is on a high catafalque covered in purple cloth. Over the coffin is a pall of cream and gold cloth embroidered with royal arms and emblems: it covered George V's coffin in 1936. Above it is the wreath of lilics and daffodils sent by the Queen and her husband. At each corner is a candle and another at the head of the bier. At the four corners of the catafalque Gentlemen-at-Arms and Yeomen of the Guard stand.

The crowd comes down the great flight of steps, and splits into two streams which make an island of the catafalque. The candles light only the coffin and flicker on the brass of the guard. The roof is lit by lights which shine upwards from the candelabra, but the body of the hall is unlit.

It is a sight of much nobility and each element makes its contribution. At the centre of the hall the coffin, the Queen, give meaning to the sight. The people pause, look at the coffin, think their private thoughts, and move on. They have queued and waited for this intimacy with royalty. The people can come closer to a queen when she is dead than when she is alive. They are within a couple of yards of her, and she is now as their mothers and grandmothers are and they will be. She is common clay but she is still accorded majesty. So the people come to glance for a second at some embroidered cloth.

The hall is an incomparable setting. It accommodates the crowd and turns its housewives and children and clerks into players in a pageant. It brushes them with history, with time.

The crowd in the queue and the crowd in the Palace Yard are not the same as the crowd in the hall. And the crowd gives dignity to the hall in return for the dignity the hall has given it.

The building was meant to be populated and to contain movement. It is a building fit for events to take place in, for homage to be paid in, for law to be given in, for banqueting and mourning. It should be used for more than lyings-in-state, but no occasion could become it better than this. Queen Mary in state is as noble in death as she was in life.

G. S. GALE

Extra-Mural

A LITTLE-KNOWN anecdote about Queen Mary came to light this afternoon, by chance, when members of a research team from the extra-mural department at the University of London were going through some old files in the Senate House. The tutors were preparing material on the Workers' Educational Association when they came across some reminiscences by an anonymous member who had attended some extra-mural lectures at Richmond, Surrey, in 1892.

"Queen Mary is certainly the first English Queen who has attended university extension lectures," he wrote. "I remember her in the winter before her marriage regularly attending with her mother, the Duchess of Teck, Professor Churton Collins's Wednesday afternoon lectures. The course was on the Elizabethan age. Princess May (as she then was) took notes, wrote papers, and was as eager to receive the lecturer's corrections and marks as any of us, her classmates. Once the royal party was late. Professor Churton Collins, after a reasonable delay, began. But in a few minutes he had to pause for their arrival. Even at the cost of greater disturbance, the usual curtsies as they passed to their

seats in the front row could not be forgone. The Duchess faced the audience before sitting down and said, 'I beg your pardon for being late.'

"Princess May added her bow, then 'away steamed the professor again, this time beginning his lecture with his usual 'Your royal highnesses, ladies, and gentlemen.'"

PATRICK KEATLEY

The Night Before

THEY CAME with rucksacks and rugs, with suitcases of food and rubber cushions; they came in old clothes, in weary, worn-out clothes, in gas capes and dungarees, in oilskins and corduroys to the Coronation streets of London, and chose a place for themselves upon the paving-stones.

Like refugees, they were dishevelled and of all ages. Some of the youngest were already asleep, but the oldest—and especially the very oldest—stared ahead of them, purposefully and with much resolution, in a manner that would have invoked untold praise had they been refugees. This determination of theirs carried them along the pavement—already partly occupied—until a site full of possibilities for the next day, and of amenities for the meantime, presented itself to them. Then, like restless dogs upon the hearth-rug, they circled round and round before settling down upon the particular paving-stone of their choice.

As at the beginning of a long railway journey, there was initially a decorum and sprightliness which was unreasonable. Rubbers of bridge were played, the harder sort of crossword puzzles were filled in, novels were read, and all conversation was quiet and unobtrusive. No one hinted that the pavement was hard, or an unnatural surface on which to spend a night. The two well-dressed men reclining on either side of a pretty girl,

who was enveloped in a bed of two blankets and a bolster, might have been posing for a picture of a breakfast-time engagement in eighteenth-century France.

But the hours of daylight slowly passed by and, with the lessening of the light, there came a gradual decrease in formality and dignity. People apologised initially for nudging a neighbour's boot, and then accepted it gratefully as a foundation for a place to lay their head. Those who had been sitting on demure little stools discarded them, and lay stretched out, not caring if one of their feet was actually in the gutter, provided that that foot found some comfort in being there. Those with children made certain, with coats and cushions, that their sleep should go on, and those who were alone began to talk to those lying next to them.

Little dwelling-places were formed by macintoshes suspended by string from the railings. New Zealand House and Kangaroo Corner, were two particularly good ones, with a certain efficient air about them, while others, looking like bedouin encampments—and perhaps containing nothing but bedouins—appeared more chancy in the way they held together. For the most part people were intent upon mummifying themselves in their positions, and this gave rise to many subsequent apologies: "Oh, sorry, I didn't realise someone was under it. Oh, three people! I say, I *am* sorry!"

Shortly after two, rain came and, like a film which had stopped, and then been made to work again, the whole community of sleepers, near-sleepers, and peanut sellers, suddenly became active and moved about in an effort to get under whatever there was to get under.

It did not last for long, but it succeeded in convincing all those who had previously been considering whether it was numbness or real cold which had affected their bodies, that it was indeed cold. A great deal of jumping up and down was done, many shoes which had been domestically tied on to crush barriers were untied and put on to enable their owners to dart away and run up and down the street.

But the night, so far as the campers were concerned, would anyway have ended before very long, as the organisation for the day itself began shortly before four. Mounted police, lorries, motor cycles, and uniformed officials, appeared from nowhere, and the ordinary policemen stopped trying to blow up defunct air cushions, and arranged themselves in efficient-looking lines. Dawn came, and even the deepest of sleepers began to stir. However, there were no more card games, no more novels, and no hint of crossword puzzles, for, as was expressed convincingly by the fainting of two women in the front row, the night vigil was over, but there was still the vigil of the day to come.

ANTHONY SMITH

Horse and Footmen

WHETHER THE Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury will return from the Abbey in their state coach or have recourse to their car is still an open question, for the drive here proved adventurous.

Lord Shrewsbury, who walks in the Abbey procession in his ancient office of Lord High Steward of Ireland, long ago decided that he, his Countess, and his page would go to the Coronation in the full panoply of state—with coach and horses, coachman, and liveried footmen. Some things, however, are not to-day easily organised.

He had a splendid coach—or rather “dress chariot” as it is properly described—and the state liveries for coachman and footmen, good and brilliant as new. But he had not the horses. By good fortune, however, a Birmingham brewing firm came to the rescue and provided a pair of chestnuts well known in the show rings and a complete stable staff.

We set out this morning at seven o'clock from the “Mint stables” at Paddington Station. But the day started for all of us

concerned a great deal earlier. There were the horses to be done, the footmen's hair to be powdered (with a mixture of white flour and starch), and the coach to receive its final polish. Lord and Lady Shrewsbury joined us at the stables with his page and we got away at a decent trot, though with some misgivings. Then trouble began.

There were quite a few people in Bond Street; the horses did not like it and pulled up. My fellow-footman got down, led them on a bit, and we got once more under way. This happened two or three times. In St. James's Street, where we encountered the real crowds, we had no real bother with the horses, and we turned off into Pall Mall mightily relieved.

The middle of Pall Mall saw us bowling along at a fair rate—our confidence rising—until someone with a camera ran out and crouched down to take an imposing shot of our advance. He must have got a wonderful picture, for the horses immediately stopped for him.

The coachman tried to urge them forward again; the other footman tried to lead them by the head; I pulled on the wheel spokes to try and push them from behind; the crowds lent us vociferous encouragement—and technical advice; the police pushed from behind, but the horses refused to budge. Then suddenly they snatched up their bits and away we went, scrambling to regain our posts on the back of the coach.

Just before the Cenotaph we had the same tussle as in Pall Mall, but rather more prolonged. As we and the police were struggling to get the horses going again the crowds cheered. This somehow did the trick—the horses started and away we went.

After an enforced halt to allow the band of the Royal Marines to march across our front we began to think we might reach the Abbey without further mishap. But the horses stopped short of the last turning up to the Abbey, now only about two hundred yards away, and nothing would move them.

Lord Shrewsbury decided, since he had to be in his place by eight o'clock, that his party must dismount and complete the journey in a car which had been following. As the car drove off

we unhitched the horses, cussed them roundly, and manhandled the coach into the yard nearby.

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ANTHONY CROFTON

As America Saw It

AT THE foot of Rockefeller Center, eighty storeys below the topless towers of Radio City, there is a sunken plaza. In winter it is a shining rectangle of ice on which elegant female tots whirl with nubile grace. In summer, tourists and leisured matrons lunch under big beach umbrellas and contemplate a huge gilt Prometheus springing naked from a mammoth wedding ring. For the last two weeks this open plaza, whose real estate value in the teeming middle of the wealthiest city in the world is now a ribald mathematical exercise, has housed fifty tons of plaster, painstakingly shaped into a coach, eight Windsor greys, and attendants fore and aft. It is Queen Elizabeth's Coronation coach. The tableau is one-third smaller than the reality and about one-thousandth as splendid as the fantasy of the event which Americans will fondle in their mind's eye on Tuesday morning.

Six blocks up Fifth Avenue the dress shop whose file of charge accounts constitutes the American equivalent of the peerage has put on display Norman Hartnell's collection of peeresses' robes. Up and down the avenue you can see replicas of Crown Jewels, little stage sets of the Coronation route, papier mâché beef-eaters standing guard on bolts of imported cloth, Coronation evening gowns, "Princess" wraps, miniature tiaras for teen-agers.

In a country where junior law partners live like ambassadors and sheep ranchers like medieval barons, the image of the Coronation is of a pageant that is bound to out-Hollywood Hollywood, but one that has the enviable advantage of using the original priceless props and of being done seriously. The Am-

pulla and Spoon, the Sceptre, the Orb, Spurs and Ring, Saint Edward's Crown: they are beyond price, and they can be used with the utmost solemnity because the whole complicated performance has a religious sanction. America has its Spanish fiestas out West, its loving tours in Virginia houses led by guides in knee-breeches and buckle shoes, and in some places has kept small Colonial rituals, like the Governor's guard of honour in Hartford, Connecticut. In Utah and Arizona there are Indian ceremonies, at Easter especially, which were performed before Edward the Confessor had any throne to ascend. But the white man in America cannot cultivate any memories much earlier than the seventeenth century. And when an anniversary year calls for the re-enactment of the founding of Harvard or the surrender at Appomattox, the local citizens who put on a Puritan hat or seize a sword go through their play-acting with hang-dog blushes and are greatly relieved to climb back into blue jeans or football pads.

The marvellous paradox, the incredible thing to an American about the Coronation, is that it is a religious ritual of exhausting length and almost barbaric splendour that is native to a non-Latin, non-Catholic country famous for its genteel distrust of ritual, barbarity, and splendour. Moreover, there is a delightful disbelief about seeing the most elaborate of English theatrical performances, the most solemn, the most finely cued, the most unrealistic, in which the principal actors are the priests and princesses of an aristocracy to whom acting is a suspect, not to say a boulderish, talent.

If the hundred and fifty million Americans, who are currently reading, seeing, dreaming, and lisping about the Coronation could be submitted, like the captive audience at a Hollywood movie preview, to an applause meter, I am sure that this would be at the root of their pleasure and awe at the event: a nation by now instinctively given to the well-bred understatement puts on ermine and cloth of gold and begins to flash diamonds and to wave encrusted swords. A young prince with a taste for sailing, polo coats, and engineering drops on one knee and declares: "I do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly wor-

ship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God." A Royal House noted through fourteen years of austerity for its modesty, its association with the common discomforts of war, for a diffident stoicism in a shabby time, puts on sapphires and cloaks and rubies and marches under Gothic arches to the piercing choruses of Byrd and Handel.

America has only heard about austerity, and down in Miami Beach you can buy a mink-lined cigarette-lighter. But in a young republic such opulence as the citizen may sport in ball-rooms and on beaches can be no more than an assertion of success in the market-place. Except in the churches, there is nowhere for an American, however high his office, to enjoy a little symbolic grandeur. Even a silk hat was too much for President Eisenhower at his inauguration. A black Homburg was as far as he would go.

This fundamental admiration neither contradicts nor excludes other pleasures. There is the universal tenderness for a fairy princess. There is the satisfaction, not peculiar to Americans but commoner with them, at seeing a young and gracious girl inherit the earth. This is part of the American credo, and though the advertising world, the Hollywood casting directors, and the fashion magazines labour to prove that the human female in her late twenties is the flower of evolution, and that no inheritance is too good for her, yet the belief is held uneasily enough to make its fulfilment all the more precious when it is seen to happen in a country which is dedicated to the contrary proposition that it is the ageing male who sets the proper tone in manners, poise, and wisdom. There is, of course, a certain amount of merely snobbish gurgling and crooning, but this comes in disproportionate volume from café society, which lives its nights in the company of the kings and queens of show business and of impoverished French counts lucky enough to collar the perfume or lipstick concession for the Pennsylvania or New England territory. By flying "to the Coronation" they hope to imply that the guest suite at Buckingham Palace is always kept open for them.

Left at home by their television sets is the population of the United States which, since the war, is discovering that America's major ally is at once a monarchy and a true democracy. Watching the Guards swing by and the ancient coach sparkle they may think, with a subdued gratitude, of Dunkirk. And they will feel that Britain amply deserves to celebrate a Royal House that cannot hold back, nor would wish to, a developing tradition of government by the people.

ALISTAIR COOKE

In Park Lane

BRITANNIA MAY rule the waves but never the weather. So on this day of days the rain fell heavily or lightly, with tantalising moments of sunshine. Thunder seemed near and there was one flash of lightning. The patient Colonial contingents from Fiji, Malaya, Sarawak, the Windward Islands, and other far places, who led the procession and stood in their formations in the carriage drive in Hyde Park for twenty minutes, must have thought that the English "rains" had come.

From the Dorchester Hotel stand in Park Lane, comfortable and elegant people watched the soldiers standing like statues in the rain and the thirty-deep multitude lining the Drive in Hyde Park, and watched them fold their umbrellas—a few red ones like red toadstools among them—and then stand to the rain and the waterfall from the trees like Coronation heroes and heroines. It damped and darkened the great spectacle, but by all signs did not depress the spectators though some of them must have been in their places since yesterday evening.

Here in Hyde Park on the grandstand of the elegant Dorchester, where people from many lands were assembled, expert experience and fastidiousness crept in when admiration

and enjoyment found roaring expression in Hyde Park below. Enthusiasm here was reserved for the high moments of the procession as it unfurled its petals in the Drive. One found sympathy in general, for instance, for the Life Guards, who, band, officers and troopers, officers carrying swords, and all with spurs, had to walk some eleven miles from start to finish that day. They had come over from Germany for the march. At the last Coronation it seems the detachment of the Royal Horse Guards (the Blues) had the honour of marching. This time they were mounted and carried the Queen's Standard.

Many seemed anxious about how the horses would behave in this world of motor cars and crowds: how the Canadian "Mounties" would get on and how General Crerar's horse brought from Canada would do: how the four admirals riding abreast on their grey horses would "keep station." And, of course, above all was the responsibility of the unparalleled horses in the Queen's majestic coach—Tedder and McCrery in the lead, Cranford and Tipperary in the centre, Tovey and Snow White in the pole, and Eisenhower and Cunningham in the wheel, all nobly recruited by the Crown Equerry, Colonel Sir Dermot Kavanagh.

Would those horses on such a day behave with the seriousness of the great classic horses of antiquity? These and other cogent matters were discussed by some on the Dorchester grandstand. But others in beautiful Indian clothes and the radiant costumes of the Near East, and Americans, large and impressive, with hand-painted ties, and their ladies, were concerned with other topics. Let it be noted here that the Queen's horses did behave beautifully, especially Tipperary; that the admirals' horses kept station in a rather Wavy Navy way, while the Canadian "Mounties'" dark horses behaved admirably.

A little burst of sunshine came when the procession, now very late, began to move, and some simple people wondered if it had waited for the weather to improve. Then rain came down again but there were clear intervals. The procession went on gallantly. Statesmen of the Commonwealth, rulers of the colonies, and

Dependencies passed before us. In one open carriage in the carriage procession of Colonial rulers sat the noble, massive, and happy Queen of Tonga, and the crowd acclaimed her. So far the cheering had not been strong, but when the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret appeared there was a real outburst.

In the carriage preceding the Queen Mother was one in which sat three of the surviving grandchildren of Queen Victoria, Lady Patricia Ramsay (in her youth as "Princess Pat" the most popular of the royal bevy), Princess Alice of Athlone, and Princess Marie Louise. One wondered if they had glanced as they passed at Rotten Row where as children in the vanished past their august grandmother may have driven with them down an avenue of a thousand bowing horsemen and ladies in landaus and victorias. Strange to think how near Queen Elizabeth's great-great-grandmother must seem to those ladies.

Before them came the Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth, culminating in Sir Winston Churchill escorted by his old regiment the 4th Hussars. The cheers rolled along the ranks of sight-seers louder and louder, and Sir Winston acknowledged them with frank pleasure. Next to the Queen, he was the one the world wanted most to see. In him it was looking history in the face. And how much history may be covered by the lives of that aged man and the young Queen!

Then came her Majesty's procession, in which history found expression in grandeur and beauty. As the Yeomen of the Guard, the Queen's Barge Master and his men, the Royal Horse Guards, and the great golden coach with its carved figures, drawn by the eight grey horses, appeared down the Drive, the present seemed to dissolve into the past and life for a moment moved to a different measure.

The beautiful crowned lady seated in her coach looked with a quiet smile to the crowd in the Park and then to the Park Lane stands and went her way amid a thunder of cheers that must have startled the birds in Kensington Gardens. And so we glimpsed the young Queen passing by in her golden coach that

grey afternoon in green Hyde Park under troubled skies; on her head was the Imperial Crown bravely worn with all its weight and history; and the people cheered and cheered.

JAMES BONE

The Abbey

AT THE opening of to-day's thousand-year-old rite the Archbishop of Canterbury presented Queen Elizabeth to the people as our "undoubted Queen," that is, by hereditary right. Three hours later she went forth from the Abbey, amid the greatest rejoicing, a crowned and consecrated Queen. No such delight has hailed a Sovereign's Coronation before.

It is easy to fall into hyperbole at such moments of mass emotion as this, but there is no exaggeration here. Others of our Queens, Elizabeth I and Victoria, for example, have swayed the hearts of their people after a time, but Elizabeth II captured them from the start. She has done it not merely in virtue of her youth and grace but because she joins to these qualities the high seriousness we have come to associate with the House of Windsor. That gravity was hers to-day, and perfectly attuned to the occasion. It made its subtle appeal to all hearts. It stirred the sense of a young woman set apart and dedicated and even a little lonely and greatly deserving a nation's affection and support.

But to the ceremony. Where could it be matched in its splendour, opulent colour, or historic symbolism? What other ceremonial could have brought together a vast concourse of this kind with its admixture of foreign royalties, heads, or distinguished representatives of foreign States, our own Commonwealth Prime Ministers, rank upon rank of peers and peccresses, and the most distinguished among our commoners.

The Abbey was crammed from floor to clerestory, and that

includes the great stands erected to augment the accommodation. Here, indeed, was a great cloud of witnesses of the crowning. There was, in the poet's words, the majesty of numbers. And, who that saw it can ever forget the rite, as it moved with hieratic measure through its symbolic forms from the Recognition to the Crowning and the Enthronement. As the Archbishop of Canterbury has insisted, it was a consecration of the Queen as well as a crowning. The compact the Queen made with her people to govern all her territories "according to their respective laws and customs" was enfolded, as it always has been, within the frame of a religious ceremony, including the communion, wherein she was dedicated God's anointed servant.

We waited long hours for the coming of the Queen. There was, however, much to observe as the scene built itself up detail by detail.

Peers and peeresses flowed into the transepts to redeem dull space after dull space with their scarlet and ermine. The peers formed mass, as the soldiers say, in the south transept and the peeresses in the north, and it will be a long time before we see again so many diadems and gems shimmering on women's heads and bosoms. They were always scintillating at a hundred points in the strong light. And then there were the capacious blue mantles of the Garter Knights and the rich multi-coloured tunics of the heralds and—let them not be forgotten, for they were many—the scarlet or blue coats of the pages and their satin breeches and white stockings. They were there chiefly to keep charge of the coronets of peers engaged in the rite, and being boys and restless they sometimes handled the coronets as if they were hot cakes. The choir, 400 strong, had climbed in its white surplices to a high gallery looking down on the nave from the north.

Throughout the ritual the "chatre," as it is called, the space between nave and altar, glowed like the canvas of a great Renaissance colourist. There was the Queen in her golden robes. There were the Archbishops with their mitres and copes: Canterbury's different from York's in colouring, but both ornate.

Canterbury's cope was the more beautiful. It was of a cream shade covered with a delicate gold design. Then there was the whole bench of Bishops in scarlet and white ranged along the north side of the theatre.

One thought one caught a faint ecstasy of cheers announcing the long wait was over and members of the Royal Family were approaching. The Princess Royal was the first to enter the west door. The Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent came quickly after her. Then arrived the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. Each in turn, with their train-bearers, proceeded to the royal gallery, south of the chancel. The Queen Mother might have her beautiful robes, long train, and many jewels, but people remarked on her smile. Could there be a greater compliment to a woman? The young Duke of Cornwall was taken into the royal gallery unobserved.

It was at 11.15 exactly that the choir raised their voices gloriously. "I was glad when they said unto me . . ." The words ended a long stillness. The Queen had emerged through the west door and begun her slow walk—so slow—up the nave, preceded first by the Duke of Edinburgh and in front of him all the clergy and notables and heralds and pursuivants apparelled as in "celestial light." "Vivat! Regina Elizabetha," cried the Westminster boys a number of times, and they did it with a will. Their boyish hearts were in this salutation to their young Queen. And then a great silence. All through the ritual there were these intense pauses. Such profound silence—remember it was being imposed on eight thousand people—seemed almost to lift the ceremonial for the time being to higher than the mundane level.

The procession, save for the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, the archbishops and their episcopal adjutants, and the great officers of state who proceeded up the steps to the theatre, melted into seats in the nave. The Queen entered the theatre, advancing almost imperceptibly. She had the Bishops of Durham and Bath and Wells on either side of her. She was wearing her purple robe and ermine cape and diadem. There was a perceptible flush in her face, but she moved composed and assured. Her deliberate,

patient movement, like the silences, made for a solemnity beyond all normal experience. The Queen's six train-bearers, holding the voluminous train of the purple robe, kept this same pace. In their gowns of ivory satin they might have been "a dream of fair women," so handsome were they in themselves, and so entrancingly gowned—ivory, sparkling with sequins.

At length the Queen reached her Chair of Estate and knelt in prayer at her crimson faldstool. The ceremony began by the Archbishop placing Bible, Chalice and Paten, and the Regalia on the Altar. . . .

The transcendent moment of the crowning came. Taking St. Edward's Crown, the Archbishop placed it upon the Altar, praying God to sanctify His servant Elizabeth upon whose head it was to be placed for a sign of Royal Majesty. Returning to the Queen, still seated in King Edward's chair, the Archbishop held the Crown poised sacramentally above her for a moment, and then placed it upon her head.

That was the signal for vehement acclaim from the congregation, now on its feet. "God Save the Queen," they cried. The Princes and Princesses and the peers and peeresses put on their coronets: a cleaving fanfare was sounded by the trumpets while without the Abbey, by ancient custom, the great guns of the Tower were fired. The Queen was now at liberty to pass from King Edward's chair to her Throne. She was fully the Queen.

The homage turned things upside down for a moment. So far the archbishops, bishops, and great officers of State had, after the Queen, been filling all eyes, but at this moment a page, a boy of ten, fair as a girl, in an ivory surcoat edged with gold, wearing white stockings and buckled shoes, detached himself from the peeresses in the north transept and marched across the theatre towards the Throne, bearing a crimson cushion. A boy of ten had become the principal actor in this tremendous scene. But he was not overawed. When he drew level with the Throne he turned right with a guardsman's precision, bowed to the Queen and placed the cushion at a short distance from her feet. That done, he bowed again, stepped backwards, marched to his

right, and turned about to face those who were to do homage to the Queen. The cushion was for them to kneel on. He now stood in readiness to hold the coronet of each man doing homage.

And the first of them, after the Archbishop, was the Duke of Edinburgh. He advanced towards the Throne, removed his coronet and handed it to the boy. Then ascending the shallow steps of the Throne he knelt before the Queen, placed his hands between hers, and pronounced the words:

“ I, Philip, do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God.”

This was homage as the Middle Ages understood it. Rising to his feet the Duke touched the Crown and kissed the Queen on her left cheek.

The homage went on against the singing of anthems by the choir. There was William Byrd's “ I will not leave you comfortless,” Samuel Sebastian Wesley's “ Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,” and Orlando Gibbons's “ O clap your hands together, all ye people.” The homage could have been done to nothing more beautiful than the joyful cadences of these songs of glad assurance. The last of them sank to its close just as the homage was finished.

The congregation raised shouts of, “ God save Queen Elizabeth,” “ Long live Queen Elizabeth,” “ May the Queen live for ever,” and to complete the jubilation drums beat and trumpets sounded a valiant fanfare. •

HARRY BOARDMAN

Sharers in the Day

It is over; and we have all been sharers in the day. Others, as they look back on this Coronation and measure it against cer-

monies gone by, may choose to call it greatest in this or that. But it has beyond doubt been greatest in the number of those who have looked on and taken part in it with unforced feeling. The active heart of ceremony in the Abbey has been so extended that its life has run simultaneously as if through capillaries to every corner of the country and farther too. Never have so many been present and supporting. Yet it was of the day's essence that though most of us saw and acted in it we could no longer give a single meaning to what we saw and did. We saw the incarnation of the State—a State whose power lives elsewhere. We saw in the Recognition and the Oath safeguards of law and legitimacy which we perhaps no longer needed in the letter, but which in the spirit we still want for foundations; in the forms once gathered from Rome, from obscure invaders, from medieval contestants, and from improvisers and adaptors of all ages a means of setting forth the unity of separate members of a Commonwealth; in the Anointing and the Communion Service the sanctions of a religion which not all present accept; in the assembly and homage of peers the preservation of orders of society which, as their power has dwindled, have seen their membership and their use renewed. Yet in this piling up of paradoxes we have seen the unity of a people expressed more convincingly than ever.

*A single violet transplant,
The shape, the colour and the size
(All which before was poor and scant)
Redoubles still and multiplies.*

We have seen also a young woman going with steady calm and dignity through an exhausting ceremony; and that, perhaps, is the image that will stay longest in many eyes.

So it has been, this democratic Coronation, a glorious mixture. Our mixed Commonwealth, our mixed system of government, even, alas, our mixed weather, have all been joyously exposed, and over them the mixed inheritance of our history, whose strata all show like those of the earth—laid bare in fault or cliff-side but

tough in their binding and to the outer air. It has been a great show: a mixture, again, of gravity and rejoicing, parade and religious service, fairy-tale and constitutional form, ceremony and popular feast which might be monstrous if it were dedicated to the glory of any single will or idea but which, manifold as it is in the things it stands for, in the feelings that stay it, and in the forms that embody it was good to see and will be good to remember. We must thank those who made it possible for so many of us to see as well as hear it. The B.B.C. did excellent work; and those who once feared its intrusion into the Coronation theatre must now see that they could have pocketed their fears from the start. Television gave the sharers in the day—or a great many of them—a view such as no one has had before: not that of the people caught up in the ceremony nor that of the crowds in the streets (the particulars of whose joy it left almost unseen) but a view more detached and all-embracing than either, which showed clearly the symbolic meanings of the act without losing its immediacy. Together with radio it brought into the act presences that changed its character and (as the Queen said last night) sustained the one who chiefly acted it. When something like a single and clearly defined purpose could be read into the act we could afford to keep it almost private and casual. Yesterday these presences made its meaning less precise than it once was but more generally convincing. And in a sense it was true (let anyone call it mystification who will) that

. . . as all several souls contain
Mixture of things, they know not what,
Love these mixed souls doth mix again
And makes each one, both this and that.'

At all events there can be no other such giant mixture with so little harm and so much good in it.

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